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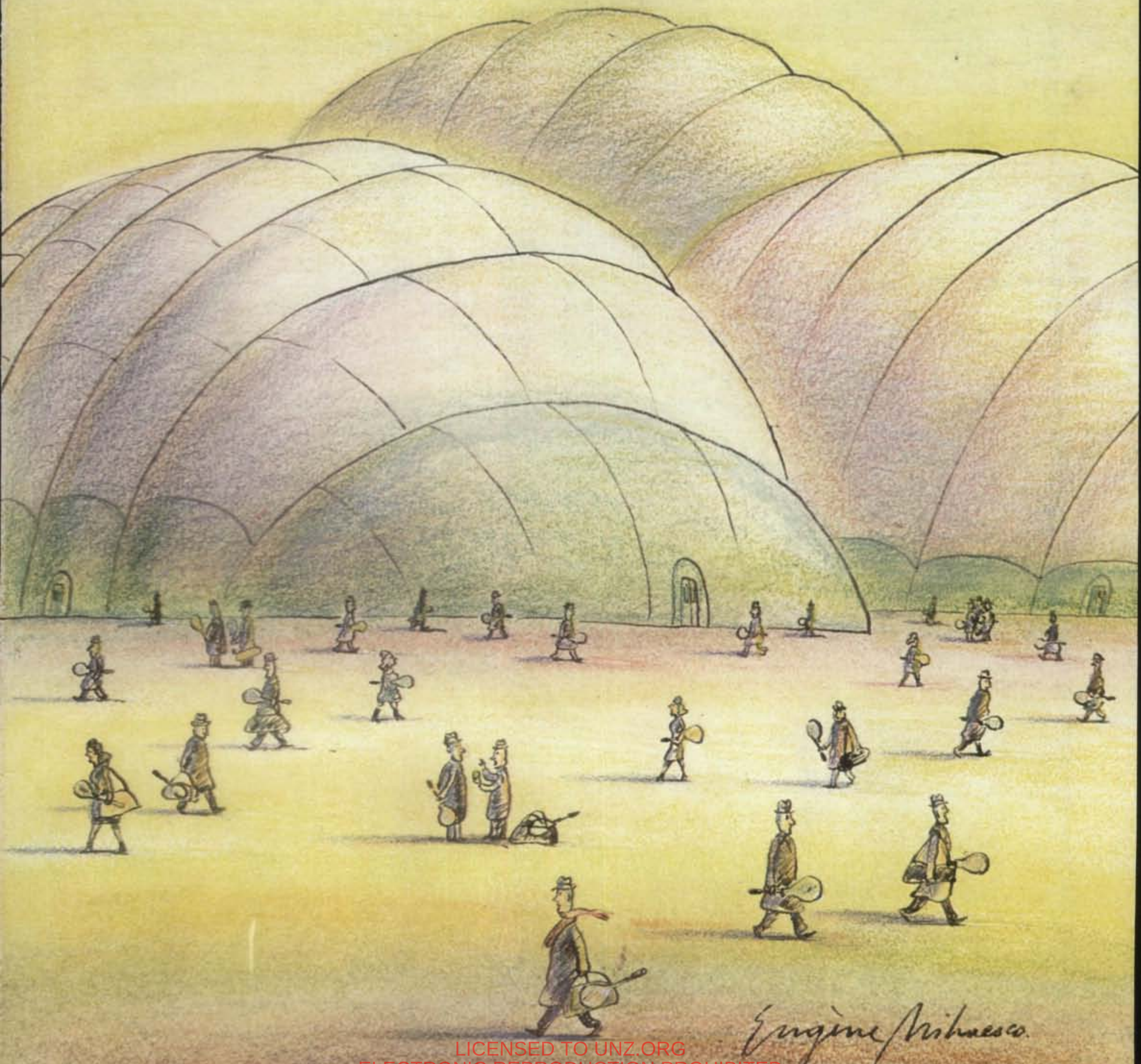
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

AIN'T MISBEHAVIN'—If you can't get tickets in 1978 for this well-nigh perfect show (based on the performing career of Fats Waller), there's always 1979 and 1980. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/22/78.) (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

AMERICAN DANCE MACHINE—The title of the show *is the name of a refreshing young company*, whose purpose is to reproduce, as accurately as possible, the best dances from the best musicals in Broadway history. Under the direction of Lee Theodore, the accomplishment matches the enterprise. (7/3/78) (Century, 235 W. 46th St. 354-6644. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

ANNA LUCASTA—Philip Yordan's play will be the first in a series of five black plays from the forties and fifties to be performed by the New Federal Theatre. Opens Friday, Nov. 10, and will run through Monday, Nov. 20. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 240 E. 3rd St. 766-9334. Thursdays through Sundays and Monday, Nov. 20, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

ARE YOU NOW OR HAVE YOU EVER BEEN—The interrogation of movie personalities—"the Hollywood Ten"—by the House Un-American Activities Committee, in the nineteen-forties and -fifties, was indeed deplorable, and so is this production based on that interrogation. The impersonations, for one thing, are so inept that people who were not bores are made to seem bores. Frances Sternhagen (through Sunday, Nov. 12; after that, Tammy Grimes) reads Lillian Hellman's well-known letter setting forth her reasons for not testifying. All the words have been taken from the actual transcript and arranged by Eric Bentley. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS—A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (5/1/78) (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

BURIED CHILD—A comic horror play by Sam Shepard, a virtuoso among American dramatists, set on a blighted farm in Illinois. The performance, under Robert Woodruff's direction, is highly satisfactory. (11/6/78) (Theatre for the New City, 162 Second Ave. 254-1109. Thursday through Sunday at 8. Closes Sunday, Nov. 12.)

THE CRUCIFER OF BLOOD—Paxton Whitehead makes a splendidly crisp and authoritative Sherlock Holmes in this clever pastiche of A. Conan Doyle by a new young playwright, Paul Giovanni. (10/9/78) (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

DA—In Hugh Leonard's entertaining play, a dramatist, back in Ireland for the funeral of his father, is persistently haunted by the stubborn, funny corpse. Brian Murray is the dramatist, and Barnard Hughes his late Da, and both are in top form. Starting Monday, Nov. 13, David Leary will replace Mr. Murray. (3/27/78) (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

DANCIN'—Superb young dancers (who can also sing) carry out the witty and sexy notions of the great show-biz choreographer Bob Fosse. (4/10/78) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

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DEATHTRAP—A thriller almost as clever as "Sleuth." The author is Ira Levin, and the star is John Wood. (3/13/78) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

EUBIE!—A delightful old-fashioned revue, with lots of new-fashioned dancing and singing. The music is culled from the lifework of Eubie Blake, still merrily among us at ninety-five. (10/2/78) (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

FAMILY BUSINESS—A wealthy old Jewish manufacturer dies of a heart attack at the end of Act I, and the two remaining acts are given over to his grown sons' squabbles and quarrels over money and other matters. (4/24/78) (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

FIRST MONDAY IN OCTOBER—Henry Fonda, Jane Alexander, and Larry Gates play their roles to perfection in an amusing comedy about the United States Supreme Court and its discomfiture when the President appoints a woman Justice. (10/16/78) (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Moves on Tuesday, Nov. 14, to the ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St., 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

GLORIOUS MORNING—A dismal drama about a woman who is dying of cancer at her cottage in the Catskills. (11/6/78) Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 19. . . . ¶ Four nights a week, there is a late show—"Stargazing," a play by Tom Cone. Tuesdays through Fridays at 11. Closes Friday, Nov. 17. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100.)

I'M GETTING MY ACT TOGETHER AND TAKING IT ON THE ROAD—A night-club singer with strong *feminist views celebrates her thirty-ninth*

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COVER: *Eugène Mihaesco*

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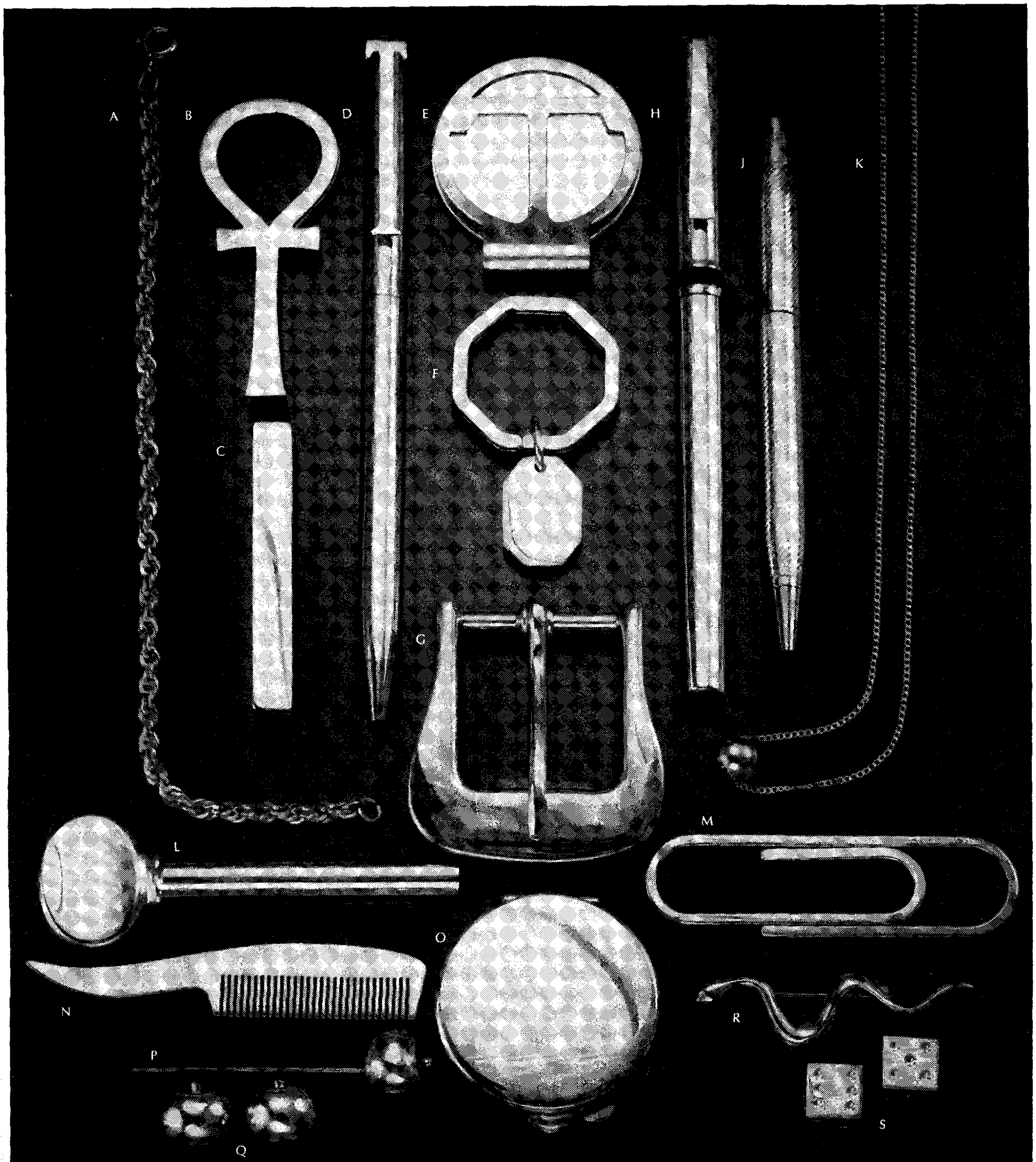

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

birthday by auditioning her new act for her dismayed manager. The musical by Nancy Ford (score) and Gretchen Cryer (book and lyrics)—the remarkable team who wrote "The Last Sweet Days of Isaac" in 1970—is disappointing for a number of reasons, but it has its compensations all the same, among them the tuneful songs and the mockery and self-mockery of some of the words. Word Baker was the capable director. (6/26/78) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Inspector General—A first-rate production of Gogol's extremely funny comedy, directed by Liviu Ciulei. The cast, which is headed by Max Wright, includes Theodore Bikel, Bob Balaban, and Helen Burns. (10/2/78) (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 19.)

King of Hearts—A catastrophe mitigated by the charm and cleverness of Santo Loquasto's sets. (10/30/78) (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Laugh a Lifetime—An Israeli-Yiddish musical, with Shimon Dzigan and Ben Bonus. (Norman Thomas Theatre, Park Ave. at 33rd St. 686-3535. Saturdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 2 and 5.)

The Lesson—A depressing revival of Ionesco's one-acter, preceded by a deeply depressing documentary movie about the Nazi Party in California. (10/30/78) (Harold Clurman Theatre, 412 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Sigmund Romberg's **THE STUDENT PRINCE** is the first in this season's series of fifteen productions. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 4. Closes Sunday, Nov. 26.)

On the Twentieth Century—Though newly composed, a dated musical version of a dated play. Robin Wagner's train set is superb. (3/6/78) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Pins and Needles—A revival of Harold Rome's 1937 musical revue. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

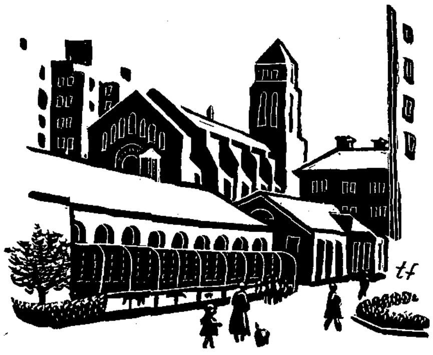
Platinum—A musical starring Alexis Smith. Will Holt and Bruce Vilanch wrote the book, Mr. Holt the lyrics, and Gary William Friedman the music. Directed by Joe Layton. Previews through Saturday, Nov. 11. Opens officially on Sunday, Nov. 12. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

P. S. Your Cat Is Dead!—A (rewritten) revival of a play by James Kirkwood. (4/3/78) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Runaways—Elizabeth Swados' musical about the plight of runaway children in this city is, paradoxically, quite exhilarating. The members of the cast, most of them unknown, range in age from eleven to their early twenties. (3/20/78) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

St. Mark's Gospel—As Mark, Alec McCowen gives an incomparable solo performance that never dwindles into recitation. The words are from the King James Version. Tickets are scarce. (9/18/78) (Playhouse, 359 W. 48th St. 541-9820. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 12.)

The Tennis Game—An evocation, in words, music, and movement, of the behavior and conversational styles of the smart set during three eras. When George W. S. Trow, the playwright, is at his best he sounds like a fantastical Saki. The production (seen here earlier this year as a work in progress) is exquisite—staging by Timothy S. Mayer and music by William Schimmel. With Linda Hunt, Leora Dana, and Jon Huberth, among other good actors. (South Street Theatre, 424 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Wednesdays through Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, Nov. 26.)



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Tribute—A resourceful performance by Jack Lemmon as a lovable scamp makes this implausible comedy by Bernard Slade something well worth seeing. (6/26/78) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Winning Isn't Everything—A play by Lee Kalcheim. Directed by George Abbott. Opens Wednesday, Nov. 8. (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9847. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**ANNIE:** A long musical based on the celebrated comic-strip characters Little Orphan Annie and Daddy Warbucks. With Alice Ghostley as an alcoholic scold. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Nov. 12.)... **CHAPTER TWO:** A comedy by Neil Simon, less funny than most of its predecessors. David Groh plays a miserable widower who suddenly finds a new love and doesn't know what to do with her, except to marry her and make her as miserable as he has been. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **DRACULA:** Raúl Juliá co-stars with Edward Gorey's sets and costumes in this highly entertaining revival of a twenties melodrama. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** 7,704 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **GEMINI:** In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social but is actually sexual. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **THE GIN GAME:** Maureen Stapleton and E. G. Marshall as occupants of an old people's home, each fiercely determined to have his way. A grim but often very funny play by D. L. Coburn. The director is Mike Nichols. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6742. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **GREASE:** A musical that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **I LOVE MY WIFE:** Some singable songs by Cy Coleman and Michael Stewart, and an admirable cast, but nothing much can be done with Mr. Stewart's tasteless book. Gene Saks is the brave director. With Tom and Dick Smothers. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **THE KING AND I:** An irresistibly tuneful Rodgers and Hammerstein show, all the more pleasing for being somewhat old-fashioned. Yul Brynner is its superb star. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THE MAGIC SHOW:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.)... **MUMMENSCHANZ:** A merry evening of pantomime with three masked players. The masks are ingenious and surprising and so are the ideas of this nimble troupe. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **THE PASSION OF DRACULA:** An unpretentious, entertaining adaptation (in the British manner) of Bram Stoker's old thriller. Bob Hall and David Richmond are the adapters. Peter Bennett is the commendable director. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **VANITIES:** In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)... **THE WIZ:** An elaborate and mostly successful version of "The Wizard of Oz," with an all-black cast of great talent. Directed by Geoffrey Holder, who also did the costumes. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7260. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Beatlemania—A multimedia and live-music program about the sixties, with four musicians doing thirty-seven songs written by John Lennon, Paul McCartney, and George Harrison. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—Opening performances (tentative schedule) of an engagement that will run through Sunday, Feb. 18—Tuesday evening, Nov. 14: "Jewels." (A benefit performance; for tickets, call 877-4700.)... ¶ Wednesday evening, Nov. 15: "Stravinsky Violin Concerto," "Donizetti Variations," and "Who Cares?"... ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 16: "Swan Lake," "Square Dance," and "Who Cares?"... ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 17: "Coppélia."... ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 18: "Donizetti Variations," "Calcium Light Night," "Duo Concertant," and "Chaconne."... ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 18: "Coppélia." (A benefit performance; for tickets, call 477-4720.) (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 877-4727. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

Joffrey Ballet—Wednesday, Nov. 8, at 8: "Kettentanz," "Pas de Deux," "La Vivandière Pas de Six," and "The Green Table."... ¶ Thursday, Nov. 9, at 8: "Interplay," "Chopin Preludes," "Pas de Deux," and "Wedding

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Bouquet."...¶ Friday and Saturday, Nov. 10-11, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 12, at 2 and 7:30: "Romeo and Juliet."...¶ Tuesday, Nov. 14, at 8: "Brouillards," "Pas de Deux," "Parade," and "Suite Saint-Saëns."...¶ Wednesday, Nov. 15, at 8: "Moves," "Choura" (première), "After Eden," and "Jazz Calendar."...¶ Thursday, Nov. 16, at 8: "Reflections," "Pas de Deux," "The Relativity of Icarus," and "Rodeo."...¶ Friday, Nov. 17, at 8: "Brouillards," "Choura," "Monotones," and "Wedding Bouquet."...¶ Saturday, Nov. 18, at 8: "Kettentanz," "Pas de Deux," "The Relativity of Icarus," and "Suite Saint-Saëns." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Through Sunday, Nov. 26.)

DANCE UMBRELLA—Final performances of a four-week season. **MAY O'DONNELL CONCERT DANCE COMPANY**: Wednesday evening, Nov. 8; Friday evening, Nov. 10; Saturday matinée, Nov. 11; and Sunday evening, Nov. 12.... **ANNABELLE GAMSON**: Thursday evening, Nov. 9; Saturday evening, Nov. 11; and Sunday matinée, Nov. 12. (Entermedia, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 475-4191. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

PARTHENON DANCERS OF GREECE—A company of forty dancers, singers, and musicians. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Saturday, Nov. 11, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 12, at 3 and 7.)

JOSÉ MOLINA BAILES ESPAÑOLES—A company of twelve dancers, singers, and musicians. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Saturday, Nov. 18, at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town....¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ALI'S ALLEY, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—Sort of a ma-and-pa jazz loft, owned and managed by drummer Rashied Ali, who plays here himself occasionally. Pianist **WALTER DAVIS, JR.**, performs with his threesome through Saturday, Nov. 11; on Tuesday, Nov. 14, tenor saxophonist Roland Alexander will arrive with his quintet. Mondays now belong to pianist **JAKI BYARD** and the Apollo Stompers, an eighteen-piece big band that shakes the room with sheer blow power. Music from about ten.

BALLROOM, 458 West Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts. (673-9121)—A cabaret-loft on SoHo's main drag, but it's so gussied up with carpeting and white furniture that at first glance it doesn't look like a loft space. Portia Nelson, who used to sing at the old Blue Angel, is appearing here Tuesdays through Saturdays with pianist Steve Ross in a salute to Cole Porter. On Monday, Nov. 13, Spanish singer-guitarist Carmen Marina will present a program of her own music. Shows begin at eight-thirty and ten-thirty. Dining.

BEEFSTEAK CHARLIE'S, 55 Fifth Ave., at 12th St. (675-4720)—A dark lounge and bar with a conscientious music policy. Saxophonist **SONNY STITT** directs a combo featuring pianist-singer **NINA SHELDON** through Saturday, Nov. 11. Wednesday through Saturday, Nov. 15-18, will be claimed by bassist Teruo Nakamura and his mainstream jazz septet, the Rising Sun. Music from nine-thirty until two Wednesdays and Thursdays, and from ten-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—On Wednesday, Nov. 8, **DR. JOHN** will bring in his swamp-rock band to play Cajun jungle music; Friday and Saturday, Nov. 10-11, rock guitarist Rory Gallagher will pilot a band; Sunday and Monday, Nov. 12-13, Don Van Vliet, who is best known as Captain Beefheart, will play with his latest group; on Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 15-16, Kool and the Gang, a rock outfit, will trade sets with pianist Kenny Brawner and his group, Raw Sugar; and saxophonist **JOE FARRELL'S** band will be onstage opposite Willie Bobo's Latin band on Friday and Saturday, Nov. 17-18. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Pianist **JIMMY ROWLES**, the house favorite, performs here through Saturday, Nov. 11; on Sunday, Nov. 12, **JOHN BUNCH** will take over. Music from ten most nights, from nine-thirty on Sundays.

CACHAÇA, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—An authentic-sounding Brazilian band—piano, bass, drums, vocalist, but, oddly enough, no guitar—plays Tuesdays through Sundays from eleven, and after a set of Bonfas, Jobims, Gils, and Gilbertos, one actually feels capable of dancing the samba. Before and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and Carnival music. The club is open nightly, except Mondays, from eight to four. Dining and dancing.

CAFÉ PIERRE, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI**, who can play some of the hottest chord solos around on his full-bodied seven-string guitar, is leading a trio Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to twelve-thirty. Dining and dancing.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—In the Café Carlyle, **BOBBY SHORT**, who did not appear in "The Last Waltz," is back with Porter, Gershwin, and Coward tunes and his two sidemen. Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight....¶ In the Bemelmans Bar, **BARBARA CARROLL**, a strong bop-inspired pianist, works weeknights from nine until one.

CARNEGIE TAVERN, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—**ELLIS LARKINS** is here, playing the great August Förster piano with driving serenity. He does everything in his power to stay out of the listener's way, and he does everything in his power to swing. Weeknights from eight until midnight. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—This bar has for a couple of years distinguished itself by presenting some of the most bizarre, if not always musically accomplished, rock and punk-rock bands around. Nightly from nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**ALBERTA HUNTER**, a rocking, funny, full-voiced octogenarian blues singer and songwriter, has returned with pianist Gerald Cook and bassist Jimmy Lewis. Shows Mondays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and ten-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-fifteen. On Sundays, from eight to one, **ROSE MURPHY** is at the piano, singing her thirty-odd-year-old hits "I Can't Give You Anything But Chichi" and "Button Up Your Chichichi." Bassist Morris Edwards lends a hand. Dining.

CRAWDADDY, Vanderbilt Ave. at 45th St. (687-1860)—Vic Dickenson, a swing-era trombonist who spends a lot of time playing Dixieland music, heads a trio Mondays through Fridays from six until eleven. Jambalaya, crawfish pie, and seafood gumbo. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

DAVID K'S, 1115 Third Ave., at 65th St. (371-9090)—**HUGH SHANNON**, the international café-society singer, is back on Third Avenue. He's here Wednesdays through Sundays from nine to two.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—Traditionalist Bobby Gordon, Jim Andrews, Connie Kay, Ed Polcer, and Red Balaban get together weeknights at nine-thirty. On Tuesday, Nov. 14, trumpeter Chris Griffin and trombonists Jack Gale and George Masso will sit in with the regulars. On Sunday, Nov. 12, guitarist **CHRIS FLORY** will lead a quintet from eight-thirty. Dining.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—An attractive haunt, short on space but not on music. Mondays, from ten to three, **AL HAIG, MORRIS EDWARDS**, and **AL GAFA** perform piano-bass-guitar bebop variations; on Tuesdays, from ten to three, guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** leads a trio. Wednesdays through Sundays, from ten to three, pianist **HOD O'BRIEN** holds down the fort with **JOE PUMA** on guitar, **FRANK LUTHER** on bass, and vocalist Alicia Sherman. On Sunday, Nov. 12, Joe Derise and Alicia Sherman will begin at seven. Weeknights from seven to ten, pianist Loumell Morgan and Morris Edwards get together on the tiny bandstand.

HOPPER'S, 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. (260-0250)—**MILT JACKSON**, who plays lovely, fulfilling blues on his Radio City Music Hall of a vibraharp, leads a quartet through Saturday, Nov. 11. Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one. No music Sundays.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—**ROY ELDRIDGE**, the house legend, is buoyed by drummer Eddie Locke, pianist Johnny Morris, clarinettist Joe Muranyi, bassist Ted Sturgis, and trombonist Bobby Pratt. On Mondays, Max Kaminsky leads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

KNICKERBOCKER SALOON, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—Bluesy pianist **JUNIOR MANCE** works with bassist **GENE TAYLOR** through Sunday, Nov. 12. Pianist and composer **BILLY TAYLOR** and bassist **VICTOR GASKIN** return on Tuesday, Nov. 14. Music from ten. The piano is well miked, so that even when the place bustles, one can hear the music clearly. Dining.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Mouth-numbing chili for transplanted Texans, Lone Star beer for unwary non-Texans, and, often, good, solid country and rock music. Kinky Friedman will be present on Thursday, Nov. 9; Friday and Saturday, Nov. 10-11, have been reserved for Chuck McDermott and Wheatstraw; on Sunday and Monday, Nov. 12-13, **DOUG SAHM**, a Texas-juke-joint, T-Bone Walker-school singer, songwriter, guitarist, and rock-and-roll recluse, will bop in with his band; and Friday and Saturday, Nov. 17-18, the Super Grit Cowboy Band, a group from the southeast, will take charge. Music weeknights from nine-fifteen to three, and Sundays from eight-thirty to two.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Singer-pianist Freddy Cole is here Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes. Dining. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A fine place to test the effects of jazz, rhythm and blues, and smoke on hanging plants. Music from ten until two. Dining.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A venerable folk and rock club. The Robert Benjamin rock band will be on hand Wednesday, Nov. 8; folksingers **TOM PAXTON** and Bob Gibson will alternate Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 9-11; Monday and Tuesday, Nov. 13-14, folksinger and humorist Kinky Friedman and his new band will be here; and Tony Bird, a folkie from Malawi, will trade

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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sets with urban comic Chris Rush Wednesday through Saturday, Nov. 15-18. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Snacks.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—Lots of tourists, a few sagacious natives, and a dance band populate this room with an indoor and an outdoor view. **SY OLIVER** is in charge of the music Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one; Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Pop singer Laura Branigan occupies the bandstand Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 8-9, and Sunday, Nov. 12, at nine, and Friday and Saturday, Nov. 10-11, at nine and eleven-thirty, while Jenifer Smith will sing at eleven-thirty on Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 8-9. On Monday, Nov. 13, Betty Rhodes, a diminutive, brassy-voiced singer, will perform at nine and eleven-thirty. On Tuesday, Nov. 14, Gotham, a male vocal trio with an act that leans heavily on Boswell Sisters hits from the thirties and similar campy material, will move in for two weeks. Dining.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A light, comfortable, airy second-floor jazz club, which is still so new that most of the walls are, refreshingly, unadorned. Wednesday, Nov. 8, belongs to flutist Mark Weinstein and Cuban Roots II; Thursday through Sunday, Nov. 9-12, saxophonist **RONNIE CUBER** will play with a combo; and on Tuesday and Wednesday, Nov. 14-15, the place will be reserved for singer Denise Delapenha and her Brazilian band. Music from ten to two nightly. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Bassist **RON CARTER** and his quartet—pianist **KENNY BARRON**, bassist **BUSTER WILLIAMS**, and drummer **BEN RILEY**—are here through Saturday, Nov. 11; on Sunday and Monday, Nov. 12-13, saxophonist **BOB MOVER** will lead the Carter sidemen; and Tuesday through Saturday, Nov. 14-18, guitarist **JIM HALL** and trombonist **BOB BROOKMEYER** will play in tandem. Music from about ten. Dining.

Trax, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—A plain brown door and an unlit entranceway lead one downstairs to the action: rock-and-roll businesspersons (and regular people, too) listening to unestablished bands trying for a recording contract. It's a sort of public audition. (Established performers have been known to perform here too, on occasion.) Music every night but Sunday, usually at midnight and two. Dining.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—The management has reëstablished live music at the Top of the Gate, and it's a good thing. Tenor saxophonist Eddie Harris and his band will have the floor Friday and Saturday, Nov. 10-11, and on Friday, Nov. 17, **JOE PASS**, a guitarist revered by jazz and rock guitarists alike (and by listeners, too), will come in for three unaccompanied nights. Music from nine-thirty. Tuesdays, from nine to midnight, jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** heads a trio.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Trumpeter and composer **WOODY SHAW** heads his very fine quintet through Sunday, Nov. 12. Beginning Tuesday, Nov. 14, trombonist **SLIDE HAMPTON** will direct a quintet featuring tenor saxophonist **CLIFFORD JORDAN**. Monday-night music is provided by tenor saxophonist and composer **FRANK FOSTER** and his twelve-piece band. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—The soul-food craze is still going strong in this popular, out-of-the-way bar and restaurant. Mondays through Wednesdays, Sonelius Smith is at the piano; Thursdays through Sundays are turned over to Harris Simon. Music from eight to two.

West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Columbia's off-campus survey of swing music. Trumpeter Ed Lewis and his band will drop in on Wednesday, Nov. 8; clarinettist **RUSSELL PROCOPE'S** quartet will perform Ellington compositions Thursday through Sunday, Nov. 9-12; Monday, Nov. 13, stride pianist **BROOKS KERR** will play solo piano; cornettist **DICK SUDHALTER** will show up with his quintet on Tuesday, Nov. 14; Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 15-16, trombonist and guitarist **EDDIE DURHAM** will lead a quintet; pianist Ram Ramirez will bring in a combo on Friday, Nov. 17; and on Saturday, Nov. 18, the **COUNTSMEN**—trombonist **DICKY WELLS**, saxophonist and vocalist **EARLE WARREN**, and *their* quintet—will come in. Things get under way about nine. Student food at student prices.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Salute to Great American Songwriters—The free concerts continue with Sandy Stewart performing the songs of Alan Jay Lerner (with Burton Lane and Frederick Loewe). (Atrium, Citicorp Center, Lexington Ave. at 53rd St. Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 8-9, at 6.)

Marshall Tucker Band and **Firefall**—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Thursday, Nov. 9, at 8.

Preservation Hall Jazz Band—Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Thursday, Nov. 9, at 8.

Al Stewart—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Friday, Nov. 10, at 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.

Kalaparusha (Maurice McIntyre) and **the Light**—Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Friday, Nov. 10, at 8:30.

Julius Hemphill Ensemble and **the Ran Blake/Ricky Ford Duet**—Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Friday, Nov. 10, at 9:30 and midnight.

Betty Wright and **Arnold (Mongo) Dover**—Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center. Saturday, Nov. 11, at 8 and 11:30.

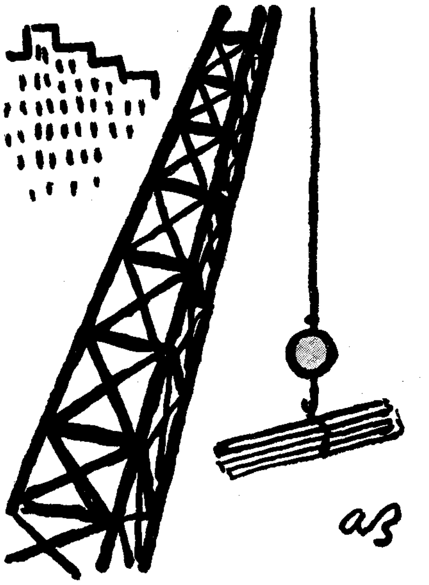
Chico Freeman and **Charles Sullivan**—Public Theatre. Saturday, Nov. 11, at 9:30 and midnight.

Heavenly Jazz Concert Series—The second in a series of six benefit concerts, this one performed by guitarists Tiny Grimes, Chuck Wayne, and Jack Wilkins. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Sunday, Nov. 12, at 5. For tickets, call 369-8040.)

Blondie and **Mitch Ryder**—Palladium. Sunday, Nov. 12, at 8.

Sing Happy!—A benefit concert honoring composers John Kander and Fred Ebb. Participants will include Lotte Lenya, Liza Minnelli, Chita Rivera, Jack Gilford, Robert Goulet, and Joel Grey. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Sunday, Nov. 12, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call 787-5300.)

Cissy Houston—A benefit concert, with the United Negro College Fund Choir and the Voices of Hope. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Monday, Nov. 13, at 8.)



Maynard Ferguson—Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 15, at 8.

Ashford & Simpson and **Noel Pointer**—Palace Theatre, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Thursday, Nov. 16, at 8; Friday and Saturday, Nov. 17-18, at 8 and 11:30; and Sunday, Nov. 19, at 7:30 and 11.

Doobie Brothers—Palladium. Thursday and Friday, Nov. 16-17, at 8.

Queen—Madison Square Garden. Thursday and Friday, Nov. 16-17, at 8.

Neil Sedaka and **Paul Davis**—Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, Nov. 17, at 8.

Buck White and the Down Home Folks—Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center. Friday, Nov. 17, at 8. For information about tickets, call 427-1488.

Karl Berger Quintet and **Garrett List's A-1 Art Band**—Public Theatre. Friday, Nov. 17, at 10:30.

Piano Pinnacle III—The trios of Walter Davis, Jr., Tommy Flanagan, and Barry Harris. (CAMI Hall, 165 W. 57th St. 582-4090. Saturday, Nov. 18, at 7 and 9:45.)

Carole King and **Navarro**—Palladium. Saturday, Nov. 18, at 8.

Amina Claudine Myers—Top of the Park, Loeb Student Center. 598-3757. Saturday, Nov. 18, at 9.

Joseph Jarman & Don Moye and **Jay Hoggard**—Public Theatre. Saturday, Nov. 18, at 10:30.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Horst Antes—Paintings and colored etchings by a German artist whose enigmatic figures evoke the Mayans and Aztecs. Through Saturday, Nov. 18. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Darrel Austin—Oils, principally of figures and landscapes. Through Dec. 2. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Dina Gustin Baker—Recent abstract oils, based on architectural forms—big-city architectural forms for the most part. Through Wednesday, Nov. 15. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

Willi Baumeister (1889-1955)—Paintings by an early nonobjective artist. Through Dec. 29. (Hutton, 33 E. 74th St. Open Mondays.)

Romare Bearden—Autobiographical collages. Through Dec. 16. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Harry Bertoia—Forty metal sculptures, in various sizes and shapes, which, when touched, emit musical sounds. Through Saturday, Nov. 11. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

James Chatelain and Michael Luchs—Works by two Detroit artists. The first paints back-alley figures with deliberate crudeness on off-white grounds. The second constructs floor sculptures from chicken wire, iron reinforcing rods, angle irons, and the like. Through Saturday, Nov. 18. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Elizabeth de Cuevas—Steel or bronze sculptures: stylized head-shaped forms are hollowed out, and abstractions of facial features are inserted. Also drawings. Through Saturday, Nov. 11. (Ault, 25 E. 77th St.)

Edgar Degas (1834-1917)—A benefit loan show of fifty-four works, including studies of dancers and horse-racing scenes. Through Dec. 2. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St. Open Mondays.)

José de Rivera—This Louisiana-born sculptor, now well into his seventies, is still hammering out by hand the sinuosities he is famous for. In this show, they're made of stainless steel and polished bronze. Through Nov. 25. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Otto Dix (1891-1969)—Vivid drawings and watercolors that reflect the social climate in Germany during the First World War and in the twenties. Curiously, this is the first one-man show in New York by this well-known artist. Through Dec. 16. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Opens at noon.)

John B. Flannagan (1895-1942)—Animals carved from rough fieldstone, plus other

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works. Through Nov. 30. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.)

Meraud Guevara—Oil paintings of women and dogs by a seventy-four-year-old woman who studied under Archipenko and Picabia and now lives and works in Aix-en-Provence. Through Nov. 30. (Salander, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Elaine Hyman—Semi-abstract figures, mostly of embracing couples, carved into blocks of agate, pink alabaster, and various rare marbles. Through Saturday, Nov. 11. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

John F. Kensett (1816-72)—Pencil sketches for landscape paintings and watercolors by a Hudson River School artist who is also credited with being a founder of the Metropolitan Museum. Through Nov. 30. (Babcock, in a new location at 20 E. 67th St.)

Käthe Kollwitz (1867-1945)—Drawings, lithographs, woodcuts, and four small sculptures. Through Saturday, Nov. 18. (Goethe House, 1014 Fifth Ave., at 83rd St. Tuesdays through Thursdays, 11 to 7; Fridays and Saturdays, 11 to 5.)

Vitaly Komar and Alexander Melamid—Joint works by two artists whose previous collaborations satirized Soviet society (they emigrated from Russia to Israel in 1977). Portraits of Carter, Begin, and Sadat are included in the current show. Through Saturday, Nov. 11. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St.)

Gary Kuehn—Monochromatic paintings. Through Dec. 9. (Cucalón, 145 E. 72nd St. Opens at noon.)

Harry Marinsky—Bronzes, including a series of cyclists. Through Saturday, Nov. 11. (Rolly-Michaux, 943 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

Charles Maurin (1856-1914)—Color prints, plus a few drawings and pastels by a contemporary of Toulouse-Lautrec. Through Nov. 29. (Goldschmidt, 1117 Madison Ave., at 84th St. Open Mondays.)

Alice Neel—A retrospective, but only of her drawings and watercolors, and while they provide an interesting show (an early tenderness toward motherhood and some schoolgirlish bits of erotica), there is nothing to foretell the no-holds-barred style of portrait painting she has perfected. Through Nov. 25. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.) . . . ¶ Drawings. Through Dec. 2. (Summit, 101 W. 57th St. Opens at 12:30.)

Joseph Piccillo—Pencil drawings of mysterious struggling groups of people; also drawings of single human figures and horses. Through Saturday, Nov. 18. (Krasner, 1043 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Antoine Poncet—Large, graceful free-form whorls of marble or bronze, plus a polished granite specimen nine feet tall that is too big for the gallery and stands outside on the corner. Through Nov. 30. (Weintraub, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

May Stevens—Three large paintings of women artists and friends. Through Nov. 30. (Lerner-Heller, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

John Storrs (1885-1956)—Paintings from the thirties by an artist who worked in Purist- and Cubist-derived styles. Through Saturday, Nov. 18. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Jerome Witkin—Expertly painted realist figures—the artist and his friends, mostly. Through Saturday, Nov. 18. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Group Shows—At the **GUREWITSCH**, 55 E. 74th St.: Four artists who move their studios to Provincetown in the summer—Fritz Bultman (paintings), Edward Giobbi and Leo Manso (collages), and Nora Speyer (drawings). Through Dec. 2. (Opens at 1.) . . . **KERR**, 49 E. 82nd St.: Nineteenth-century landscapes by Martin Johnson Heade, Fitz Hugh Lane, John F. Kensett, and others whose light-filled nature scenes have been given the term Luminism. Through Nov. 25. (Open Mondays.) . . . **KNOWLTON**, 19 E. 71st St.: Realist landscapes in many mediums by twelve artists, including Carol Anthony, Rackstraw Downes, and Helen Miranda Wilson. Through Nov. 29. . . . **REED**, 120 E. 78th St.: A benefit show of paintings and works on paper by current and former faculty members of the Yale School of Art, among them Josef Albers, Willem de Kooning, Alex Katz, Mel Bochner, and James Rosenquist. Through Saturday, Nov. 18. (Opens at 1.) . . . **STONE**, 48 E. 86th St.: "Abstract Expressionism and Its Disciples" contains paintings by de Kooning, Kline, Leslie, Strautmanis, and others, and sculptures by John Chamberlain. Through Dec. 21. . . . **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64th St.: The development of the landscape genre in Europe between the seventeenth century and the early nineteenth century is the basis of a benefit loan exhibit here. The paintings and drawings are by Ruisdael, Corot, Turner, and others. Through Nov. 22. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

George Bellows (1882-1925) **and Joseph Golinkin** (1896-1977)—Lithographs by two artists who looked to sporting events and street scenes for their subjects. Through Dec. 1. (Spectrum, 30 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Siri Berg—Two related exhibits: white circle paintings at the Sande, 61 E. 57th St. (open Mondays; through Nov. 25), and black circle paintings at the Ward-Nasse, 131 Prince St. (open Sundays; through Nov. 22).

Charles Burchfield (1893-1967) / **Jack Levine**—Paintings from the thirties and forties, the years in which this preëminent watercolorist hit full stride. Several small drawings and a number of oils are also included. Through Nov. 25. / A show of graphics which coincides with his retrospective at the Jewish Museum. Starts Thursday, Nov. 9. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

Arthur Cady / Robert Engman—Realist watercolors depicting railroad stations, an open-air band concert, a rickety dock bearing a sign "Do Not Frolic." / Small abstract sculptures made of convolutions of Lucite, bronze, and wood. Through Wednesday, Nov. 15. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

Anthony Caro / Kenneth Noland—Six new steel sculptures, most of them outdoor pieces. Through Wednesday, Nov. 15. / Colorful works evolved from wet rag-paper pulp, a couple of them in his characteristic target pattern but most of them in wide bands of color. Through Saturday, Nov. 11. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Franco Ciarlo—This artist transfers the patterns from frescoes he has made to canvas, and, in the same manner, he has transferred an impression of a wall of an abandoned lower East Side building to a wall in the gallery. Through Nov. 25. (Iolas, 52 E. 57th St.)

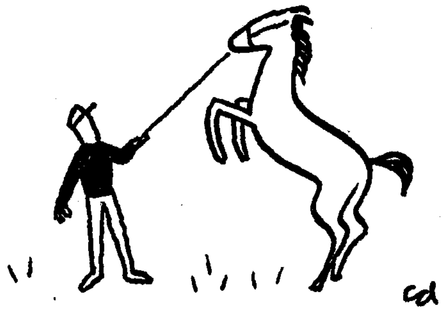
Charles Coiner—Bucks County landscapes, among others. Through Dec. 2. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Dominic L. Di Mare—Small, mystical constructions, less than a foot high, made of hawthorn twigs, silk, and handmade paper by this artist, who lives on the California coast. The works have the look of primitive sacred objects. Through Nov. 25. (Duhl, 31 W. 54th St. Opens at noon.)

John Dobbs—Drawings. Through Dec. 2. (Summit, 101 W. 57th St. Opens at 12:30.)

Janet Fish / Juan Hamilton—Oils and pastels of drinking glasses set on tables. / Bronzes and ceramics. Through Nov. 30. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Emil Ganso (1895-1941)—Woodcuts, lithographs, and intaglio etchings of nudes, landscapes, and still-lifes. Through Saturday, Nov. 18. (Sumers, 50 W. 57th St.)



Thomas George—Large recent abstract oils. Through Saturday, Nov. 18. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Peter Golfinopoulos—Recent paintings, some of them taking on the challenging job of portraying both the peacefulness and the turbulence of the night sky, by this veteran abstract artist. Through Thursday, Nov. 16. (Goodman, 38 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Arshile Gorky (1904-48)—Paintings and drawings in a show that pays tribute not only to Gorky but to dealer Julien Levy who showed Gorky's works in the same space between 1945 and 1948. Through Nov. 28. (Washburn, 42 E. 57th St.)

Susan Hall—Acrylics showing an exceptionally fine line and delicate colors. Through Nov. 25. (Hamilton, 20 W. 57th St.)

Irving Kriesberg—Paintings of mythical creatures on stiltlike legs; also, drawings done with pastel fairly crunched onto paper drenched with turpentine, which capture the essence of such subjects as frogs, storks, and gorillas. Through Friday, Nov. 10. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Alfred Leslie—This realist, noted for his heroic figures, has five new paintings, one of them his largest work to date, a triptych containing fourteen larger-than-life-size figures. Through Dec. 7. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Stephen Lorber—Realist gouaches of handwoven baskets. Through Nov. 30. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

Henry Moore—A dozen small bronzes, five drawings, and thirty prints. Through Dec. 16. (Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St.)

Reuben Nakian—Expressionist sculptures in bronze and terra-cotta, the work of the past year. Through Dec. 30. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

Betty Parsons—Large, colorful sculptures—some of them ten feet tall—made mostly from flotsam and jetsam, assembled by a woman who seems to turn everything she touches into art. Through Saturday, Nov. 11. (Truman, 38 E. 57th St.)

I. Rice Pereira (1905-71)—Late works by the geometric abstractionist. Through Saturday, Nov. 11. (Zarre, 41 E. 57th St.)

Richard Pousette-Dart—Paintings, many with an overall design of geometric symbols, from the last ten years. Through Nov. 30. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Leatrice Rose—The light that bathes these interiors is as much a subject of these paintings as are the precisely drawn chairs and tables and doorways that occupy the space. Through Thursday, Nov. 16. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Theodore Roszak—A dazzling show of Constructivist sculpture, both free-standing rocket-like pieces and intricate wall boxes, combining metal, plastic, and painted wood, done during the thirties and forties. A brave-new-world feeling radiates from these imaginative works. Through Dec. 2. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Mark Rothko (1903-70)—A group of murals dated 1958-59, done in rich burgundies, reds, oranges, browns. This show is running concurrently with his retrospective at the Guggenheim Museum. Through Nov. 25. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

James Tissot (1836-1902)—Etchings and drypoints, portraits mostly. Through Nov. 22. (Associated American Artists, 663 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St. Open Mondays.)

Alice Valenstein—Small abstract watercolors. Through Nov. 30. (Alonzo, 30 W. 57th St.)

Charmion von Wiegand—Collages, some using personal items (handkerchiefs, letters), others reflecting an interest in Chinese art. Through Nov. 25. (Pearl, 29 W. 57th St.)

Lynton Wells—Painted-over photographs (printed on linen) of Connecticut landscapes. Through Dec. 2. (Droll-Kolbert, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Christopher White—Mountainscapes. Through Nov. 25. (Parsons-Dreyfuss, 24 W. 57th St.)

Susan Wilmarth—Abstract oils. Through Dec. 2. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—*At the* ***AARON BERMAN****, 50 W. 57th*

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

St.: Works in a variety of styles and mediums by Walkowitz, Goings, Chryssa, and others. Through Dec. 1. . . . **GLADSTONE-VILLANI**, 38 E. 57th St.: An exhibit of works on paper includes large patterns made up of little medallions, each of which tells a story, by Robin Lehrer; abstract patterns with some figurative elements by Richard Kalina; and intricate designs worked out in color on a grid by Gloria Klein. Through Saturday, Nov. 11.

SCULPTURE—Small-scale works by Mary Frank, Kenneth Snelson, George Segal, Phyllis Mark, and others. Through Dec. 2. (Jackson, 521 W. 57th St.)

GALLERIES—SOHO

DOTTY ATTIE—Four enigmatic stories, told in alternating panels of text and illustrations, displayed on the gallery walls. Through Dec. 6. (A.I.R., 97 Wooster St.)

NATVAR BHAVSAR—Large canvases in which the central portion is scrubbed with a single color and roughly framed by another. Through Saturday, Nov. 11. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

MICHAEL CHELMINSKI—Oils and watercolors of Maine and Connecticut scenes. Through Thursday, Nov. 16. (Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. Opens at noon.)

JOHN COLT / MAURICE LOWE—Voodoo artifacts and American Indian fetishes are unobtrusive elements in the largely abstract paintings by this artist. / Small sculptures, Oriental in feeling. Through Thursday, Nov. 16. (Neill, 136 Greene St.)

SIDEO FROMBOLUTI—Paintings of sleeping figures, plus small landscapes of Cape Cod. Through Nov. 22. (Landmark, 469 Broome St. Opens at 11:30.)

MARY ANN GILLIES—Fibre masks. Through Nov. 29. (SoHo 20, 99 Spring St. Opens at noon.)

TINA GIROUARD—Large wall pieces made from sections of ornamental metal ceilings that come ready-made from the big building-supply houses. In this case, the artist has worked them over with power tools, excising a shape here and adding it on there. Through Nov. 22. (Holly Solomon, 392 West Broadway.)

LAURA GRISI—Color photographs of chessboards that have been marked off in a way to reflect the passage of time, along with working drawings, all assembled into a conceptual installation. Through Saturday, Nov. 18. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

ELAINE HUYER / CAROL UNGER—Abstract collages and oils. / Paintings and drawings of clothing, sometimes being worn and sometimes draped over a chair or hung up in a closet. Through Sunday, Nov. 12. (Pindar, 127 Greene St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 5.)

JACK LEMBECK—The brushwork in these abstract paintings gives the illusion of having been done on several planes. Through Nov. 25. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

PAUL MOGENSEN—A new group of spiral paintings. Through Thursday, Nov. 16. (Boone, 420 West Broadway.)

DOROTHEA ROCKBURNE—The ancient Greek formula called the golden section is at the heart of these compositions made up of colored-pencil arcs drawn on varnished vellum, which is sometimes folded into interior patterns. Through Nov. 21. (Weber, 420 West Broadway.)

LILA RYAN—Large abstract sculpture cut from thick sheet aluminum and fitted together. Through Sunday, Nov. 12. (14 Sculptors, 75 Thompson St. Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 6.)

JUAN SANCHEZ—Nymphs and simple mortal nudes shown in somnambulant poses by this Mexican-born artist now resident in New York. Through Sunday, Nov. 12. (Jack, 138 Prince St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

ERNEST SHAW—Jumbles of painted-steel pieces, the size and shape of railroad crossties, which look as if they had been frozen in the act of falling. The largest work here is nearly thirty feet long. Through Nov. 25. (Sculpture Now, 142 Greene St.)

MICHAEL SINGER—A construction fifteen feet long, thirteen feet wide, and about nine feet high, involving thin white-pine strips and bundles of reeds lashed together in nine-foot cylinders. Through Nov. 25. (Sperone Westwater Fischer, 142 Greene St.)

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SANFORD WURMFELD—Acrylic paintings based on a grid. Through Nov. 25. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

GROUP SHOW—Among the highlights in a group show of paintings by members of the gallery are a stylized man reading at a table by Wendy Sussman; a group of girls playing blindman's buff in a lyrical Mexican setting by Sue Daykin; and a large still-life by Ed Puls in which bright-colored tropical fish are seen in a tank in the background. Through Thursday, Nov. 16. (Bowery, 135 Greene St. Opens at noon.)

OTHER GALLERIES

MORRIS GRAVES—Works from throughout his career in several mediums, including tempera, wax, ink, and gouache on paper and on Masonite. Through Dec. 8. (Visual Arts, 209 E. 23rd St. Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 9; Fridays, 11 to 4:30.)

JUDITH MURRAY / ALAN SCARRITT—Hard-edged abstract paintings done with a great deal of dash. / This artist, known for his work in concentric circles and spirals, has left his mark on the upper two floors of the gallery—in one room, the medium used is thick white plaster, in the other, white wax. Through Saturday, Nov. 11. (The Clocktower, 108 Leonard St., four blocks south of Canal St., at Broadway. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

TRADITIONAL SCULPTURE FROM UPPER VOLTA—A show of masks, dolls, chairs, musical instruments, and other objects assembled from twelve collections. (African-American Institute, 833 United Nations Plaza, at 47th St. Open Mondays.)

AMERICAN ACADEMY IN ROME—A show of works done in Rome (and elsewhere) by painters who have spent a year in residence there. The five exhibitors are William Bailey, Lennart Anderson, Gregory Gillespie, Alan Gussow, and Raymond Saunders. Starts Thursday, Nov. 9. (Union Carbide Building, 270 Park Ave., at 48th St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4.)

GROUP SHOW—Artists from out of town, among them Tom Hatch of San Francisco, who plays carefully calculated tricks with mirrors and toy furniture; Janis Provisor, also of San Francisco, who paints enigmatic symbols in thick paint against a contrasting background; and Dan Rizzie, of Dallas, who uses simple cutout forms, acrylics, and graphite in his collages. Through Dec. 1. (The New Museum, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St. Opens weekdays at noon; open Wednesdays evenings until 8.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

ELLIOTT ERWITT—A retrospective that consists of a hundred and fifty prints. Through Nov. 25. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

BENNO FRIEDMAN / JOE MALONEY—Hand-colored photographs of pyramids in Mexico and Western landscapes. / Color prints of New Jersey, Maine, and Long Island. Through Nov. 22. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

RALPH GIBSON—Color closeups of, for example, pebbles, the grain of a plywood board, a brick wall. Through Nov. 25. (Castelli Uptown, 4 E. 77th St.)

FRANK GOHLKE—The Museum of Modern Art has mounted a show of his photographs of Midwestern grain elevators—an ongoing series begun six years ago—which are seen as abstractions in the early works but become a part of broad landscapes in the later works. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

JAN GROOVER—Still-lifes in color. Through Saturday, Nov. 11. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

ERICH HARTMANN AND JILL LYNNE—Both photographers are showing experimental works. The former uses laser light, and the latter uses a color copier. Through Nov. 25. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

FLORENCE HENRI—Prints from the twenties and thirties by a photographer who was at one time associated with the Bauhaus. Through Saturday, Nov. 11. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

SHEILA METZNER—Landscapes, portraits, and still-lifes; first solo show in New York. Through Dec. 9. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

DUANE MICHALS—Photographs made while on a trip to Egypt, and other works. Through Nov. 25. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

GROUP SHOW—An exhibition that covers a hundred and twenty-five years of dance photography, with examples by Cecil Beaton, James Van DerZee, George Platt Lynes, and others. Through Jan. 28. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Open Sundays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The seven hundred objects on loan from eight Dresden museums represent more than five hundred years of art collecting by patrons in that city. The show contains paintings (by Bellotto, Holbein, Tintoretto, Rembrandt, Rubens, Vermeer), drawings, Meissen and Oriental porcelains, armor, and jewelry. Through Jan. 14. . . . ¶ The reconstructed Temple of Dendur, in a setting recalling its original home on the Nile, is on view in the Sackler Wing, at the north end of the museum. For the moment, extra exhibition hours—Thursday evenings, from 5 to 8:45—have been tacked onto the museum's regular schedule. . . . ¶ Fifteenth- and sixteenth-century drawings by North European artists. From the Lehman Collection. Through Jan. 28. (The museum is open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays and Veterans Day, 11 to 4:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—More than a hundred and seventy works by Matisse, ranging from major paintings to large paper cutouts. From the museum's holdings. Through Jan. 30. . . . ¶ Drawings, paintings, sculptures, photographs, and graphics produced by Russian artists in the years between 1912 and 1930. Through Jan. 2. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY**: American grain elevators photographed by Frank Gohlke. Through Feb. 4. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A comprehensive retrospective of Mark Rothko's paintings and works on paper. Through Jan. 14. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.) A complementary show is at the Pace Gallery, 32 E. 57th St.

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Claes Oldenburg has built two large structures, named the Mouse Museum and Ray Gun Wing, whose interior and exterior shapes are suggested by their titles. Visitors walk inside the darkened structures to view lighted cases filled with the artist's drawings and objects. Through Nov. 26. . . . ¶ An exhibit of early Abstract Expressionist paintings (covering the years 1935 to 1949), by Baziotes, de Kooning, Krasner, Stamos, and others. Through Dec. 3. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 9, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays and Veterans Day, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY DOWNTOWN MUSEUM, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—Paintings, drawings, posters, photographs, sculptures, and graphics by George Inness, Edward Steichen, Maxfield Parrish, and other artists who worked at the turn of the century and were influenced by the Symbolist movement. Through Dec. 6. (Open Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—A comprehensive show of the arts of ancient Nubia and the Sudan dates from the fourth millennium to the twelfth century A.D. The wide range of objects includes gold jewelry,

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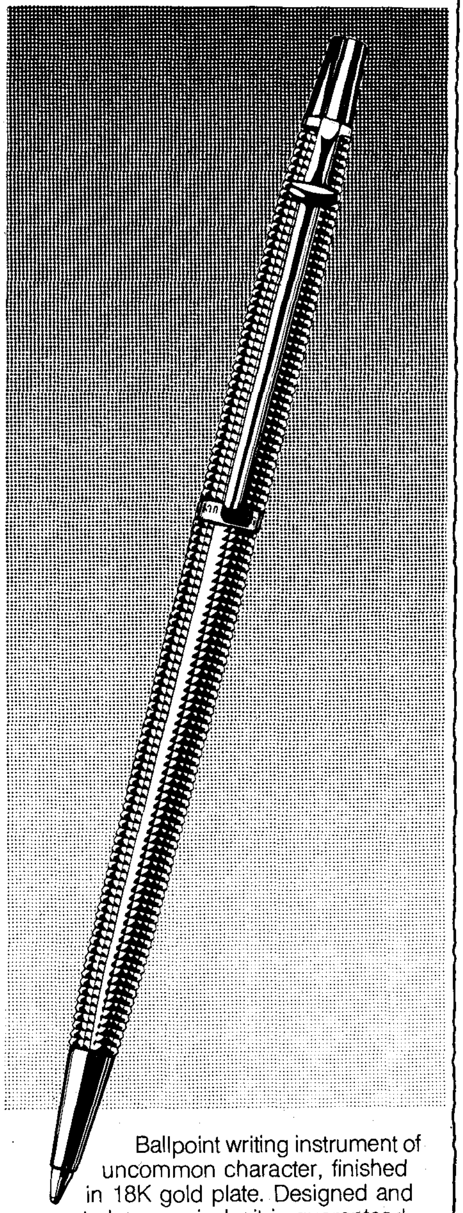

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

stone sculptures, ceramics, and a fresco. Through Dec. 31. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5; Veterans Day, 1 to 5.)

ASIA HOUSE, 112 E. 64th St.—A show of classical Indian sculptures from the Gupta period, fourth to seventh centuries A.D., contains sandstone images of Buddha (Gupta-period sculptors established Buddha's "human" appearance), and Hindu temple sculptures. Through Dec. 3. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

CHINA HOUSE, 125 E. 65th St.—"Origins of Chinese Ceramics" is a show of fifty-five objects (urns, bowls, jars, the earliest dating back seven thousand years), some of which are painted, and several of which are early examples of hard-glazed stoneware. Through Jan. 28. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A display of "Ornament in the Twentieth Century" includes many small objects such as belt buckles, jewelry, table settings, as well as the vividly colored Rolls-Royce once owned by the Beatles, and a welded-metal hippopotamus bathtub designed by François-Xavier Lalanne. Through Jan. 7. . . . ¶ The second annual exhibit of postcard designs (both the original designs and the cards printed from them) contains the efforts of Edward Koren, Martha Graham, Betye Saar, David Hockney, and others. Through Dec. 2. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A retrospective exhibit of Jack Levine's paintings, drawings, and graphics, bringing together works of varying subject matter—social satire, portraits, religious themes. Through Jan. 28. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.) A complementary show of graphics will be at Kennedy Galleries, 40 W. 57th St.

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—More than ninety drawings (in pen, chalk, pencil, and wash) by Giovanni Battista Piranesi. Through Nov. 26. . . . ¶ French medieval and Renaissance illuminated manuscripts. Through Dec. 3. . . . ¶ About forty autograph letters, generally romantic in content, composed by Voltaire, Haydn, Elizabeth I, and others. Through Dec. 3. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FOLK ART, 49 W. 53rd St.—American samplers (by, among others, Ealli Crygier, Ruthey Putnam, Unity Lewis, Desire Ells Daman, Philura Barton, Mahala Marein, and Zelinda Wing) dating from 1678 to 1865, collected by Theodore H. Kapnek. Through Jan. 7. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY AT LINCOLN CENTER—Paintings and drawings by Zero Mostel, together with memorabilia from the late actor's career. Through Dec. 30. (Open daily except Sundays and Veterans Day. Hours: Mondays and Thursdays, 10 to 8; Tuesdays and Wednesdays, 10 to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, noon to 6.)

STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—A show of oil paintings and drawings by Bob Thompson (1937-66)—twenty-three works in all. Through Jan. 7. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 580-9830, for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424, for Carnegie Hall 247-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Wednesday evening, Nov. 8: "Rigoletto," with Mariana Niculescu, Isola Jones, Ingvar Wixell, Neil Shicoff, and Jerome Hines; conducted by Giuseppe Patanè. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 9: "Aida," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Mignon Dunn, Carlo Bergonzi, Louis Quilico, and Jerome Hines; Giuseppe Patanè. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 10: "Carmen," with Elena Obraztsova, Leona Mitchell, Guy Chauvet, and James Morris; Giuseppe Patanè. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 11: "The Bartered Bride" (in English), with Teresa Stratas, Nicolai Gedda, Jon Vickers, and Martti Talvela; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 11: "Rigoletto," with Gail Robinson, Isola Jones, Ingvar Wixell, Neil Shicoff, and Jerome Hines; Giuseppe Patanè. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Nov. 13: "Carmen," with Elena Obraztsova, Leona Mitchell, Guy Chauvet, and James Morris; Giuseppe Patanè. . . . Tuesday evening, Nov. 14: "Aida," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Mignon Dunn, Carlo Bergonzi, Louis Quilico, and Jerome Hines; Giuseppe Patanè. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Nov. 15: "Rigoletto," with Mariana Niculescu, Isola Jones, Ingvar Wixell, Neil Shicoff, and Jerome Hines; Giuseppe Patanè. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 16: "The Bartered Bride" (in English), with Teresa Stratas, Nicolai Gedda, Jon Vickers, and Martti Talvela; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 17: "Aida," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Mignon Dunn, Carlo Bergonzi, Louis Quilico, and Jerome Hines; Giuseppe Patanè. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 18: "Carmen," with Elena Obraztsova, Leona Mitchell, Carlo Bini, and James Morris; Giuseppe Patanè. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 18: "The Bartered Bride" (in English), with Teresa Stratas, Nicolai Gedda, Jon Vickers, and Martti Talvela; James Levine. (Evenings at 8. Matinées Saturday, Nov. 11, at 2, and Saturday, Nov. 18, at 1:30.)

NEW YORK CITY OPERA—Final performances of the season—Wednesday, Nov. 8, at 2: "Madame Butterfly," with Marilyn Zschau, Jane Shaulis, Lando Bartolini, and Richard Fredricks; conducted by Judith Somogi. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 9, at 8: "Carmen," with RoseMarie Freni, Gwenlynn Little, Ermanno Mauro, and Robert Hale; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 10, at 8: "Street Scene," with Sherry Zannoth, Sharon Daniels, and William Chapman; John Mauceri. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 11, at 2: "The Magic Flute" (in English), with Elizabeth Hynes, June Anderson, Bruce Reed, Dominic Cossa, and Ara Berberian; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 11, at 8: "The Merry Widow," with Johanna Meier, Martha Thigpen, Alan Kays, and Alan Titus; Imre Pallo. (A benefit performance; for tickets, call 790-0374.) . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 12, at 1: "Street Scene," with Eileen Schauler, Sharon Daniels, and William Chapman; John Mauceri. . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 12, at 7: "La Bohème," with Awilda Verdejo, Sheila Barnes, Ermanno Mauro, Dominic Cossa, Spiro Malas, and Thomas Jamerson; John Mauceri. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 877-4727.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Avery Fisher Hall, Zubin Mehta conducting—Thursday, Nov. 9, and Saturday, Nov. 11, at 8:30, and Friday, Nov. 10 at 2 (all with Yvonne Loriod, piano); and Thursday, Nov. 16, at 8:30; Friday, Nov. 17, at 2; Saturday, Nov. 18, at 8:30; and Tuesday, Nov. 21, at 7:30 (all with Alicia de Larrocha, piano).

NATIONAL SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Mstislav Rostropovich conducting, with John Martin, cello, and Richard Parnas, viola. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Nov. 10, at 8.)

TORONTO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Andrew Davis conducting, with Arthur Ozolins, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Nov. 16, at 8. . . . ¶ Same program; Whitman Hall, Brooklyn College. 859-1180. Saturday, Nov. 18, at 8.)

I MUSICI—Pina Carmirelli, violin, and eleven other musicians who perform without a conductor, in an all-Bach program. The second of two concerts. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 8, at 8.)

ENDYMION ENSEMBLE—Jon Goldberg conducting. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 8, at 8.)

ORPHEUS CHAMBER ENSEMBLE—Twenty-five young instrumentalists who perform without a conductor. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Thursday, Nov. 9, at 8.)

CONCENTUS MUSICUS OF VIENNA—Nikolaus Har-

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noncourt conducting his baroque chamber orchestra. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Nov. 9, and Saturday, Nov. 11, at 8. . . . ¶ Fuentidueña Apse, The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park. Sunday, Nov. 12, at 3. For information about tickets, call 923-3700, Ext. 14, Wednesday through Friday.)

New Irish Chamber Orchestra—André Prieur conducting, with James Galway, flute. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Nov. 9, at 8.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Lukas Foss conducting an all-Wagner program, with Shirley Verrett, soprano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 10-11, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 12, at 3.)

Bach Aria Group—John Nelson directing. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 8, at 8.)

Musica Sacra—Richard Westenburg directing a performance of Verdi's Requiem, with Johanna Meier, soprano; Katherine Ciesinski, mezzo-soprano; Leo Goeke, tenor; and Malcolm Smith, bass. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 15, at 7:30.)

New York Motet Choir—Stephen Sturk directing a program entitled "Music for St. Cecilia's Day." (Grace Church, Broadway at 10th St. Saturday, Nov. 18, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

RECITALS

Marc Neikrug—Composer-pianist, in a recital postponed from Oct. 7. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, Nov. 8, at 8.)

Charles Libove and Nina Lugovoy—Violin and piano, in a benefit recital. (Mannes College of Music, 157 E. 74th St. 737-0700. Friday, Nov. 10, at 8.)

Composers String Quartet—Chamber music. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Friday, Nov. 10, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

New York Philomusica—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Nov. 10, at 8.)

Nina Beilina—Violin. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, Nov. 11, at 8.)

Murray Perahia—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Nov. 11, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680. . . . ¶ Whitman Hall, Brooklyn College. 859-1180. Sunday, Nov. 12, at 3.)

Maria Clodes—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Nov. 11, at 8:30.)

Clamma Dale—Soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Nov. 12, at 3.)

Nathan Milstein—Violin. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Nov. 12, at 3.)

Music Project—An eleven-member ensemble of winds, strings, and piano. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Sunday, Nov. 12, at 3. For tickets, call 222-9311.)

Fredell Lack—Violin. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Sunday, Nov. 12, at 8.)

Zoltán Kocsis—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Nov. 12, at 8.)

Music from Japan—A program of traditional Japanese music on authentic instruments. (Church of St. Luke in-the-Fields, 487 Hudson St., at Grove St. Sunday, Nov. 12, at 8, with a pre-concert Japanese box dinner at 6:30. For information about tickets, call 582-1222.)

Nadia Koutzen—Violin. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, Nov. 13, at 8.)

Music from Marlboro—Bruno Canino, piano; Mitchell Stern, violin; Sarah Clarke, viola; and Jerry Grossman, cello. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Nov. 13, at 8.)

Anton Kuerti—The second in a series of eight recitals presenting the cycle of Beethoven piano sonatas. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Tuesday, Nov. 14, at 8.)

Joseph Smith—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 15, at 8.)

André Watts—Piano, in the first two in a series of eight all-Schubert recitals. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 15, at 8; and Saturday, Nov. 18, at 8, with Bernard Kruysen, baritone, performing "Die Winterreise.")

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Chamber Music at the Y—Jaime Laredo, violin; Sharon Robinson, cello; and Joseph Kalichstein, piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, Nov. 15, at 8.)

Jan Peerce—Tenor. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Nov. 16, at 8.)

Waverly Consort—A program of music of Eastern Europe. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Thursday, Nov. 16, at 8.)

Robert White—Tenor, with Samuel Sanders, piano, and Ani Kavafian, violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Nov. 17, at 8.)

An English Music—The first in a series of five programs of twentieth-century English chamber works, this one performed by Abba Bogin, piano; Esther Lamneck, clarinet; Emanuel Vardi, viola; and others. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Friday, Nov. 17, at 8. For information about tickets, call 628-7000.)

Steven Mayer—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Nov. 18, at 2:30.)

Jorge Bolet—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Nov. 18, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

Ralph Kirshbaum—Cello. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, Nov. 18, at 8.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Knicks vs. Boston, Saturday, Nov. 11, at 8. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Denver, Tuesday, Nov. 14, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Milwaukee, Saturday, Nov. 18, at 8. . . . RUTGERS UNIVERSITY ATHLETIC CENTER, Piscataway, N.J. (all games at 8): Nets vs. Portland, Friday, Nov. 10. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Philadelphia, Tuesday, Nov. 14. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Washington, Friday, Nov. 17. (For information about tickets, call 201 935-8888.)

College Football—SATURDAY, NOV. 11: Amherst vs. Williams, at Amherst, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Army vs. Boston College, at West Point, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Brown vs. Dartmouth, at Providence, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Cornell, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Fordham vs. Wagner, at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, at 3:30. . . . ¶ Manhattan vs. Ramapo, at Mt. St. Michael Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Harvard, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Temple, at New Brunswick, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Syracuse vs. Navy, at Syracuse, at 1. . . . ¶ Wesleyan vs. Trinity, at Middletown, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Princeton, at New Haven, at 1:30. . . . SATURDAY, NOV. 18: Boston College vs. Syracuse, at Chestnut Hill, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Brown, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Pennsylvania, at Ithaca, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Yale, at Cambridge, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Holy Cross vs. Rutgers, at Worcester, at 1. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Dartmouth, at Princeton, at 1:30.

Professional Football—Sunday, Nov. 12: Giants vs. Washington Redskins, at Washington. . . . ¶ Jets vs. Philadelphia Eagles, at Philadelphia.

Hockey—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN (all games at 7:35): Rangers vs. Minnesota North Stars, Wednesday, Nov. 8. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Islanders, Sunday, Nov. 12. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Chicago Black Hawks, Wednesday, Nov. 15. . . . NASSAU COLISEUM (all games at 8:05): Islanders vs. Atlanta Flames, Saturday, Nov. 11. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Colorado Rockies, Tuesday, Nov. 14. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Saturday, Nov. 18. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 516 794-9100.)

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays, except Wednesday, Nov. 8, and Tuesday, Nov. 14, at 12:30, and Sundays at 1:05; through Sunday, Dec. 31. The Stuyvesant Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 11; the Nashua, Sunday, Nov. 12; and the Demoiselle, Saturday, Nov. 18. . . . MEADOWLANDS: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Dec. 30. . . . LAUREL, Md.: Weekdays at 12:30; through Saturday, Dec. 30.

Skating—Toller Cranston, Ken Shelley, Jo Jo Starbuck, Katherine Healy, and others, in a benefit exhibition of figure skating. (Madison Square Garden. Monday, Nov. 13, at 8.)

Squash Racquets—Boodles Squash Open—Tournament matches, Friday, Nov. 17, at 6 and 8:30, and Saturday, Nov. 18, at 9:30 and noon. . . . ¶ Quarterfinals, Saturday, Nov. 18, at 3 and 5:30. . . . ¶ Semifinals, Sunday, Nov. 19, at 11 A.M. . . . ¶ Finals, Sunday, Nov. 19, at 6. (Uptown Racquet Club, 151 E. 86th St. For information about tickets, call 860-8630.)

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Monday, Dec. 11.

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 755-4100.)

Poetry and Prose Readings—June Jordan and Derek Walcott reading from their own poetry. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Thursday, Nov. 9, at 6:30. No tickets necessary.). . . . ¶ John Barth and Donald Barthelme reading from their own prose. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Monday, Nov. 13, at 8.). . . ¶ Robert Bly reading from his own poetry. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Wednesday, Nov. 15, at 8. No tickets necessary.). . . ¶ Philip Schultz and Gary Soto reading from their own poetry. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Thursday, Nov. 16, at 6:30. No tickets necessary.)

Discussions—"Conversations About Architecture," the second of four programs, this one involving Edward Larrabee Barnes and Jaquelin Robertson. (Architectural League of New York, 41 E. 65th St. Wednesday, Nov. 15, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the discussion.)

National Postage Stamp Show—The thirtieth annual exhibit will feature special showings by the United States Postal Service and fifteen foreign postal administrations. Brand-new issues will be put on sale by Canada on Wednesday, Nov. 15; by the United States and by Ireland on Thursday, Nov. 16; and by the United Nations on Friday, Nov. 17. (Coliseum, Columbus Circle. Wednesday through Friday, Nov. 15-17, from 11 to 9; Saturday, Nov. 18, from 10 to 6; and Sunday, Nov. 19, from 11 to 5.)

Auctions—At SOTHEBY PARKE BERNET, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Wednesday, Nov. 8, at 10:15 and 2: Photographs, from the nineteenth century to the present; from several owners. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 8, at 2: Jewelry, from a number of owners. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 9, at 10:15: Photographs, from the studio of Cecil Beaton. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 9, at 2, and Friday, Nov. 10, at 10:15 and 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century prints, including a group of Whistler lithographs and etchings; from various collectors. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 14, at 10:15 and 2: Historical American manuscripts, from the collection of the Elsie O. and Philip D. Sang Foundation. Exhibition starts Thursday, Nov. 9. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 16, at 2: Chinese Export porcelains, ceramics, and glass; from the American Heritage Society. Exhibition starts Saturday, Nov. 11. . . . CHRISTIE'S, Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, and Monday, Nov. 13, from 10 to 5.) Thursday, Nov. 9, at 10:30 and 2: Chinese ceramics, jades, and other works of art; from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Otto Doering, Sr., and from other sources. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 11, at 2: Old Master paintings, from many owners. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 16, at 10:30 and 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century prints by such artists as Chagall, Klee, Matisse, and Whistler; from several owners. Exhibition starts Saturday, Nov. 11.

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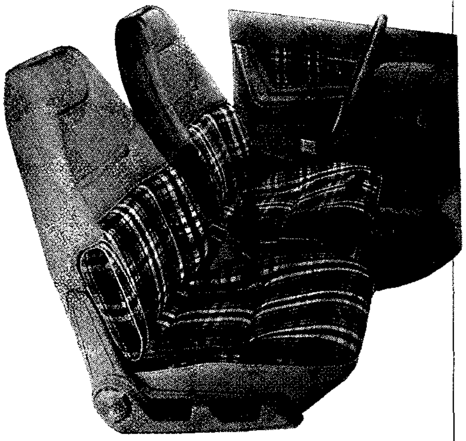

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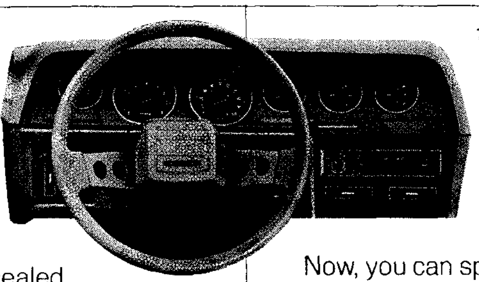

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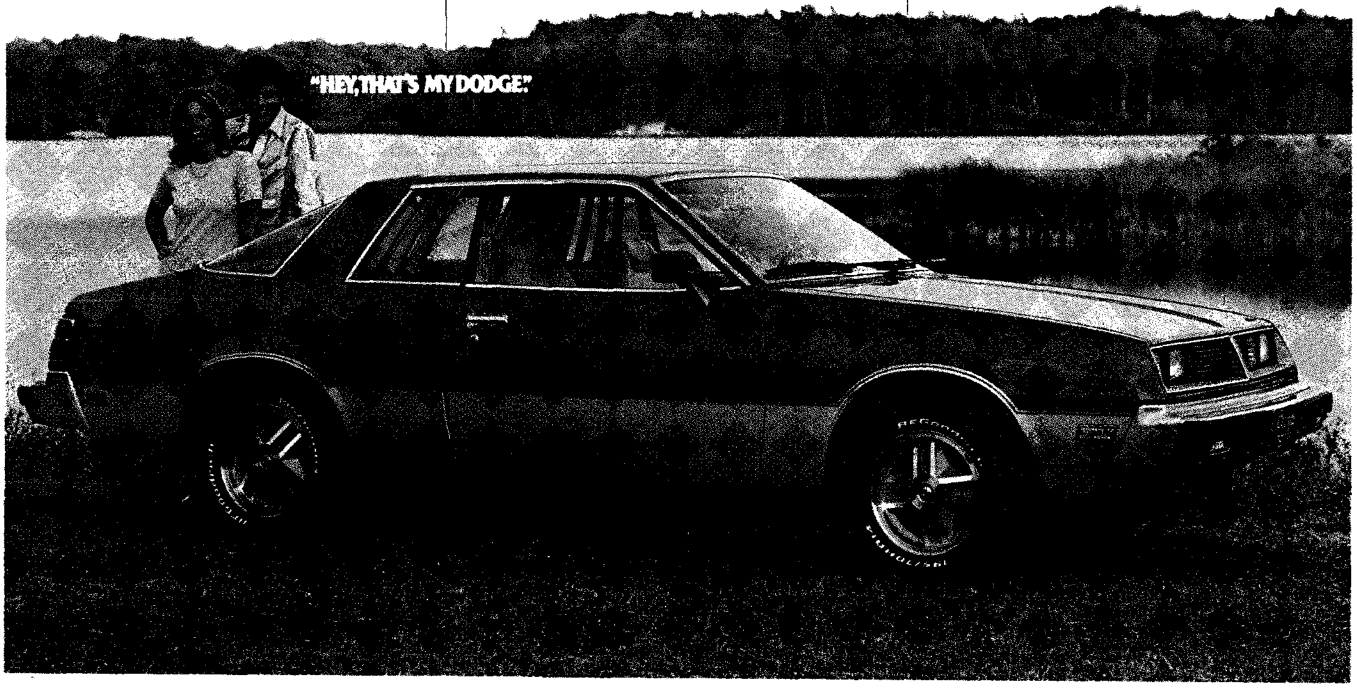

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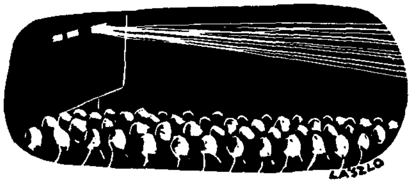
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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ALL FILMS PLAYING AT EAST SIDE AND WEST SIDE NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN A SECTION STARTING ON PAGE 20. FILMS PLAYING AT TIMES SQUARE AND REVIVAL HOUSES ARE SO DESCRIBED ONLY IF A DAGGER ACCOMPANIES THE THEATRE LISTING.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-6350; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Nov. 12: "Marjoe."
Nov. 13: Theatre closed.
Nov. 14: "My Way Home" and "Cantata."
Nov. 15: "The Round Up" and "The Red and the White."
Nov. 16: "Winter Wind" and "Silence and Cry."

Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
"Bread and Chocolate."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Nov. 9: "Grease" and "American Hot Wax."
From Nov. 10: "Grease" and "Shampoo."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Magic."

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Watership Down."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"The Wiz."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Death on the Nile."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Watership Down."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"A Wedding." (No evening performances on Monday, Nov. 13.)

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Comes a Horseman."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"The Wiz."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Autumn Sonata."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through Nov. 14: "Goin' South."
From Nov. 15: "The Boys from Brazil."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Up in Smoke."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
"Days of Heaven."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-0774)
"Slow Dancing in the Big City."

Gemini 1, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Midnight Express."

Gemini 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"A Dream of Passion."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Magic."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
Nov. 8: "No Time for Breakfast."
From Nov. 9: "Once in Paris."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Death on the Nile."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
"Grease."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (288-3180)
"Interiors."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"National Lampoon's Animal House."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"The Wiz."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
Through Nov. 9: "Up in Smoke."
From Nov. 10: "Paradise Alley."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Comes a Horseman."

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "Midnight Express."
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 9: "Piranha." From Nov. 10: "The Wild Geese."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"National Lampoon's Animal House."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Comes a Horseman."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Interiors."
Theatre 2: "Up in Smoke."
Theatre 3: "Who Is Killing the Great Chefs of Europe?"
Theatre 4: "Interiors."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Watership Down."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"Caravans."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Through Nov. 14: "The Boys from Brazil."
From Nov. 15: "The Lord of the Rings."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"Interiors."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (586-4448)
Through Nov. 14: "Grease."
From Nov. 15: "The Big Fix."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
Through Nov. 14: "Bread and Chocolate."
From Nov. 15: "The Boys from Brazil."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Violette."

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"A Wedding."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Magic."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
"Bread and Chocolate."

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Grease."
Theatre 2: "Up in Smoke."
Theatre 3: "National Lampoon's Animal House."
Theatre 4: "Heaven Can Wait."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (874-9189)
"Interiors."

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Through Nov. 14: "An Unmarried Woman" and "Alex & the Gypsy."
From Nov. 15: "The Cheap Detective" and "Casey's Shadow."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Nov. 14: "Who Is Killing the Great Chefs of Europe?" and "The Medusa Touch."
From Nov. 15: "The Big Fix" and "Gray Lady Down."

TIMES SQUARE

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
"Comes a Horseman." (†)

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"National Lampoon's Animal House." (†)

Embassy, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: Nov. 8: "Heaven Can Wait." (†) From Nov. 9: "Foul Play."
Theatre 3: "Saturday Night Fever."
Theatre 4: "Grease." (†)

Forum, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
Nov. 8: "Foul Play."
From Nov. 9: "Death on the Nile." (†)

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"The Wiz." (†)

Loews State 1, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Through Nov. 9: "Death on the Nile." (†)
From Nov. 10: "The Wild Geese." (†)

Loews State 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5070)
"Midnight Express." (†)

National, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
"Magic." (†)

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Through Nov. 9: "Piranha." (†)
From Nov. 10: "Paradise Alley." (†)

R.K.O. Cinerama 1, B'way at 47th. (975-8366)
"Up in Smoke." (†)

R.K.O. Cinerama 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
"Halloween."

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (354-5636)
Through Nov. 14: "Who Is Killing the Great Chefs of Europe?" (†)
From Nov. 15: "Goin' South." (†)

REVIVAL HOUSES

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Nov. 8: "The Blue Angel" (†); and "Mädchen in Uniform" (1932), in German, directed by Leontine Sagan, with Herthe Thiele and Dorothea Wieck.
Nov. 9: "The Hour of the Furnaces" (1968), an Argentine film, in Spanish, directed by Fernando Solanas.
Nov. 10-11: "Trash" (†) and "Performance." (†)
Nov. 12: "Fellini's Casanova" (1977), directed by Federico Fellini, with Donald Sutherland.
Nov. 13: "Mr. Hulot's Holiday." (†)
Nov. 14: "Floating Weeds" (†) and "She and He." (†)
Nov. 15: "Jules and Jim" (1962), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Jeanne Moreau, Oskar Werner, and Henri Serre; and "Mado." (†)
Nov. 16: "Rebellion in Patagonia" (†); and "Tupamaros!" (1974), a documentary inside view of Latin America's urban guerrilla movement.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Nov. 8: "A Clockwork Orange" (1971), directed by Stanley Kubrick, with Malcolm McDowell; and "Alphaville" (1965), in French, directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Eddie Constantine, Anna Karina, and Akim Tamiroff.
Nov. 9: "Chinatown" (1974), directed by Roman Polanski, with Jack Nicholson, Faye Dunaway, and John Huston; and "Farewell, My Lovely" (1975), directed by Dick Richards, with Robert Mitchum and Charlotte Rampling.
Nov. 10: "A Special Day" (1977), in Italian, directed by Ettore Scola, with Sophia Loren and Marcello Mastroianni; and "Let's Talk About Women" (1964), directed by Ettore Scola, with Vittorio Gassman.
Nov. 11: "Sympathy for the Devil" (1968; also called "One Plus One"), directed by Jean-Luc Godard, the Rolling Stones in rehearsal; and "The Harder They Come" (1973), directed by Perry Henzell, with Jimmy Cliff.
Nov. 12: "The Red Shoes" (1948), directed by Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger, with Moira Shearer and Léonide Massine.
Nov. 13: "Christmas in July" (†) and "California Split." (†)
Nov. 14: "The Third Man" (1950), directed by Carol Reed, with Orson Welles, Trevor Howard, and Joseph Cotten; and "F for Fake" (1977), directed by, and with, Orson Welles.
Nov. 15: "Pandora's Box" (†) and "The Blue Angel." (†)
Nov. 16: "The Godfather, Part II" (1974), directed by Francis Ford Coppola, with Al Pacino and Robert De Niro.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Nov. 9: "What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?" (1962), directed by Robert Aldrich, with Bette Davis and Joan Crawford; and "Die! Die! My Darling!" (1965), directed by Silvio Narizzano, with Tallulah Bankhead and Stefanie Powers.
Nov. 10-11: "Outrageous!" (1977), directed by Richard Benner, with Craig Russell and Hollis McLaren; and "The Boys in the Band" (1970), directed by William Friedkin, with Frederick Combs.
Nov. 12-13: "Citizen Kane" (1941), directed by Orson Welles, with Welles, Joseph Cotten, Dorothy Comingore, Agnes Moorehead, and Everett Sloane; and "The Magnificent Ambersons" (1942), directed by Orson Welles, with Dolores Costello, Joseph Cotten, Tim Holt, and Agnes Moorehead.
Nov. 14: "America at the Movies" (†); and "The Love Goddesses" (1965), a documentary displaying some sixty years of movie heroines.
Nov. 15-16: "Cherry & Harry & Raquel" (1970) and "Finders Keepers, Lovers Weepers" (1969), both films directed by Russ Meyer.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Nov. 8: "Xala" (1975), in French, directed

by Ousmane Sembène; and "Boesman and Lena" (1973), directed by Ross Devenish, with Athol Fugard and Yvonne Bryceland.

Nov. 9-11: "Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands" (1978), a Brazilian film, in Portuguese, directed by Bruno Barreto; and "The Lacemaker" (1977), in French, directed by Claude Goretta, with Isabelle Huppert and Yves Beneyton.

Nov. 12-13: "Zazie" (†); and "Adieu Philippine" (1961), in French, directed by Jacques Rozier.

Nov. 14-15: "Word Is Out" (1978), a documentary based on conversations with twenty-six homosexual men and women; and "Point of Order!" (†)

From Nov. 16: "El Topo." (†)

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Through Nov. 11: "The Lady Eve" (1941), directed by Preston Sturges, with Barbara Stanwyck, Henry Fonda, Charles Coburn, Eugene Pallette, and William Demarest; and "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine" (1936), directed by Henry Hathaway, with Fred MacMurray, Henry Fonda, and Sylvia Sidney.

Nov. 12-13: "Once Upon a Time in the West" (1969), directed by Sergio Leone, with Henry Fonda, Claudia Cardinale, and Jason Robards; and "The Rounders" (1965), directed by Burt Kennedy, with Glenn Ford, Henry Fonda, and Sue Ane Langdon.

Nov. 14-15: "Fun with Dick and Jane" (†); and "Stage Struck" (1958), directed by Sidney Lumet, with Henry Fonda, Susan Strasberg, Joan Greenwood, Herbert Marshall, and Christopher Plummer.

From Nov. 16: "12 Angry Men" (†) and "The Best Man." (†)

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Through Nov. 9: "The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz" (1974), directed by Ted Kotcheff, with Richard Dreyfuss, Jack Warden, and Joseph Wiseman; and "Hearts of the West" (1975), directed by Howard Zieff, with Jeff Bridges, Alan Arkin, Andy Griffith, Blythe Danner, Herbert Edelman, and Donald Pleasence.

Nov. 10-11: "His Girl Friday" (1940), directed by Howard Hawks, with Rosalind Russell, Cary Grant, and Ralph Bellamy; and "The More the Merrier." (†)

Nov. 12-13: "The Virgin and the Gypsy" (1970), directed by Christopher Miles, with Joanna Shimkus, Franco Nero, and Maurice Denham; and "The Rocking Horse Winner." (†)

Nov. 14: "Imitation of Life" (1959), directed by Douglas Sirk, with Lana Turner, John Gavin, and Sandra Dee; and "The Goddess." (†)

Nov. 15-16: "Blithe Spirit" (†) and "In Which We Serve." (†)

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Nov. 8: "A Date with Judy" (1948), directed by Richard Thorpe, with Elizabeth Taylor, Jane Powell, Robert Stack, Wallace Beery, and Carmen Miranda; and "Nancy Goes to Rio" (1950), directed by Robert Z. Leonard, with Jane Powell, Ann Sothern, Barry Sullivan, Carmen Miranda, and Hans Conried.

Nov. 9: "An American Tragedy" (1931), directed by Josef von Sternberg, with Phillips Holmes, Sylvia Sidney, and Frances Dee; and "Jennie Gerhardt" (1933), directed by Marion Gering, with Sylvia Sidney, Donald Cook, and Edward Arnold.

Nov. 10: "Jezebel" (†) and "The Letter." (†)

Nov. 11-12: "Pride and Prejudice" (1940), directed by Robert Z. Leonard, with Greer Garson, Laurence Olivier, and Edna May Oliver; and "Goodbye, Mr. Chips." (†)

Nov. 13: "The Chinese Cat" (1944) and "The Scarlet Clue" (1945), both Charlie Chan films, directed by Phil Rosen, with Sidney Toler as Chan.

Nov. 14: "Ma and Pa Kettle" (1949), directed by Charles Lamont, with Marjorie Main, Percy Kilbride, Richard Long, and Meg Randall; and "Ma and Pa Kettle at Home" (1955), directed by Charles Barton, with Marjorie Main, Percy Kilbride, Alan Mowbray, and Ross Elliott.

Nov. 15: "The Pirate" (†) and "Yolanda and the Thief." (†)

Nov. 16: "Chained" (†) and "Dance Fools Dance." (†)

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Nov. 9 at 2:30: Program One of selected animated films from the Zagreb and Ottawa festivals held in 1978. . . . ¶ Nov. 9 at 6: Program Two of selected animated films from Zagreb and Ottawa. . . . ¶ Nov. 9 at 8:30: Program One of selected animated films from Zagreb and Ottawa. . . . ¶ Nov. 10 at 2:30: Program Three of selected animated films from Zagreb and Ottawa. . . . ¶ Nov. 10 at 6: "The Battle for the Marianas" (1944), directed by Gordon Hillingshead; and "The Battle of China" (1944), produced by Frank Capra for the War Department. . . . ¶ Nov. 11 at noon: Program Three of selected animated films from Zagreb and Ottawa. . . . ¶ Nov. 11 at 2:30: "Batticuore" (1939), in Italian, *directed by Mario Camerini, with Assia Noris* and John Lodge; no English subtitles. . . . ¶ Nov. 11 at 5: "Grandi Magazzini" (1939), in Italian, directed by Mario Camerini, with Assia Noris and Vittorio De Sica; no English subtitles. . . . ¶ Nov. 12 at noon: Program Three of selected animated films from Zagreb and Ottawa. . . . ¶ Nov. 12 at 2:30: "Il Fu Mattia Pascal" (1937), in Italian, directed by Pierre Chenal, with Pierre Blanchar and Isa Miranda; no English subtitles. . . . ¶ Nov. 12 at 5: "The Roof" (1957), in Italian, directed by Vittorio De Sica; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Nov. 13 at noon: Program One of selected animated films from Zagreb and Ottawa. . . . ¶ Nov. 13 at 2:30: "Grandi Magazzini." . . . ¶ Nov. 13 at 6: "The Rainbow Bridge, Parts I and II" (1975) and "Scrolls" (1978), a silent film, both directed by Vicki Z. Peterson. . . . ¶ Nov. 14 at noon: Program Two of selected animated films from Zagreb and Ottawa. . . . ¶ Nov. 14 at 2:30: "The Battle of Russia" (1943), directed by Anatole Litvak. . . . ¶ Nov. 14 at 6: "Charleen" (1978), directed by Ross McElwee, a cinéma-vérité film about poet Charleen Swansea Whisnant. . . . ¶ Nov. 16 at 2:30: "Il Fu Mattia Pascal." . . . ¶ Nov. 16 at 6: "Mille Lire al Mese" (1939), in Italian, directed by Massimiliano Meufeld, with Alida Valli, Umberto Melnati, and Renato Cialente; no English subtitles. . . . ¶ Nov. 16 at 8:30: "Addio, Giovinezza!" (1940), in Italian, directed by Ferdinando M. Poggiolo, with Maria Denis, Adriano Rimoldi, and Clara Calamai; English subtitles. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through Nov. 12: "One Way Boogie Woogie" (1977), directed by James Benning. Showings at noon, 1:30, 3, and 4:30. . . . ¶ Starting Nov. 14: "Killer of Sheep" (1977-78), directed by Charles Burnett, with Henry G. Sanders, Kaycee Moore, Charles Bracy, and Angela Burnett. Showings at noon, 2, and 4 (plus 6:15 and 8 on Tuesday evenings). Call desk (794-0630) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

Film Forum, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—"The Wrong Move" (1975), in German, directed by Wim Wenders, with Rüdiger Vogler and Hanna Schygulla; English subtitles. Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 7:45.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Alex & the Gypsy (1976)—Off the beaten track, but that's just about the only thing you can give it points for. Jack Lemmon is Alex, a cynical, loquacious bailbondsman, whose character is taken from the Stanley Elkin short novel "The Bailbondsman," but the movie involves him with a gypsy (Geneviève Bujold) invented by the screenwriter, Lawrence B. Marcus. Lemmon is always up, and works desperately hard. And so Bujold, who's meant to be the vibrant, tempestuous one, has to fight him for every bit of audience attention, and what should be a love story is a shouting match—ersatz D. H. Lawrence and ersatz Billy Wilder. Directed by John Korty. (Midtown; through Nov. 14.)

America at the Movies (1976)—An anxiously inspirational compilation film put together by the American Film Institute for the American Revolution Bicentennial Administration; you can't just enjoy the clips as reminders of the eighty-three movies they're from, because the whole enterprise is so prestige-laden. You feel as if you're supposed to go out determined to do better on your next report card. (Cinema Village; Nov. 14.)

American Hot Wax—The disc jockey Alan Freed (played by Tim McIntire) is made so righteous that he's like Buford Pusser fighting the enemies of rock 'n' roll. The moviemakers (the director Floyd Mutrux, the producer Art Linson, the screenwriter John Kaye) should have had more trust in the fifties rock milieu and in their own talents, because everything about the movie except this pious morality-tale aspect of it is cheerfully, trashily enjoyable. Freed's shrill secretary, Sheryl (Fran Drescher), might have had Jean Harlow for a voice teacher; his shovel-faced chauffeur, Mookie (Jay Leno), teases her and keeps her shrieking in outrage. This is a super B movie. With Laraine Newman, Chuck Berry, Jerry Lee Lewis, and Moosie Drier as the twelve-year-old president of the Buddy Holly Fan Club (five thousand members). The lively cinematography is by William A. Fraker. (Reviewed in our issue of 3/20/78.) (St. Marks Cinema; through Nov. 9.)

Autumn Sonata—Just when Americans seem to be getting over that fifties craziness of children's blaming everything on their parents, we're getting it back from Ingmar Bergman. Eva (Liv Ullmann), a spiritually distraught, dowdy woman of perhaps thirty-five or forty, the wife of a pastor in rural Norway, invites Charlotte (Ingrid Bergman), her majestically worldly concert-pianist mother, to come for a visit. Then she goes at her mother with the impacted rage of a lifetime, accusing Charlotte of having deserted her when she was a child by going off to give concerts, and of never loving her. The whole film is like the grievances of someone who has just gone into therapy—Mother did this to me, she did that to me, and that and that and that. Ullmann enters into Ingmar Bergman's disturbed emotions and puts them on the screen just as he desires; neither of them does the shaping job of an artist here. It's a gruelling, unconvincing movie. Ingrid Bergman is the one likable performer. With Lena Nyman and Halvar Björk. In Swedish. (11/6/78) (Baronet.)

The Best Man (1964)—Gore Vidal's political melodrama is about a convention at which the two chief contestants for the party's nomination for the Presidency are an Adlai Stevenson type (Henry Fonda) and a Joe McCarthy type (Cliff Robertson). The film has a lot of verve, thanks to Haskell Wexler's black-and-white cinematography and Franklin Schaffner's clean direction, but Vidal sets the issues in terms of a slick, simplistic ends-and-means morality play, and throws in the kind of clever, self-congratulatory topical jokes that sound dated the first time you hear them. With Lee Tracy as the hard-bitten old-pro ex-President, Kevin McCarthy, Gene Raymond, and Shelley Berman, as an obsequious weakling. (Regency; starting Nov. 16.)

The Big Fix—A counterculture detective story, with a wisecracking detective—Moses Wine (Richard Dreyfuss)—who isn't the usual cynical down-at-the-heels private eye; he's warm and Jewish and disillusioned, with two sons to support from a failed marriage. The film's nostalgia for the great days of Berkeley in the late sixties—for the sit-ins, the strikes, the antiwar demonstrations—is like a form of intellectual mildew. The film uses "Berkeley" the way Stalinists used "Spain"—to set off waves of guilt and sadness. The plot involves someone's attempt to sabotage the campaign of the liberal candidate for Governor of California by dirty tricks, but the director, Jeremy Paul Kagan, doesn't draw our attention to the vital plot elements or provide enough visual emphasis and clarity for us to see who is chasing whom, or even who is in the scenes. The movie seems to have been photographed through sludge. Dreyfuss acts like a puppy surprising his master with little tricks he's thought of all by himself; you feel he wants petting after each scene. With a remarkable satirical per-

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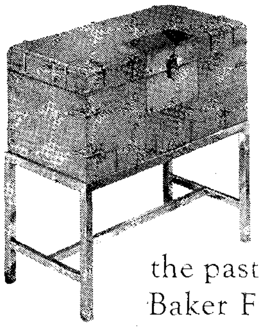

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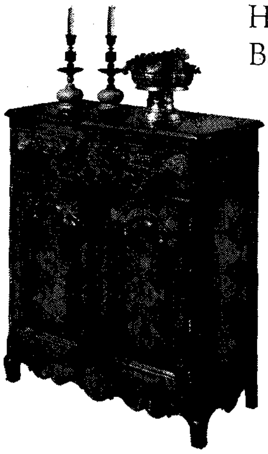

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formance by F. Murray Abraham as an Abbie Hoffman-like sloganeering radical, who bounces up and down gleefully, out of sheer kinetic high spirits, and with Susan Anspach, Bonnie Bedelia, John Lithgow, and Rita Karin. From Roger L. Simon's adaptation of his own 1973 novel. (10/23/78) (Playboy, and Olympia; starting Nov. 15.)

Blithe Spirit (1945)—Noël Coward wrote this flippant, ectoplasmic comedy in 1941 to provide some relief for war-torn London; it was airy in the theatre then, but it sags more than a little in this arch David Lean version. Rex Harrison plays the English novelist who, in order to gather material for a story, jestingly arranges for a medium to conduct a séance. Inadvertently, he conjures up the ghost of his pouty, blond first wife (the husky-voiced Kay Hammond), and she ensconces herself in the home he now shares with his second wife (Constance Cummings), and flits about, making salacious comments. The novelist finds himself in an involuntary state of "astral bigamy." Margaret Rutherford plays Madame Arcati, the brisk, exuberant medium, who wears long woollen scarves, moves with a skating motion, and whoops clichés like a football coach. "Let's make it a real rouser!" she cries at the start of a séance. (Thalia; Nov. 15-16.)

The Blue Angel (1929)—The director Josef von Sternberg had been working in Hollywood for more than fifteen years when he went to Germany, at Emil Jannings' request, to direct this film; he had directed Jannings in "The Last Command," one of the two American silent films that had won Jannings the Academy Award in 1927-28, and Jannings wanted him to guide his first sound film. They set in motion the Marlene Dietrich myth that was eventually to surpass their fame. Adapted from Heinrich Mann's novel "Professor Unrath," this film deals with the breakdown of an authoritarian personality. Jannings plays the inhibited, tyrannical high-school instructor who is prudishly indignant about his students' visiting Lola Lola (Dietrich), the singer at the Blue Angel; he goes to the café to put a stop to it and instead succumbs to her callous, impassive sexuality. Dietrich's Lola Lola is a rather coarse, plump young beauty; as she sings "Falling in Love Again," her smoldering voice and sadistic indifference suggest sex without romance, love, or sentiment. The pedant becomes her husband, her slave, her stooge; he travels with the café troupe, hawking dirty pictures of his wife. Dietrich is extraordinary, and "The Blue Angel" is a movie you can admire sequence by sequence, because it's made in an imaginative, atmospheric style, yet you may feel that you don't really like it on an emotional level; the sexual humiliation gets very heavy in the scenes in which the teacher, now a clown, returns to his home town and to his old classroom. With Hans Albers as the manager of the troupe. In German. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 8. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 15.)

The Boys from Brazil—Franklin J. Schaffner's large-scale version of Ira Levin's novel about Nazi experiments in cloning is too logy and literal-minded for suspense, and when an actor like Gregory Peck plays a sadistic Nazi geneticist and speaks in an arch-villain's sibilant German accent, you can't keep from laughing. He looks particularly bad because he's playing opposite Laurence Olivier, who is the aged hero, a famous Nazi-hunter. In fact, Olivier is the only reason to see this movie. It starts from the dumb idea that Hitler's closest associates—whom he dragged down with him—would want him cloned. Nazism here is comic-book mythology, a consumer product. With James Mason, Rosemary Harris, Bruno Ganz, Uta Hagen, and Lilli Palmer. (10/9/78) (Ziegfeld; through Nov. 14. . . . ¶ Coronet, and Little Carnegie; starting Nov. 15.)

Bread and Chocolate—With Nino Manfredi and Anna Karina, directed by Franco Brusati. In Italian. (Art, and Embassy 72nd St. . . . ¶ Little Carnegie; through Nov. 14.)

California Split (1974)—Robert Altman's beautiful, smoky, funny film about gambling, with Elliott Gould as a retaliatory-minded joker and George Segal as a magazine writer with something clenched about him. The film seems to be being improvised; we catch at events and personalities by the ends of threads. The sound track of Joseph Walsh's first-rate screenplay is full of murmurs and densely packed with talk, recorded on eight tracks, often with eleven mikes going at once. A comic, loose-limbed film, with a kindly eye for the out-of-step. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 13.)

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Cantata (1964)—Directed by Miklós Jancsó. In Hungarian. (Little Theatre; Nov. 14.)

Caravans—Based on the James A. Michener novel, with Anthony Quinn, Jennifer O'Neill, and Michael Sarrazin. Directed by James Fargo. (Music Hall.)

Casey's Shadow—Walter Matthau, full of his usual wit and humor, and with his appealing crumpled face, in a horse movie that is one of the nicest things in a long time to take a child to. (Midtown; starting Nov. 15.)

Chained (1934)—Joan Crawford and Clark Gable and a superabundance of M-G-M's big, turgid, melodramatic emotions. It's all somewhere between camp and plod. Clarence Brown directed; the cast includes Otto Kruger, Stuart Erwin, Akim Tamiroff, Una O'Connor, and Mickey Rooney. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 16.)

The Cheap Detective—Written by Neil Simon for the producer Ray Stark. If Simon were on the moon, he would still write films for Ray Stark or plays for millions of people and dollars. This has Peter Falk in a thin imitation of Humphrey Bogart—thin because it catches Bogart's mannerisms without his cast of thought—and a host of beautiful women, including Louise Fletcher, Ann-Margret, Stockard Channing, Madeline Kahn, Marsha Mason. The picture is facetious, but its freshness manages to take the sting out of death. (7/3/78) (Midtown; starting Nov. 15.)

Christmas in July (1940)—Preston Sturges wrote and directed this little slapstick romance when he was just warming up as a director. Dick Powell and Ellen Drew are the young couple whose luck turns when he thinks he's won twenty-five thousand dollars in a slogan contest. It's agreeable enough—it's rather sweet, actually—but it lacks the full-fledged Sturges lunacy. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 13.)

Comes a Horseman—With James Caan, Jane Fonda, and Jason Robards; directed by Alan J. Pakula. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Trans-Lux East, 86th St. East, Greenwich, and Criterion.)

Dance Fools Dance (1931)—Rich playgirl Joan Crawford goes to work as a reporter after her father is wiped out in the stock-market crash; her weak brother (William Bakewell) gets involved with gangsters. Turgid, forgettable melodrama, with heavy-breathing Crawford proving what a great girl she is and winning a millionaire (Lester Vail). Redeeming features: Clark Gable, before his starring days, as a wicked gangland boss, and Cliff Edwards as a reporter. Harry Beaumont directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 16.)

Days of Heaven—An eloquent and important film about Americanness and the pangs of exile. Terrence Malick wrote and directed the picture, set in Texas in 1916. There is little or no sense of our being in a country about to enter a world war; we are in an entirely cut-off land of wheat fields that are more brightly lit than the characters' lives. (9/18/78) (Cinema I.)

CLOSED
LASZLO

Death on the Nile—Anthony Shaffer's adaptation of Agatha Christie's 1937 novel has wit and edge and structure—too much structure, as it turns out, for the methodical pacing of the director, John Guillermin. The movie is fatally perfunctory about emotion, atmosphere, suspense. But if the over-all effect is disappointing, from moment to moment the details are never less than engaging, and are often knobby and funny. The steamer, full of victims and suspects, has a passenger list that includes Maggie Smith, in a triumphantly mannered performance, as a nurse-companion, and Angela Lansbury, in a superlative caricature, as a wreck of a vamp. Peter Ustinov is an ideal fatuous, vain Hercule Poirot. With Mia Farrow, Bette Davis, I. S. Johar as the Indian manager of the cruise ship, Simon MacCorkindale, Jon Finch, Jack Warden, David Niven, Olivia Hussey, Harry Andrews, Jane Birkin, and, regrettably, Lois Chiles and George Kennedy. (10/23/78) (34th St. East, and Loews Tower East. . . . ¶ Loews State 1; through Nov. 9. . . . ¶ Forum; starting Nov. 9.)

A Dream of Passion—With Melina Mercouri and Ellen Burstyn, directed by Jules Dassin. In English and Greek. (Gemini 2.)

Floating Weeds (1959)—Machiko Kyo in a story about the jealousies and liaisons within a troupe of travelling actors. Directed by Yasujiro Ozu. In Japanese. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 14.)

Fun with Dick and Jane (1977)—A nitwit mixture of counterculture politics, madcap comedy, and toilet humor. George Segal and Jane Fonda are Dick and Jane of the children's primers, grown up, married, and living beyond their means in a suburban-palatial L.A. dream house; when he loses his executive job they turn to robbery. Excruciatingly badly directed by Ted Kotcheff. (2/28/77) (Regency; Nov. 14-15.)

The Goddess (1958)—Paddy Chayefsky's attack on the American dream of success centers on an unloved child in the South who grows up incapable of loving and becomes a big empty wreck of a Marilyn Monroe-type star. Unfortunately, Chayefsky is so concerned with the heroine's pitifully unformed character that he fails to suggest what would make her a star. This is a fascinating, conscientious, ambitious, bad movie, with Chayefsky's famous ear for dialogue in full cauliflower. John Cromwell directed the high-powered cast: the intense Kim Stanley in the lead, Patty Duke playing the heroine as a child, Betty Lou Holland as her mother, Lloyd Bridges as her prizefighter husband, and Elizabeth Wilson as her final, gorgonlike attendant. The score is by Virgil Thomson. (Collectors of errata may note that Chayefsky has the heroine say she was in "Stage Door" by "Moss Hart and George S. Kaufman.") (Thalia; Nov. 14.)

Goin' South—With Jack Nicholson and Mary Steenburgen, directed by Nicholson. (Coronet; through Nov. 14. . . . ¶ Victoria; starting Nov. 15.)

Goodbye, Mr. Chips (1939)—James Hilton's gentle tribute to his schoolmaster father became an American best-seller when that old sentimentalist Alexander Woollcott touted it on the radio. M-G-M bought the novel and sent Sam Wood to England to film it. Robert Donat's portrait of the frightened young junior master, stiff and forbidding in his twenties, who is humanized by marriage and mellowed by sixty years of contact with youth, won him an Academy Award. Greer Garson, in her screen début, played his warm and gracious wife. An overripe little boy named Terry Kilburn played the ubiquitous Little Colley. It's an ingratiating, bittersweet record of a good life, though the movie clogs the nose more than necessary. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 11-12.)

Gray Lady Down—With Charlton Heston, David Carradine, and Stacy Keach; directed by David Greene. (Olympia; starting Nov. 15.)

Grease—John Travolta and Olivia Newton-John in an evocation of the fifties at high school. The movie runs on pure ozone, good times, and an easy homesickness for a past decade that the people who lived through it will not find particularly missable. (6/26/78) (St. Marks Cinema, 72nd Street East, Loews 83rd Quad, and Embassy. . . . ¶ Playboy; through Nov. 14.)

Heaven Can Wait—We all can wait for something better, in spite of the acting contributions of Warren Beatty, as a dead football player intent on being reincarnated; of Julie

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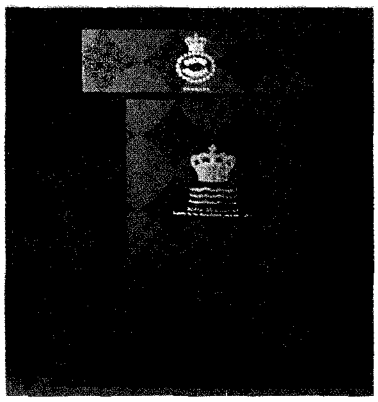

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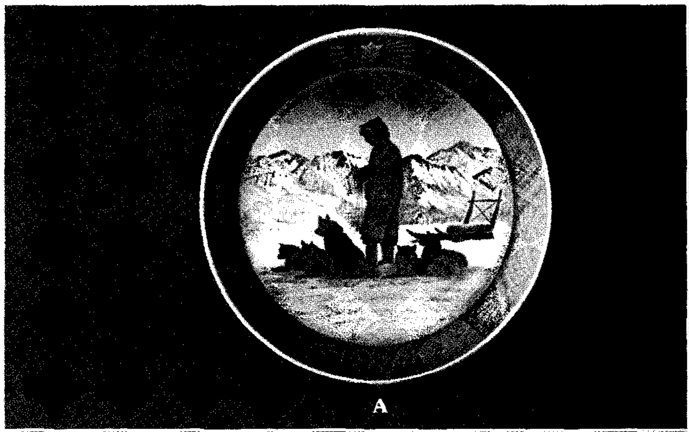

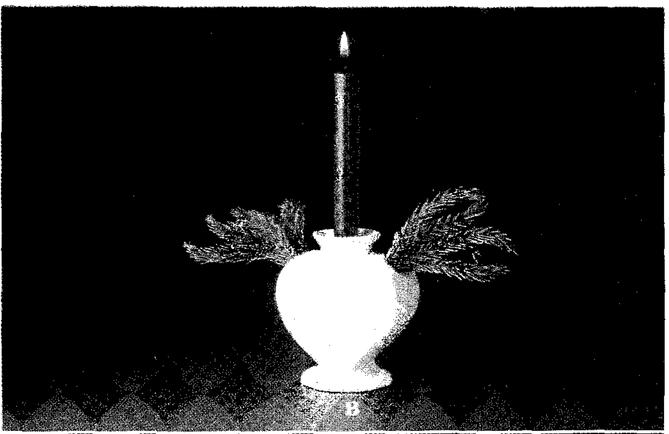

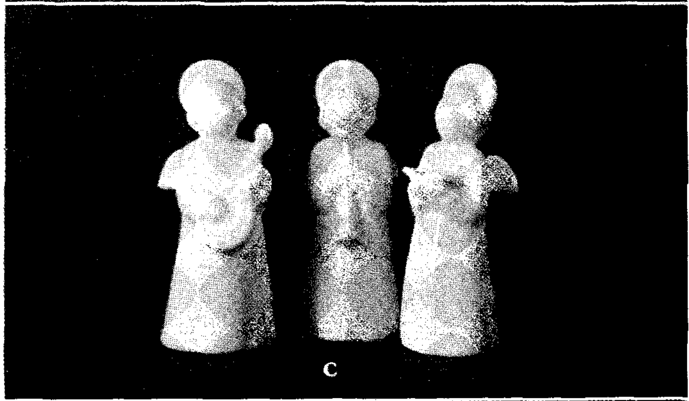

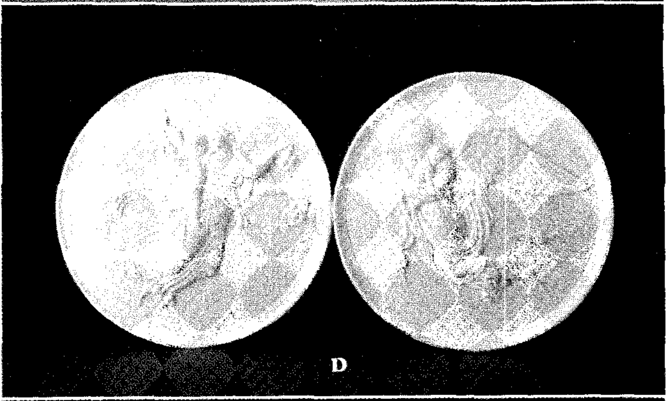

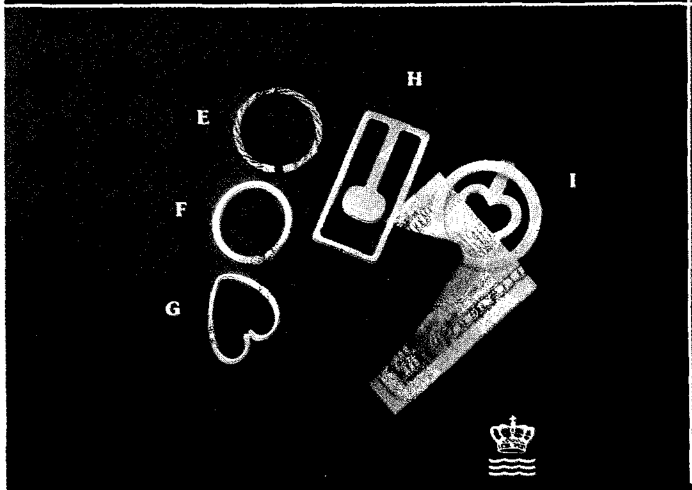

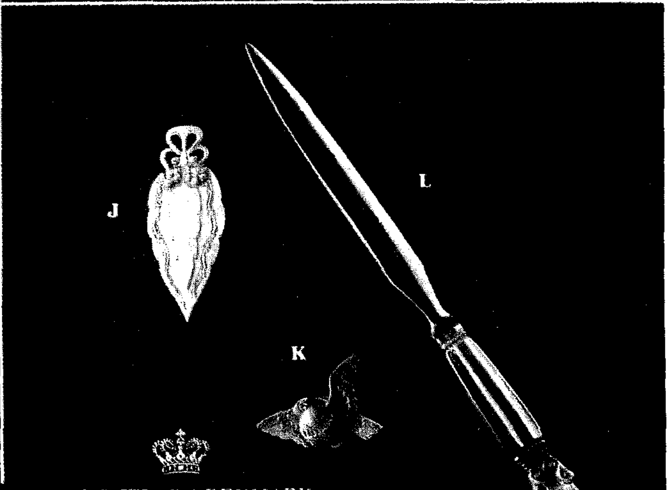

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Christie, as a gutsy English girl in love with him; of James Mason, as a heavenly guardian angel; and—most startling of all—in spite of a script by the tremendously intelligent Elaine May, in collaboration with Warren Beatty. (7/10/78) (Loews 83rd Quad. . . . ¶ Embassy; Nov. 8.)

Interiors—A giant stride made by Woody Allen, who has written and directed a magnificent study of a family in the midst of change. Nearly all the members of the family are afflicted by the pressures of a society that puts a premium on "self-expression." With Geraldine Page, E. G. Marshall, Maureen Stapleton, Diane Keaton, Marybeth Hurt. (8/7/78) (Trans-Lux 85th St., Quad Cinema, Festival, and New Yorker.)

In Which We Serve (1942)—During the Second World War, Noël Coward and David Lean co-directed this skillful, discreetly realistic film about the courage and sacrifice of the British Navy, specifically the men on a destroyer. Coward himself plays the ship's commander; he also wrote and scored the movie and produced it. Coward's ability to package emotions and to break the audience's heart without relaxing his upper lip are more perplexing here than elsewhere. The restraint of his proud patriotism may seem a much worse con than rampant jingoism, but he's a wizard at this English game. The cast includes Celia Johnson, John Mills, Kay Walsh, Michael Wilding, and Richard Attenborough. (Thalia; Nov. 15-16.)

Jezebel (1938)—Bette Davis is impulsive, complex Julie, the Southern belle who destroys her chances for happiness by perversely flouting convention. William Wyler produced and directed this sumptuous, moss-hung evocation of pre-Civil War New Orleans, with its great balls where tradition decreed that unmarried ladies dress in white—and where Julie's red dress wrecks her life. It's hard to know which is Davis's "big scene" in the movie—the painful, flamboyant error of her appearance in red, or the breathtaking moment of her apology in white. The screenplay has some remarkable passages, possibly contributed by John Huston, who was one of the writers. The material was already dated but was brought out of mothballs and refurbished because of the popularity of the novel "Gone with the Wind," which the production beat to the screen; without the talent that Davis brought to it, it would have looked very mossy indeed. She took the Academy Award as Best Actress. With Henry Fonda, George Brent, Margaret Lindsay, Richard Cromwell, John Litel, Donald Crisp, Spring Byington, Irving Pichel, and Fay Bainter (Best Supporting Actress). (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 10.)

The Letter (1940)—Bette Davis's forty-third movie; it marked her tenth year in films, and it is one of her few good vehicles. Somerset Maugham's melodrama (generally believed to be based on an actual incident) had been a Broadway success for Katharine Cornell and was filmed in 1929 with Jeanne Eagels. The central figure is the wife of a rubber-plantation owner—a woman of such unimpeachable respectability that she can empty a gun into her lover and get away with it (in the courts, at least, because in Singapore the white ruling class must stick together). Davis gives what is very likely the best study of female sexual hypocrisy in film history. Cold and proper, she yet manages to suggest the fury and frustration of a murderess. She is helped by a good script (by Howard Koch) and by two excellent performances—James Stephenson as her lawyer and Herbert Marshall as her husband. The cast also includes two formidable women—Frieda Inescourt, who seems ineffably absurd as the lawyer's wife, and Gale Sondergaard, whose performance as the Eurasian woman was actually taken very seriously by many people. With Bruce Lester, Cecil Kellaway, and Doris Lloyd. The music is pure, adulterated Max Steiner. It demeans William Wyler's clear, excellent direction. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 10.)

The Lord of the Rings—An animated film based on the J. R. R. Tolkien story, directed by Ralph Bakshi. (Ziegfeld; starting Nov. 15.)

Mado—The French director Claude Sautet is a master of modulation; he doesn't labor anything—not even the defeats of his characters. (They shrug, painfully, and move on.) This is a superlatively crafted story about a group of middle-aged businessmen and young working-class dissidents who are linked by Mado (Ottavia Piccolo), a whore with red-gold hair, creamy pink skin, and a natural pout—she's like a softer young Lana Turner. The film never makes a leap to greatness, though it's consistently intelligent and has moments of surprising feeling—particularly in a sequence featuring Romy Schneider as a woman whose whole emotional life centers on a man (Michel Piccoli) who doesn't care about her. Piccoli probably does as fine a job at suggesting a shallow man's range of dissatisfaction with his existence as any actor who ever lived. With Jacques Dutronc, Julien Guiomar, Charles Denner, Jean-Denis Robert, Michel Aumont, Bernard Fresson, and Claude Dauphin. From a script by Sautet and Claude Neron; the cinematography is by Jean Boffety (when the characters leave Paris and go to the country, the compositions often recall Auguste Renoir). In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 15.)

Magic—With Anthony Hopkins, Ann-Margret, Burgess Meredith, and Ed Lauter; directed by Richard Attenborough. (Gramercy, Beekman, Paramount, and National.)

Marjoe (1972)—An interesting *cinéma-vérité* film, by Howard Smith and Sarah Kernochan, about a kid brought up from the age of three to be a revivalist preacher though his heart is really in rock singing. The film takes some surprising turns with amiable outspokenness and humor. (Little Theatre; through Nov. 12.)

The Medusa Touch—With Richard Burton, Lino Ventura, and Lee Remick; directed by Jack Gold. (Olympia; through Nov. 14.)

Midnight Express—With Brad Davis, Randy Quaid, John Hurt, and Mike Kellin; directed by Alan Parker. (Gemini 1, R.K.O. 86th St., and Loews State 2.)

Mr. Hulot's Holiday (1953)—People are at their most desperate when they are working at enjoying themselves; it is Jacques Tati's peculiar comic triumph to have caught the ghastliness of a summer vacation at the beach. Fortunately, his technique is light and dry slapstick; the chronicle of human foibles and frustrations never sinks to the moist or the lovable. As director, co-author, and star, Tati is sparse, eccentric, quick. It is not until afterward—with the sweet, nostalgic music lingering—that these misadventures may take on a certain depth and poignancy. The Golden Palm, Cannes. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 13.)

The More the Merrier (1943)—It has a memorable funny love scene: the very proper office-worker heroine (Jean Arthur) reluctantly sits down on the front steps of her apartment building with the inventor-hero (Joel McCrea); they begin to neck, and she's embarrassed by what she feels. The film is set in Washington, D.C., during the Second World War; the housing shortage results in their becoming part of an innocent *ménage à trois* with Charles Coburn, an elderly businessman who enjoys playing Cupid. Directed by George Stevens, this hit comedy is lively and well paced, but the fun is too often forced, and Jean Arthur overdoes her adorably prim act. (Remade in 1966 as "Walk, Don't Run," with Cary Grant in the Coburn role.) (Thalia; Nov. 10-11.)

My Way Home (1964)—Directed by Miklós Jancsó. In Hungarian. (Little Theatre; Nov. 14.)

National Lampoon's Animal House—A beery piece that has its amiably funny flashes about the American college system, but more often consists of what is called undergraduate humor. Directed by John Landis. (8/14/78) (U.A. East, Waverly, Loews 83rd Quad, and Embassy 1.)

No Time for Breakfast—With Annie Girardot, Jean-Pierre Cassel, François Périer, and Isabelle Huppert; directed by Jean-Louis Bertucelli. In French. (68th St. Playhouse; Nov. 8.)

Once in Paris—With Wayne Rogers, Gayle Hunnicutt, and Jack Lenoir; directed by Frank D. Gilroy. (68th St. Playhouse; starting Nov. 9.)

Pandora's Box (1929)—Louise Brooks, a great—almost impersonal—beauty who set styles in the flapper period, and whose straight hair and bangs were imitated all over the world (and were used as the model for the Dixie Dugan comic strip), left Hollywood in 1928 at the height of her career and went to Germany for the role of a lifetime. G. W. Pabst had selected her to play Lulu in this film, adapted from the Wedekind plays "Erdgeist" and "Die Buchse der Pandora" (the same source material that Alban Berg used for his opera "Lulu"). Pabst, one of the giants of the screen, is perhaps most famous for his treatment of sex, violence, and abnormal psychology, and Wedekind's sex tragedy provided startling material. Lulu is the sexually insatiable female, the archetype of voracious, destructive woman. She has no moral sense and no interests beyond sensuality; when a man is exhausted, she leaves him. The film is episodic; it's in an expressionist style, with rapid cutting and surprising kinds of visual tension. With Fritz Kortner as Dr. Schon, Francis Lederer as his son, Alice Roberts as the lesbian Countess Geschwitz, and Gustav Diesel as Jack the Ripper. In German. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 15.)

Paradise Alley—Based on the Sylvester Stallone novel, with Stallone, Lee Canalito, and Armand Assante. Directed by Stallone. (Loews Ciné, and Rivoli; starting Nov. 10.)

Performance (1970)—James Fox, as a London gangster from a Mickey Spillane background, meets Mick Jagger, a retired pop idol who lives in a *Yellow Book* world. A humorless, messy mixture of crime and decadence and drug-induced hallucinations, but Jagger has a fantastic few minutes near the end. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 10-11.)

Piranha—With Bradford Dillman, directed by Joe Dante. (R.K.O. 86th St., and Rivoli; through Nov. 9.)

The Pirate (1948)—Judy Garland is a nineteenth-century maiden on a Caribbean island, dreaming of a famous pirate, and Gene Kelly, bouncing with élan in the manner of Fairbanks, is a travelling actor who pretends to be that pirate. This Minnelli musical, based on an S. N. Behrman play that the Lunts performed, is flamboyant in an innocent and lively way. Though it doesn't quite work, and it's all a bit broad, it doesn't sour in the memory. The Nicholas Brothers join Garland and Kelly in the celebrated "Be a Clown" number. The score is by Cole Porter. With Walter Slezak, Reginald Owen, Gladys Cooper, and George Zucco. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 15.)

Point of Order! (1964)—Joe McCarthy himself is the star of this documentary film, made from the original TV kinescopes of the Army-McCarthy hearings of 1954. (8th St. Playhouse; Nov. 14-15.)

Rebellion in Patagonia (1977)—Héctor Olivéra's enacted documentary film about the terrible 1921 massacre of workers in the far south of Argentina. The workers strike; the furious landlords, representing the great wealth of foreign business interests, advise sending in the troops. The topic is also the figure of the turncoat: Commander Zavala (Héctor Alterio) begins by wishing the workers well and ends by slaughtering them. An important film, with historical consciousness and a marvellous sweep. In Spanish. (5/16/77) (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 16.)

The Red and the White (1968)—Miklós Jancsó's film about the Russian Civil War of 1918, with Hungarians and Russians helplessly fighting the Cossacks. Jancsó's films are like Bresson's: out of extremely physical material they make something austere and concerned with metaphysics. In Hungarian and Russian. (Little Theatre; Nov. 15.)

The Rocking Horse Winner (1950)—An intelligent, little-known version of the D. H. Lawrence story. A child (the marvellous John Howard Davies, who also played Oliver Twist in the David Lean film) uses his second sight to rescue his parents; the painful part is that he lacks first sight—the judgment that would enable him to see that they are already destroyed. The enduringly beautiful but not notoriously gifted Valerie Hobson gives her best (maybe her only) performance as his mother. (She is phenomenal in the pawnshop episode.) With John Mills and Ronald Squire. Anthony Pelissier directed. (Thalia; Nov. 12-13.)

The Round Up (1965)—The Hungarian film director Miklós Jancsó made this beautiful study of men under pressure. It is about Kossuth's followers—twenty years after Kossuth's 1848 rising against the Austrian rulers—penned into a corral in the middle of the

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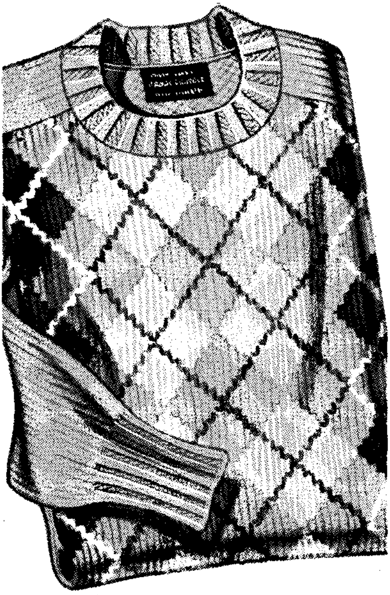

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great Hungarian plain together with apolitical peasants who are in equal danger from a canny, highborn lackey of the Hapsburgs. In black and white and in Hungarian. (Little Theatre; Nov. 15.)

Shampoo (1975)—Warren Beatty, as a Beverly Hills hairdresser, in a sex roundelay set in the Beatles sixties of miniskirts and strobe lights. Exploited for gags, this yummy idea for a movie might have turned into no more than a saucy romp, but the way it has been done, the joke expands the more you think about it. The people whirling in and out of bed include Julie Christie, Goldie Hawn, Jack Warden, Lee Grant, Tony Bill, and Carrie Fisher. Hal Ashby directed this sophisticated farce from a script by Robert Towne and Beatty (who was also the producer). (St. Marks Cinema; starting Nov. 10.)

She and He (1967)—A charming, rueful story about a young Japanese wife and her patient husband. Written and directed by Susumu Hani, and starring a delightful creature named Sachiko Hidari. In Japanese. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 14.)

Silence and Cry (1968)—Directed by Miklós Jancsó. In Hungarian. (Little Theatre; Nov. 16.)

Slow Dancing in the Big City—With Paul Sorvino and Anne Ditchburn, directed by John G. Avildsen. (Cinema II.)

El Topo (1971)—A spaghetti Western in the style of Luis Buñuel, and tinsel all the way. The writer-director-star, Alexandro Jodorowsky, plays with symbols and ideas and enigmas so promiscuously that the confusion may be mistaken for depth. He has some feeling for pace and for sadistic comedy, but the principal appeal of the movie is as a violent fantasy—like head comics. (8th St. Playhouse; starting Nov. 16.)

Trash (1970)—Absurdist porno-comedy about an impotent junkie (Joe Dallesandro) who drags himself around while various women try to arouse him. His sort-of-wife is played by a goofy female impersonator, Holly Woodlawn, who acts up a storm, but most of the time the picture is as enervated and limp as its hero. Directed by Paul Morrissey. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 10-11.)

12 Angry Men (1957)—A group of jurors have to decide the fate of an eighteen-year-old accused of patricide. Sidney Lumet directed the performances beautifully. Henry Fonda is the single juror who gradually wins over the majority to his just view. In the present context, the film expresses an agonizingly optimistic idea of the possible winning powers of the outnumbered and out-of-step. Cast includes Lee J. Cobb and Jack Warden. (Regency; starting Nov. 16.)

An Unmarried Woman—Paul Mazursky wrote and directed this buoyant, enormously friendly comedy about Erica (Jill Clayburgh) and her attempt to get back into "the stream of life" after her marriage of sixteen years breaks up. It's a tenderhearted feminist picture. With Michael Murphy, Lisa Lucas, Pat Quinn, Kelly Bishop, Linda Miller, Cliff Gorman, Mazursky himself, as Hal, and Alan Bates, whose fine comic, expansive performance as Saul Kaplan, a famous painter, overpowers the movie. (3/6/78) (Midtown; through Nov. 14.)

Up in Smoke—You don't have to be an insider to see the humor in dopers' single-minded, never-ending quest for great grass. This piece of stoned-hippie foolishness, starring the comedy team Cheech and Chong, who wrote the script, is fairly consistently funny. With Zane Buzby as the speed freak, and June Fairchild as the woman who snorts Ajax. Directed by Lou Adler. (10/9/78) (D. W. Griffith, Quad Cinema, Loews 83rd Quad, and R.K.O. Cinerama 1. . . . ¶ Loews Ciné; through Nov. 9.)

Violette—With Isabelle Huppert, Stéphane Audran, and Jean Carmet; directed by Claude Chabrol. In French. (Paris.)

Watership Down—An animated film, based on the Richard Adams story. Directed by Martin Rosen, with the voices of Zero Mostel, Ralph Richardson, Harry Andrews, John Bennett, and Denholm Elliott. (Bay Cinema, Eastside Cinema, and Guild.)

A Wedding—Robert Altman's satirical farce takes place during a single day, starting with a family-only Episcopal-church wedding and then moving from the church to the reception at the groom's family mansion, in a North Shore suburb of Chicago. The forty-eight members of the cast (especially Carol Burnett, Pat McCormick, and Amy Stryker) do many charming things, but the flimsy movie is bitter in a concealed, dry, facile way. (10/2/78) (Cinema 3. . . . ¶ Sutton. No evening performances on Monday, Nov. 13.)

Who Is Killing the Great Chefs of Europe?—With George Segal, Jacqueline Bisset, and Robert Morley; directed by Ted Kotcheff. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Victoria; through Nov. 14. . . . ¶ Olympia; through Nov. 14.)

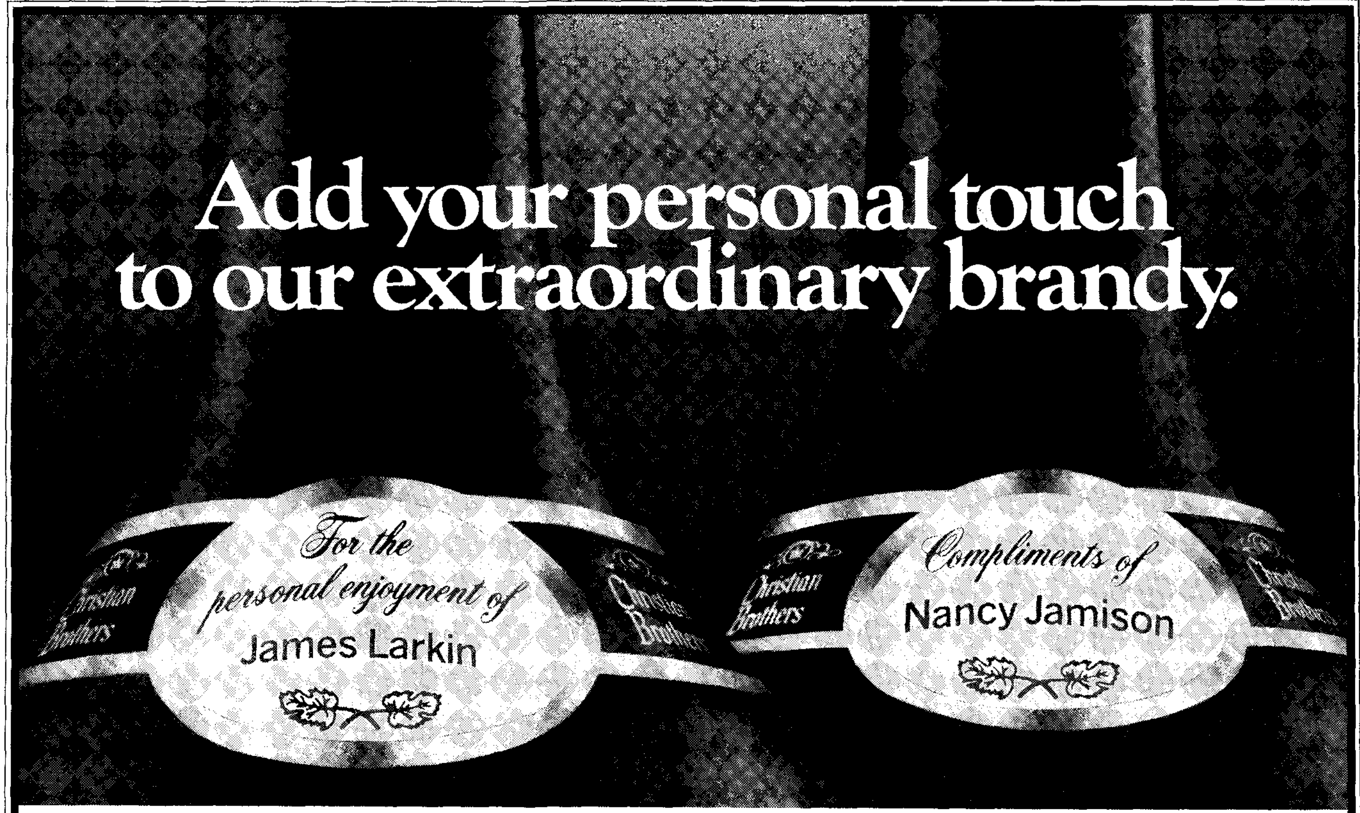
The Wild Geese—With Richard Burton, Roger Moore, Richard Harris, Hardy Krüger, and Stewart Granger; directed by Andrew V. McLaglen. (R.K.O. 86th St., and Loews State 1; starting Nov. 10.)

Winter Wind (1970)—With Jacques Charrier, directed by Miklós Jancsó. In French. (Little Theatre; Nov. 16.)

The Wiz—With Diana Ross in the lead, Dorothy is now a shy schoolteacher in Harlem, and Diana Ross's shy is like Sergeant Bilko's modest. Fervently wet-eyed, she sings songs of preachy uplift in relentlessly slow arrangements. Nipsey Russell (as the Tinman) is able to ride right over the film's muddy carelessness, and a sweetness comes through the Pagliacci makeup that Michael Jackson wears as the Scarecrow, and Mabel King, who plays the Wicked Witch, has a hot growly song. But this film brings out all the weaknesses of its director, Sidney Lumet, and none of his strengths. The whole production has a stagnant atmosphere, and the big dance numbers are free-form traffic jams. Charlie Small's score for the Broadway show has been padded out with some new music, and adapted by Quincy Jones; the maladroit script is by Joel Schumacher. With Lena Horne, Richard Pryor, and Ted Ross. (10/30/78) (Murray Hill, Plaza, Loews Orpheum, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

Yolanda and the Thief (1945)—Fred Astaire was paired with Lucille Bremer in this stupefyingly baroque M-G-M musical set in a mythical South American country and encumbered with what the director, Vincente Minnelli, once called "an insane plot." Astaire is cast howlingly against type as a crooked gambler; when he learns that the beautiful heiress Yolanda believes she has a guardian angel, he pretends to be the angel in order to swindle her. It's the most extreme of the big-musical mistakes; it's full of surreal dreams and fiestas, and because it goes beyond parody, it perhaps needs to be seen by anyone who wants to know what killed the M-G-M musicals. Yolanda's bathroom has cascading fountains, and the ballets, staged by Eugene Loring and costumed by Sharaff at her maddest, include such decorator delights as laundresses washing linen in a pool of gold coins. The cast includes Frank Morgan, Mildred Natwick, and Mary Nash. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 15.)

Zazie (1960)—Movies are said to be an international language, but sometimes a film that is popular in one country finds only a small audience in another. This anarchistic, impudent comedy (from Raymond Queneau's novel "Zazie dans le Métro"), a great success in France in 1960, has hardly even been heard of in the United States. There is perhaps some major national difference in reactions to slapstick and wit: the film, which is like a Mack Sennett two-reeler running wild, has been peculiarly disturbing for American critics and audience alike. To Americans, "Zazie" seems to go too far—to be almost demonic in its inventiveness, like a joke that gets so complicated you can't time your laughs comfortably. The editing, which is very fast, may be too clever; some critics have suggested that for Americans this comedy turns into some kind of freakish, fantastic anxiety. Putting it as squarely as possible, Bosley Crowther wrote in the *Times:* "There is something not quite innocent or healthy about this film." Yet the film is like "Alice in Wonderland": Zazie (Catherine Demongeot) is a foul-mouthed little cynic, age eleven, who comes to Paris for a weekend with her uncle (Philippe Noiret), a female impersonator, and nobody and nothing are quite what they seem. Louis Malle, who directed, includes satirical allusions to "La Dolce Vita" and other films, and a parody of his own "The Lovers." Many of the latest styles in film editing, which are generally said to derive from Alain Resnais or Richard Lester, have an earlier source in "Zazie." In French. (8th St. Playhouse; Nov. 12-13.)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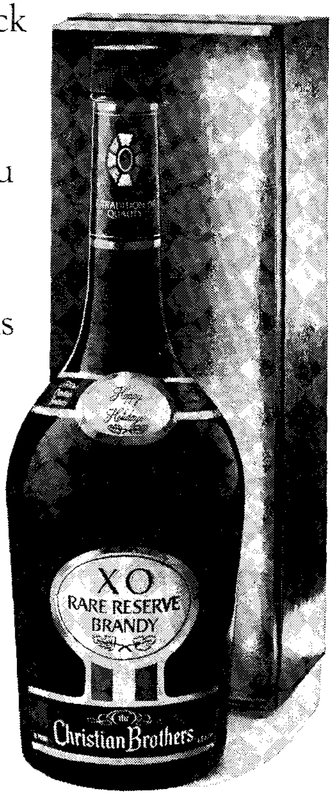
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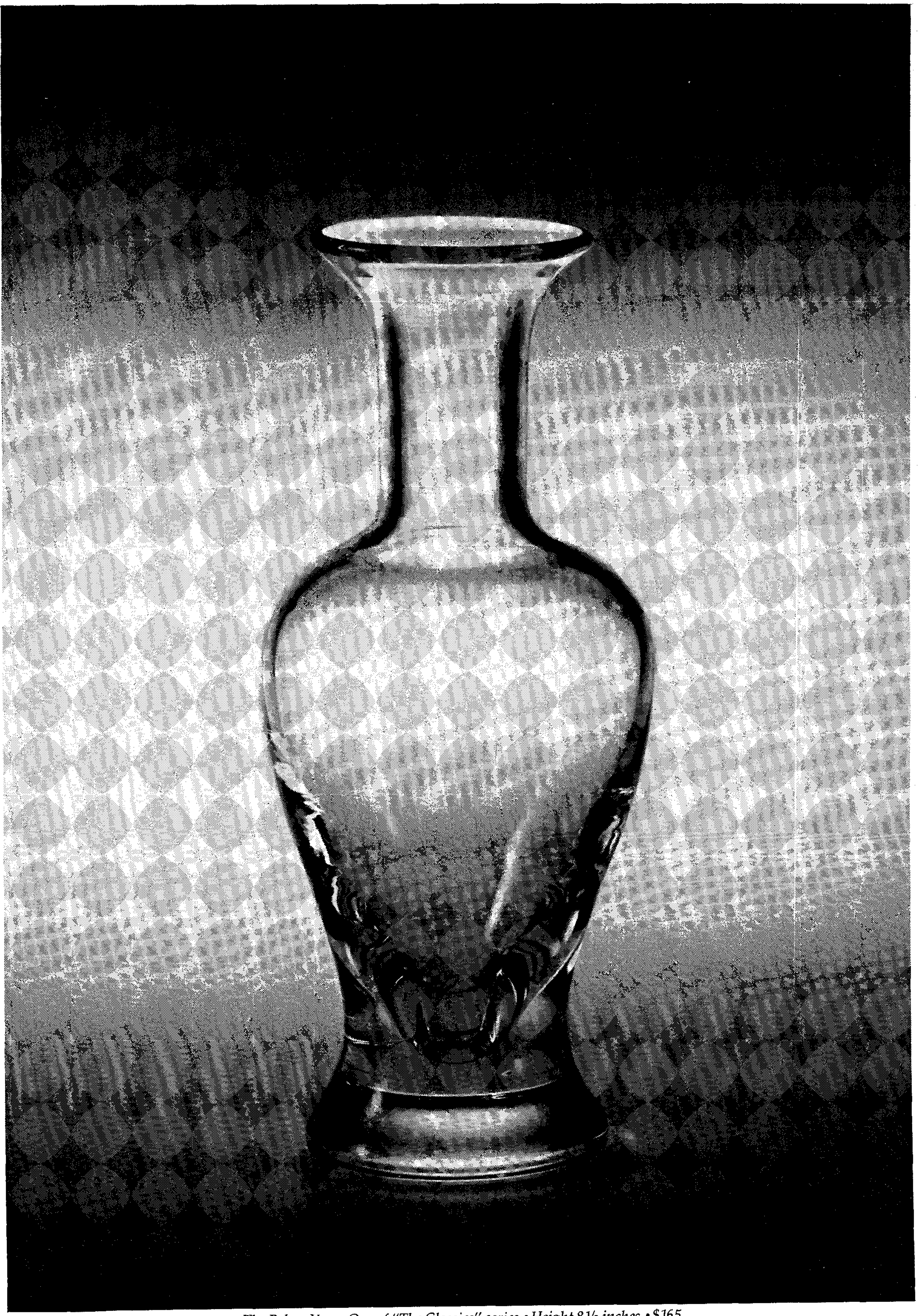

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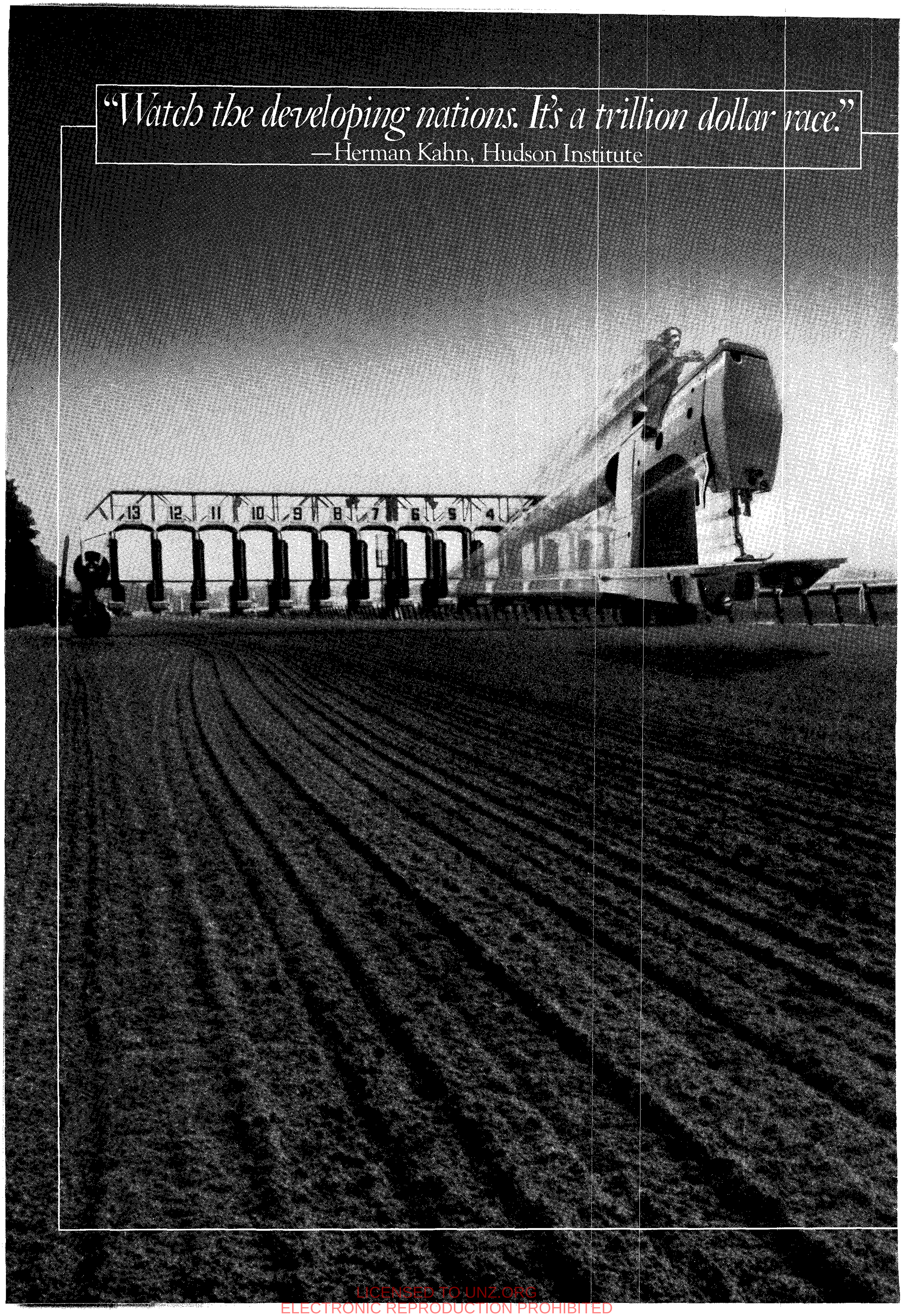
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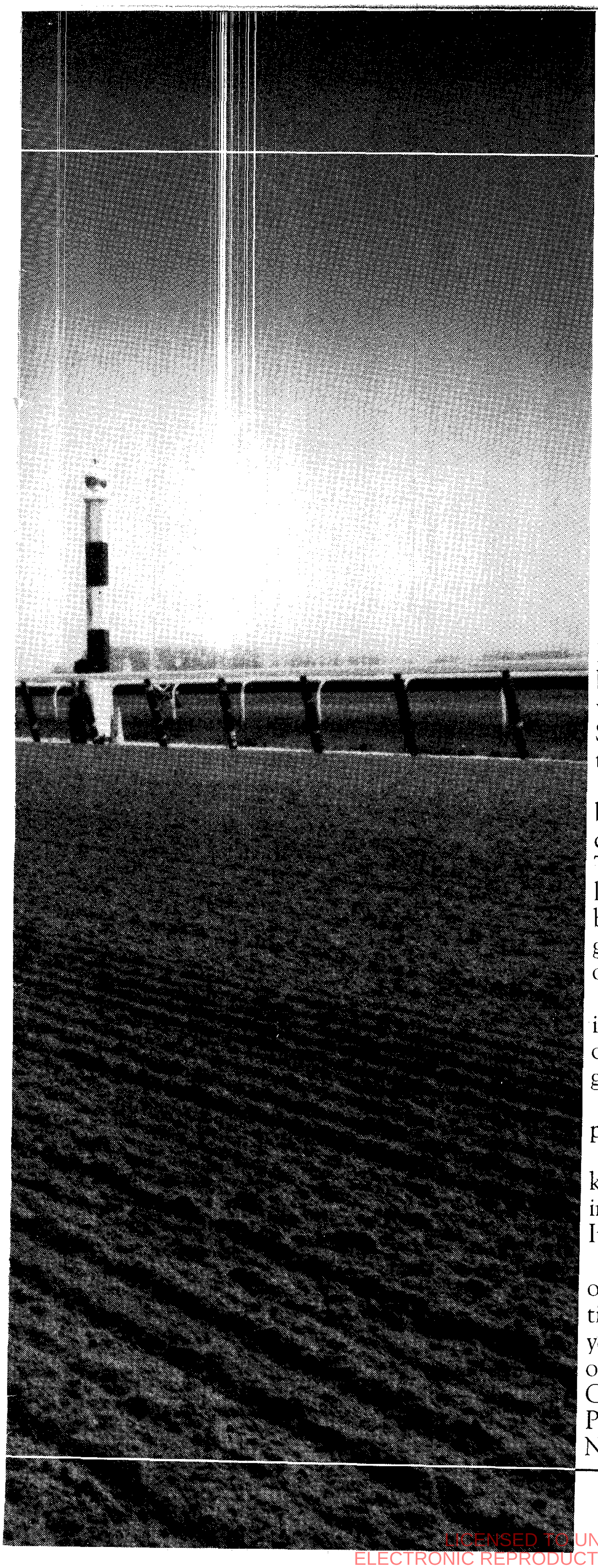

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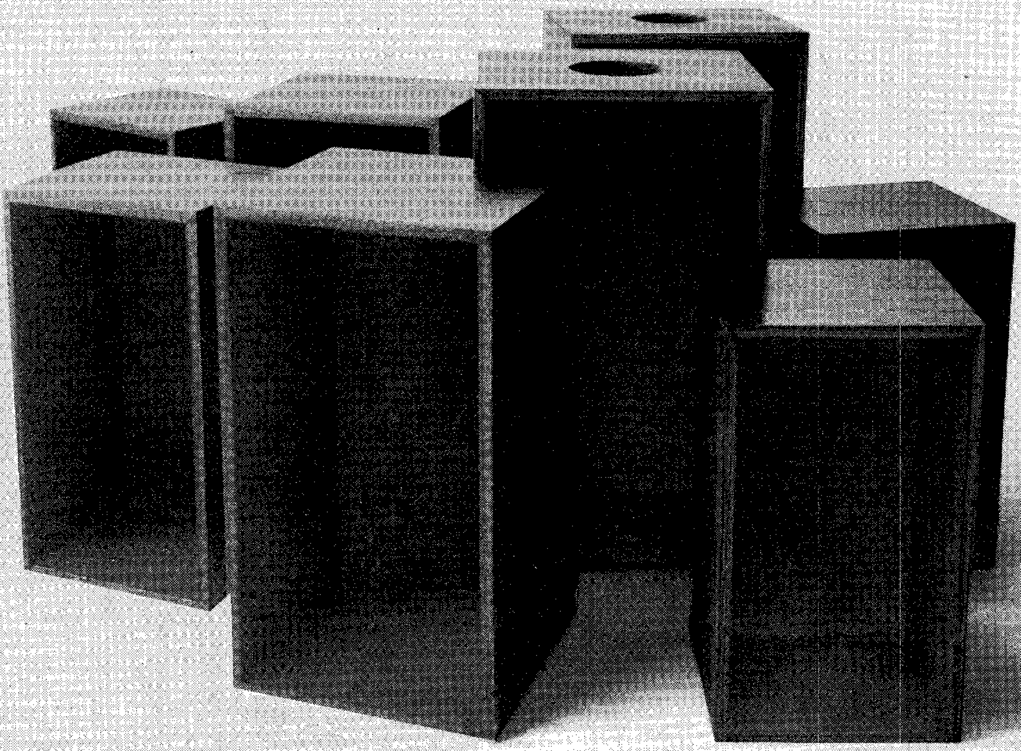

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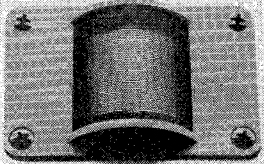

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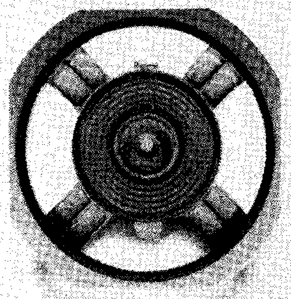

You'll never hear a sound out of these die cast aluminum frames.

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Every HPM speaker element has a cast aluminum frame, instead of the usual flimsy stamped out metal kind. So that even when you push our speakers to their limit, you only hear the music and never the frames. In fact, our competitors were so impressed, they started making what look like die cast frames, but aren't.

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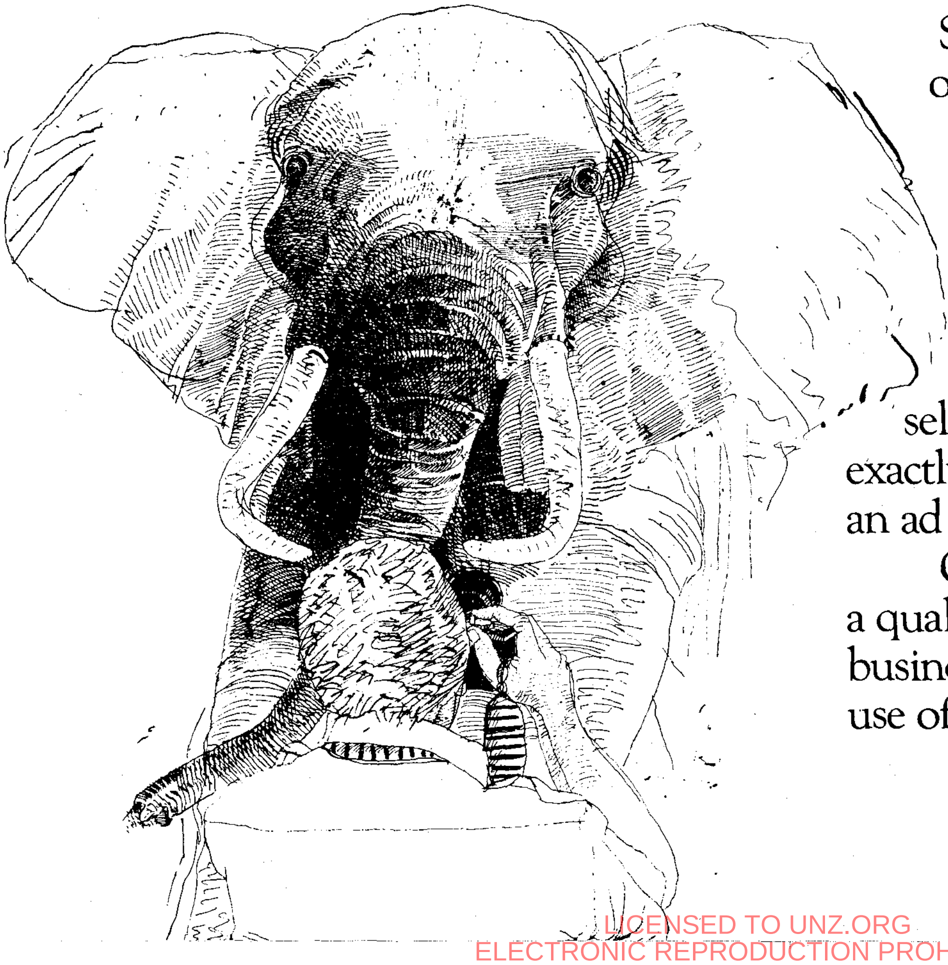

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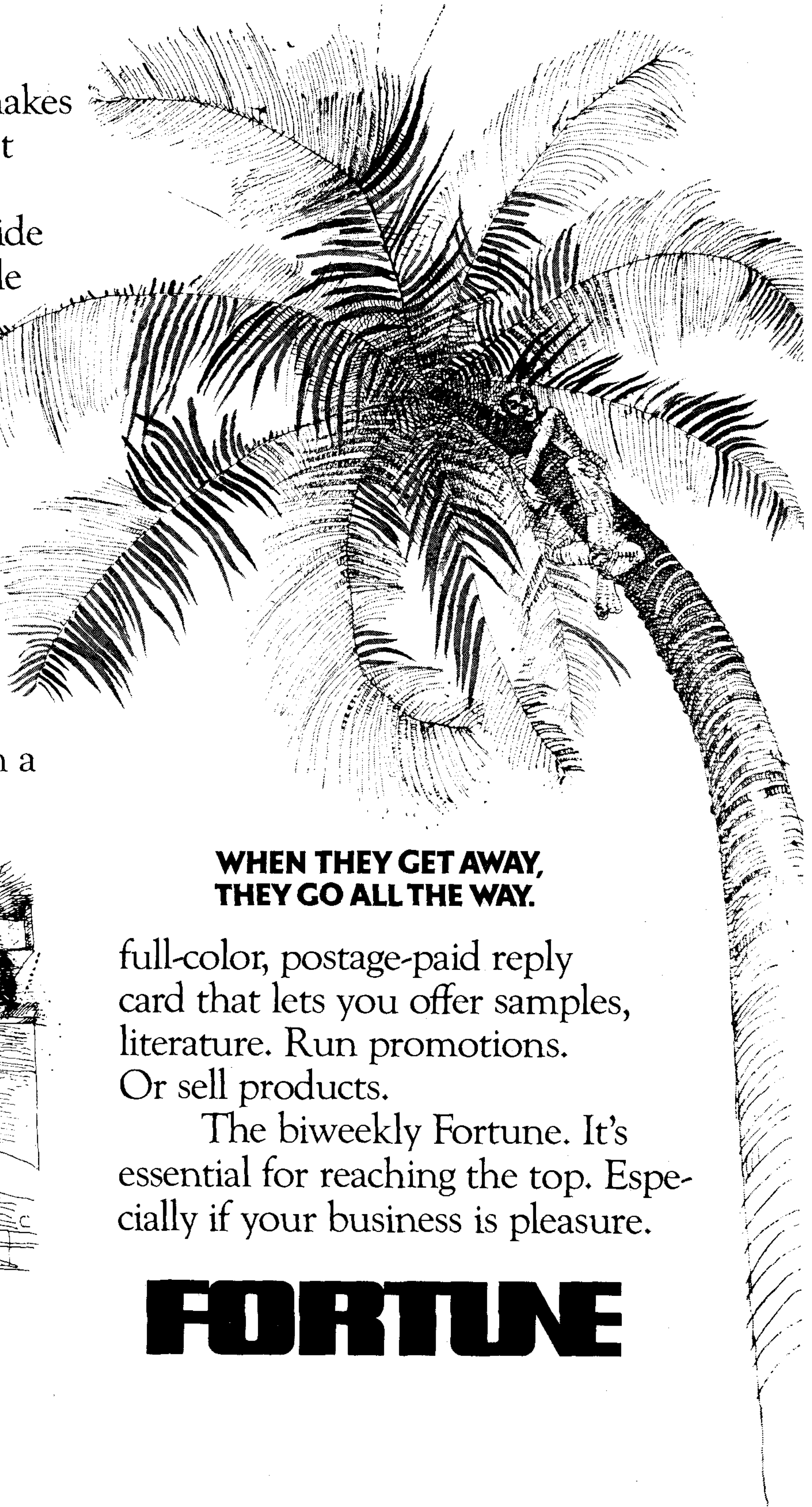

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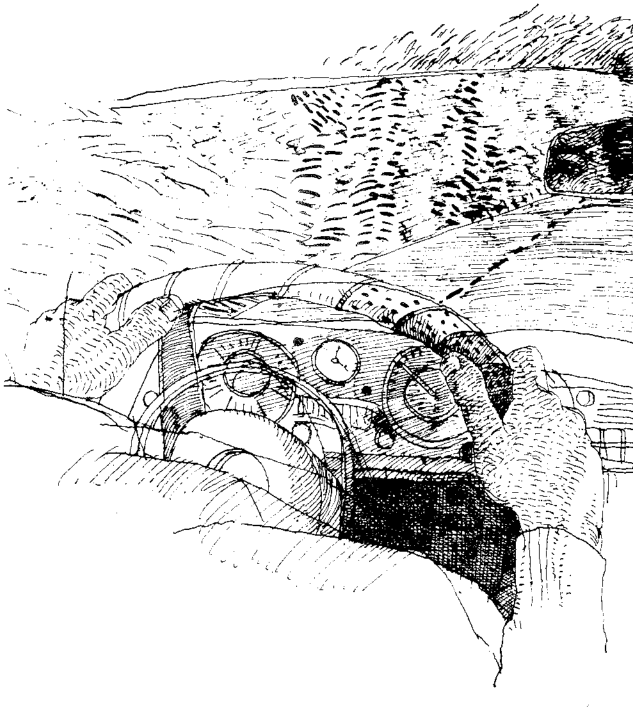

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A YOUNG acquaintance of ours writes to tell us the following:

The blister on the sole of my left foot is healing rapidly—a week ago it was the shape and approximate size of Iraq, but now it reminds me merely of Rhode Island—and I am able to cope with matters more complicated than Rolling Over and Saying Mama. I would like to share some of my thoughts about the New York City Marathon. Running twenty-six miles three hundred and eighty-five yards has now acquired the status of leisure activity for plain folks. Almost ten thousand people made the effort to do it in New York City the other day, and I was one who crossed the finish line with his pride, if not much else, intact. Two million other people—including two kids on the Pulaski Bridge (Mile 13) who invited me to stop just long enough to try "some really good reefer," and a guy in Harlem (Mile 22) who had an outstanding time throwing an unsolicited bucket of cold water on me—came out to watch. All this means something. I will admit that in the past I have been slow to acknowledge the existence of certain highly visible historical and cultural bellwethers. I vacillated before rallying behind our boys at the Bay of Pigs; I barely blinked at Clifford Irving; I've never been inside a geodesic dome; I failed to perceive that the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia in 1968 was a Communist plot. But when it comes to this running thing—well, I want it understood that I rode that wave long before it crested. My right knee developed a chronic popping noise a solid two years before Bloomingdale's opened a boutique for celebrity joggers. How I got started is immaterial; roughly, it had to do with a misguided notion that if you lead the body in a certain direction the mind will inevitably follow. The mind stayed put, but I found that, more or less by accident, I had thoughtlessly allowed myself to get in shape for the New York City Marathon. Not to run would have been a shameful waste of my amazing hamstrings. I *had* to do it. Now that I have done it, I feel that I am in a position to offer, as a public service, some significant questions—questions that I have actually been asked by myself—and answers about what is known in the trade as "running New York."

Q: Why bother?

A: Tough running town, New York. Striking the pavement one thousand five hundred times per mile creates a shock that the feet do their best to absorb. The foot bone's connected to the anklebone, and so on. The shock waves have to work their way past about two hundred more bones before they hit the headbone.

Q: This seems to avoid the question. What is the *point* of running the marathon?

A: Anyone wearing an entry number gets to ride public transportation free the day of the race. This is, take my word for it, a real bargain, even though on Sundays the whole city gets to ride for half fare. Other than that, the point is to finish. Very few people have any business trying to go fast, but a lot do anyway. It's good to have a race plan and pace yourself. If you end up running faster than you thought you would, bully for you. If, when it's all over, you've run slower than you wanted to, no need to feel embarrassed. You can always tell your friends, "Oh, yeah, well, see, four guys in Gowanus jumped me and made me eat an entire pizza at gunpoint. Once I got going again, I developed a stitch in my left side. I think it was the anchovies." Most people have never been through Gowanus and will believe this.

Q: How does one dress for the occasion?

A: It is as important to look right during the marathon as it is to show up in a well-pressed suit while posing as the centerpiece at one's own wake. Minimal attire includes shorts and a pair of shoes with adequate outer-sole composition, mid-sole composition, heel counter, toe box, ankle padding, arch support, and heel lift. (Examples of wrong shoes to wear while running New York: golf spikes, bathing clogs.) Socks are recommended but not mandatory. Some of the big-name honchos in long-distance running—the guys who are featured in the glossy running magazines charging up the Hoover Dam to improve their quadriceps or pulling teams of oxen through Death Valley at the end of a two-week fast—eschew socks. Obviously a private matter between them and their feet.

Q: What is the correct garment for the upper torso?

A: Wearing, say, a T-shirt or a sleeveless jersey eliminates the uncomfortable necessity of pinning one's official running number directly to the chest. Even more important, however, is that in a footrace with around ten thousand other people a certain degree of anonymity is inevitable. Too much anonymity can lead to a loss of sense of purpose, which can lead, in turn, to an ungratifying failure to finish the goddam marathon. The well-chosen upper-torso garment combats anonymity by providing a display area for imaginative self-promotion. There is *nothing wrong* with imprinting one's clothing with slogans such as "Let's Hear It, Brooklyn. The Name's Frank" or "ME ME ME ME ME ME ME," or even "Dr. Myron Becko Is My Sports Podiatrist. Dial 221-8861." No runner has ever complained that he or she had too much crowd support. Thus, given the path of the New York City Marathon through an ethnically diverse metropolis, no one could be blamed for plastering his or her T-shirt with such expedient tidings of good will as "That Joe Louis Was One Helluva Fighter," "Keep Ireland Irish," "Puerto Ricans Are Nice," "Shalom, Williamsburg," "I Never Met a Pope I Didn't Like," and "Wasps Have Feelings, Too."

Q: What is pain?

A: Pain is a relative thing. Sitting through a Shaun Cassidy concert can be extremely painful; the experience of running New York can, on a rare day, be transcendental. It is true, however, that pain is a real possibility during the marathon. According to conventional theories of long-distance running, a human endurance threshold looms just beyond the twenty-mile mark; i.e., in the South Bronx. At this stage, many runners notice that their muscles are out of fuel, sugar, whatever—the stuff that makes them work. Once this happens, there isn't much you can do except hope that a taxi comes along. Nevertheless, there happens to be a school of thought, promulgated by frustrated drill instructors, that dictates "running through the pain." In the book about running which I am, mercifully, never going to write, I include an entire chapter about people who offer advice of this sort. Tentative chapter title: "Laughably Bad Manners."

Q: Let's say that in your entire life you have won only one trophy—for religious-school attendance. Now, however, it is a springlike day in October; you are breezing through the shadows along Central Park South and the sky looks like pale stained glass; you have been moving steadily for almost three and a half hours; less than a half mile remains before the finish line; thousands of people—a human tunnel—surround you, and they are clapping and cheering (although not, of course, for you alone). Let's say that all these conditions obtain. How do you feel?

A: (1) Remarkably well, considering that it is early afternoon and you have already been in all five boroughs. (2) *Much* more fulfilled than when you got the religious-school-attendance award. (3) A lot like a huge float in the Macy's Thanksgiving Day Parade.

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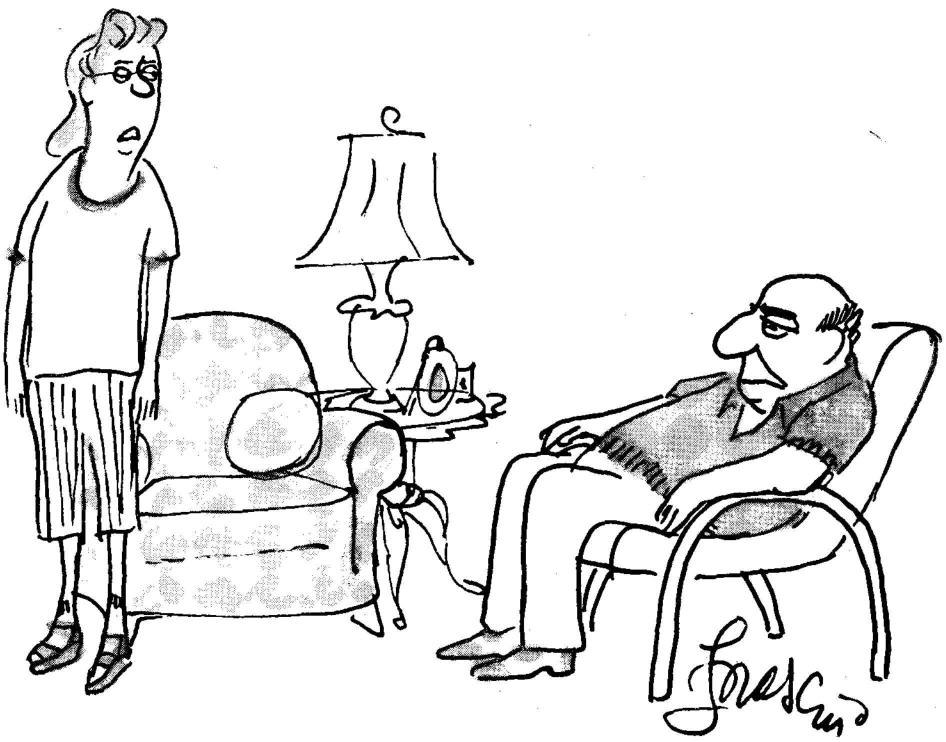
New President

THE Rockefeller University, situated on a small sylvan campus in the Sixties toward the East River, was founded by John D. Rockefeller, Sr., in 1901 as the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research. Its name was changed to The Rockefeller Institute in 1958 and to The Rockefeller University in 1965. Since its founding, it has been headed by five men—each of the first two, Dr. Simon Flexner and Dr. Herbert S. Gasser, being known simply as the director. The title of president was established in 1953 and was first held by the late Dr. Detlev Bronk, who was a sort of scientific polymath, and under whose direction the institute was transformed into a university granting Ph.D.s (there are no undergraduates) in the life sciences and related behavioral and physical sciences. He was succeeded in 1968 by Dr. Frederick Seitz, a distinguished physicist, who retired from the post last June. *His* successor had been named in January. He is Dr. Joshua Lederberg, one of the leading contemporary geneticists. Lederberg was awarded the Nobel Prize for Physiology and Medicine in 1958, at the age of thirty-three, for work he had begun as an undergraduate at Columbia College, when he was only eighteen. The Rockefeller University has had a veritable galaxy of Nobel Prize winners on its remarkable faculty, so it seems fitting that its new president is, as far as we have been able to learn, the only Nobel Prize winner who is now the president of a university.

Being eager to have a talk with such a distinguished newcomer, we arranged to call on him in his office not long after he and his family moved to the city from Stanford, where he had been the chairman of the Department of Genetics at the Stanford University School of Medicine. (His wife, Marguerite, is an M.D. who worked in pediatrics and then in psychiatry at Stanford, and she plans to continue her psychiatric practice here; they have a four-year-old daughter, Annie.) Dr. Lederberg is a man of medium height, with a broad, open face bounded below by a full white beard, and after only a few minutes of conversation his enthusiasm for science, and for scientific discovery, becomes evident.

Dr. Lederberg told us he was born in Montclair, New Jersey, but when he was six months old his father, an Orthodox rabbi, moved to Washington Heights. The son, growing up there, was educated in the public-school system: at P.S. 46, on Eighth Avenue at 155th Street; Junior High School 164, on West 164th; and Stuyvesant High School, on East Fifteenth, which specializes in science and mathematics. At the age of sixteen, he entered Columbia. "My earliest interests were in the physical sciences," he said. "I acquired the notion that there was an order in the world and that one could not rely on revealed knowledge—rather, that man was on the earth to grub and find out for himself what the universe was all about. I was very much influenced by writers like Jeans and Eddington, and their cosmological popularizations.

Old-Timers



"I'll be right back. I'm going to telephone for the correct time."

• •

Albert Einstein and Chaim Weizmann were culture heroes both of the time and of my particular culture group. For my father, it was a bit of a wrench to see me go in such a secular direction, but it was the best compromise possible between his views and my own." By the time Lederberg entered Columbia, his interest had shifted in the direction of the application of science to human problems—in particular, to biological and biomedical problems. What happened next is a remarkable example of how scientific discoveries are made.

In his second year at Columbia, Lederberg came under the tutelage of a young instructor in zoology, Francis Ryan, who encouraged the bookish science student to familiarize himself with practical laboratory techniques. Ryan had just returned to Columbia from Stanford, where he had worked with George Beadle and Edward Tatum—two geneticists who, as it happened, later shared the Nobel Prize with the much younger Lederberg. Beadle and Tatum had invented a method of nutritional genetic marking to trace mutations in fungi and bacteria. In some respects, such organisms are better off than we are; for one, they manufacture many of the chemicals—like vitamin B—that they need for their own metabolism, while we have to ingest them, directly or indirectly, from plants. But if one produces, say, a mutant strain of bacteria with a metabolic deficiency, the new strain must be supplied with the appropriate growth factor to keep it alive and reproducing. In this way, mutations and their biochemical characteristics can be traced by seeing the changes in the bacteria's nutritional needs. It seems a simple idea now, but it revolutionized laboratory genetics, and Ryan taught this technique to Lederberg.

In 1944, while Lederberg was still at Columbia, O. T. Avery and two younger colleagues, Colin MacLeod and Maclyn McCarty, at what was then The Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, published a now classic paper suggesting that DNA was the active agent that caused genetic transformation. They worked on strains of pneumococcus, and their results were not universally accepted. But here in New York, Lederberg recalled, their paper set the young biologists "on fire." Lederberg thinks that if he had not been here and had not had contact with people who were working with Avery he might not have begun to think about how to explore the possibilities that DNA opened up right from the beginning. He and Ryan began by doing experiments on spores of a mutant strain of a fungus in the hope of seeing whether DNA would influence a "back mutation" to the wild form. Their use of nutritional markers was so sensitive that they could detect a mutation rate of less than one in a billion. But, because they found that such mutations occurred whether or not DNA was added, they could not draw any conclusions about the specific role of DNA in this system.

By this time, it was 1945. Lederberg had entered Columbia's medical school, and while a full-time medical student he was moonlighting in Ryan's laboratory. He recalls that in his first lecture on bacteriology the class was told that bacteria had no "sexual" behavior and therefore very little was known about their genetic structure. Right there and then, he told us, he wrote down in his notebook an experimental procedure, along the lines of what he and Ryan were doing with the fungus, to test this statement. Here the idea was to take two mutant strains of bacteria, each of which required one specific vitamin that it was unable to synthesize. One would put the mutants together in a medium that lacked these vitamins, and see if any colonies of bacteria developed. The presence of such colonies would show that some of the bacteria had combined to form new strains, lacking any metabolic deficiency. After two years at medical school, Lederberg learned from Ryan that *his* teacher Tatum was starting a new program at Yale in microbiology, and Lederberg joined it in 1946—leaving clinical medicine, as it turned out, for good. At Yale, he carried out, with Tatum, the experiments he had outlined in his notebook, and discovered that in fact bacteria can recombine, and do have a sort of sexual polarity. "I was, at the time, sufficiently cagey about the phenomenon not to use the terms 'male' and 'female' bacteria, so I called the two types 'F-plus' and 'F-minus,' " Dr. Lederberg told us. "It now appears that one sexual type of bacteria has tiny hollow hairs, which act as a conduit for the transfer of DNA between two bacteria." It was for this fundamental discovery of genetic recombination in bacteria that Lederberg shared the Nobel Prize.

In 1947, Lederberg migrated westward—first to the University of Wisconsin and eventually to California—in 1959, when Stanford University moved its medical school to the Palo Alto campus. Tatum himself moved to Rockefeller in 1957, and remained there until his death, in 1975, so Lederberg's coming from Stanford to Rockefeller to accept his new appointment makes a closing of the circle.

"New York played a special role in my scientific career," Lederberg told us. "It was, and is, a communications network. New York is a super-university. Evolutionists will tell you that you get the most rapid diversification of species where you have an archipelago—where you have islands that are not totally isolated from one another but have sufficient isolation so that each one can develop its distinctive flavor and sufficient communication so that there is some gene flow between them. That's how I'd characterize the intellectual environment of the city, and I want to help our university and the other universities here to use our resources as coöperatively as we can."

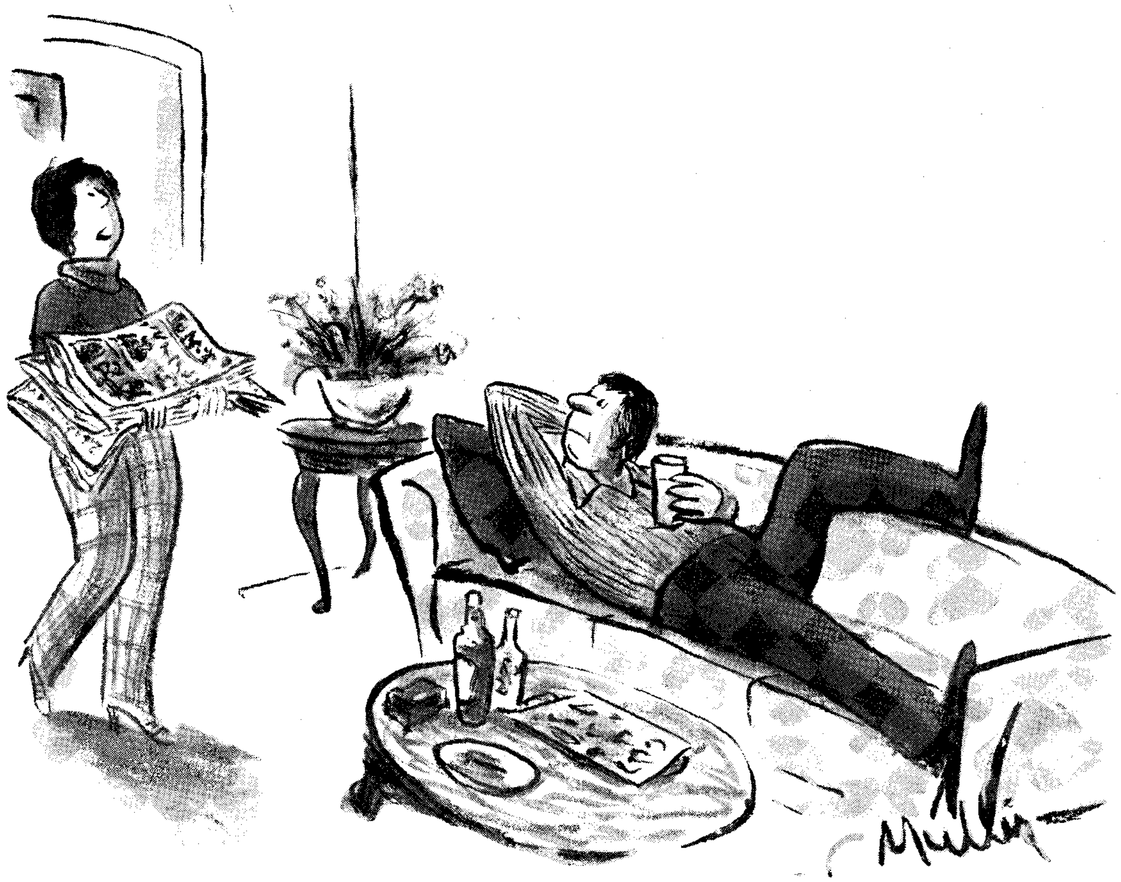
Books & Co.

WE have a letter from a friend who loves books more than himself:

Here's a paradox: Television reigns and literacy is down, but the book business is booming, and to such a degree that books, much too often, are sold in superbookmarkets, complete with shopping carts, uniformed help, discounts, and checkout counters. The atmosphere in these places is warehouse, and the stock, frequently piled about like bales of cotton, is handled by the ounce, the pound, and the ton—which may explain why there are so many thousand-page books on the fall lists. The worst thing is that these warehouses are putting the old bookshops out of business. You used to be able to measure the muscle of a town in its pool hall, but you'd judge its heart and mind in its bookstore (and library). The store was generally down a side street, and it was small, poorly lit, and filled with the singular, heady, blooming smell of new books. It was also filled with the spirit you feel in the presence of a host of good books—a thousand tongues wagging in eloquent silence. You went there early on an aimless afternoon and, after being wedged for a seeming half hour in a back corner with the new Hersey or O'Hara or Welty, looked up and saw the five-o'clock sun coming through the maple outside the front window. If you didn't buy anything when you left, the owner would nonetheless say, "Stop in next week. I'll have the new Faulkner." You got out of the world and into other people's minds in such bookstores, and that's what I've been doing for the past week in Books & Co., which recently opened on Madison Avenue a couple of doors down from the Whitney Museum. Until Books & Co., I'd spent entire days, starting at Eighth Street and ending in the Nineties, looking without success for, say, hardbound editions of Saul Bellow's "Seize the Day" and Alfred Kazin's "A Walker in the City." Not only does Books & Co. have both in its permanent stock but it has the following, which is a bare sampling: Sam Johnson's English poems; all that's available, in hardcover and soft, of Bellow, Colette, Jean Rhys, Tolstoy, O'Hara, I. B. Singer, and Faulkner; "The Letters of Wyndham Lewis;" Vachel Lindsay's "Collected Poems;" George Sand's "The Bagpipers;" Malcolm Cowley's "Blue Juniata;" Ed Bullins' "Five Plays;" Baudelaire's "Flowers of Evil;" two translations of the "Aeneid" (Rolfe Humphries' and L. R. Lind's); Edwin Denby's "Collected *Poems* (my italics);" the variorum edition of Shelley's "Prometheus Unbound;" Malcolm Lowry's "Under the Volcano;" Gertrude Stein's "How to Write;" Alan Sillitoe's "Saturday Night and Sunday Morning;" H. G. Wells' "The Wealth of Mr. Waddy;" W. B. Yeats' plays; Patrick White's "Voss;" Ronald Firbank's "Five Novels;" Harold Bloom's "Anxiety of Influence," and Conrad Aiken's "Collected Poems." To say nothing of practically every book or pamphlet of poems published by practically every poet, known or unknown, English or American, in the past ten or fifteen years. As far as I know, no other bookshop in the country can match that list. The outside of this remarkable place is, by design, straight out of London: it has an attractive wooden sign and a big mullioned window, and is painted dark green and stained dark brown. The browns march right inside. The carpet and the ceiling are brown, and so are the eight-foot-high bookshelves that run down both sides of the store, which is about seventy-five feet deep and sixteen feet wide. All this ingenious brown sets off the books, which gleam and shine. A handsome staircase leads to the second floor, where the paperbacks are kept, and where poetry and prose readings will eventually be held on Tuesday evenings. The store *welcomes* you the instant you step onto the carpet inside the front door, and it has already provoked one New York literary person to exclaim, "I wish I could live there!"

The inventors and owners of this paradise are as unlikely a pair as I've met—Jeannette Watson, of the I.B.M. Watsons, and Burt Britton, late of the Strand Book Store. Miss Watson is elegantly thin and keeps her blond hair long. She has a keen, bony face, and she wears normal-size glasses. She was born in Greenwich, graduated from Sarah Lawrence, and has been married and has a ten-year-old child. She got the notion of starting a place like Books & Co. a couple of years ago, and this is what she told me *in medias res* last week: "I had been spending my time raising money for the Hayden Planetarium and working in a welfare hotel on the West Side and having lovely luncheons with my friends, and one morning I decided that I wanted to try and open a bookshop that had the feeling bookshops used to have. I wanted a place that would be like home, that would feel as if it had been there a hundred years. I wanted it to be a place where writers and poets would hang out, and that would eventually become a kind of salon. I went to Steven Aronson, who was then at Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, for advice, and he sent me to Burt Britton, down at the Strand Book Store, at Broadway and Twelfth. All Burt kept saying, through his beard and glasses, was 'Are you *really* serious? Are you *really* serious?' I never thought for an instant that he would leave the Strand, so I didn't ask him. During the next year or so, I went to a school for booksellers in Boston and looked into buying a bookstore in New York with someone already in the business. Then I ran into Burt at a party at the Gotham Book Mart, and I asked him if *he'd* start a bookshop with me, and, to my astonishment, he said yes."

Burt Britton is tall, inelegantly thin, and square-shouldered, and he dresses in bluejeans, denim shirts, and odd vests. His beard is gray, and so is his hair, which is long and parted in the middle. The hair rests on the beard like a peaked roof on its supporting walls. He wears aviator glasses, smokes cheroots, and is cool. He talks in rapid sub-tones, and pale smiles occasionally ghost across his face. He is withdrawn about his background and expansive about the store. "I was born in Brooklyn in 1933, and my parents owned saloons," he told me. "My entire childhood was lived to play ball—all kinds of ball. I didn't read books, but I read every sports page and sports magazine. I joined the Marines in 1953, because I didn't want to get drafted, and I served most of my two years in Miami Beach. I became a sergeant. I went into acting when I came out, because I figured that that was the easiest pro-



"Your hiatus is over."

• •

fession to meet girls in, but I discovered I didn't like actors. So I drove cabs and worked at the Village Vanguard. When I was twenty-three, I read my first book—Faulkner's 'The Hamlet'—and it turned my life around. I started hanging out in bookstores, and I spent so much time in the Strand that they finally hired me, and I stayed ten years." Britton didn't mention *his* book, the unique "Self-Portrait: Book People Picture Themselves," in which are reproduced seven hundred and thirty-eight self-portraits (drawn or painted, not written) of fiction writers, poets, critics, journalists, cartoonists, painters, illustrators, editors, publishers, and booksellers (including his hero, Ted Wilentz, who now runs the Yale Co-op bookstore)—all of them instigated and collected by Britton, who has a regard for artistic people which is rivalled only by Boswell's. Nor did he mention his playing the part of a bookseller in the movie "The Front," and his line, delivered to Woody Allen: "Don't you know that modern American literature started with 'Huckleberry Finn,' dummy?"

I asked Britton why he had wanted to start a new bookstore in New York.

"I didn't think I could take another year in the basement of the Strand," he said. "I was underground ten years—no window, no light, no air. Six days a week, and I didn't even go out to lunch. That entered into my decision, and so did the response that Walter Pidgeon, as a master pickpocket, made to an underling when he was asked how he always knew which pocket contained the wallet. 'My boy,' he said, in that marvellous, wisdom-of-the-ages way of his, 'it's what I do.' Beyond that, I thought that everybody who ran a bookstore in New York was wrong the way he went about it, and that what I had in mind was right—and the business we have done since we opened confirms it. Why hasn't anybody come up before with my idea for what's getting to be known as The Wall?"

The Wall is a bookshelf that stretches at least halfway along the north side of Books & Co. On it, in hardcover and sometimes in duplicating paperback, are the works of all the poets, novelists, critics, journalists, and playwrights that Britton considers first-rate. The titles I mentioned earlier are all on The Wall. Britton says of it, "I don't like the word 'literature,' but that's what The Wall is. Any book that makes The Wall is there forever, or as long as it's available. And in due course I'm going to add out-of-print books. When Jeannette and I were buying our stock, the book salesmen, many of them my friends, kept telling us that we were ordering the wrong books, that we'd never pay our rent with poetry chapbooks. Well, I ordered twenty hardcover copies of Grace Paley's second book of short stories. They were sold eleven days after they were on the shelf. I bought twenty or thirty copies of the hardbound edition of García Márquez's 'One Hundred Years of Solitude,' when it's been in paperback for seven years. Gone. I. B. Singer—twenty-nine items. Gone, before the Nobel Prize. Now, I don't always play critic for The Wall. Chekhov is God to me and Dostoevski Christ, but Tolstoy I can't read, because he bores me. But he's up there. I accept the world's opinion that he was this great monster writer. I stock the best-sellers and such, but they go in the back room, where they belong. This is not a boutique or a drugstore, like some of the other bookstores in New York. Or a supermarket. Jeannette and I collaborated on the name of the shop. I thought it would be great to simply call it Books. But she and her father came up with Books & Co., and we went with that. I didn't think they were right, but I do now. Of course, the place is still a mess. All these cartons will be replaced by tables, which will run the length of the store, and upstairs will be places to sit and read, which is what a bookstore is supposed to offer. Everybody's been coming in: Arnold Newman (by the way, we have the best collection of photography books in New York); W. Eugene Smith, who died a week later; André Kertész; John Cheever, whom I'd never met, and who surprised me, he was so short; Susan Sontag; Carlos Fuentes; John Ashbery; Michael Arlen; Renata Adler; Mark Strand; Saul Steinberg, who was bowled over; Kurt Vonnegut; Harold Brodkey; Robert Creeley; John Hollander. Hey, there's Hortense Calisher. Her first visit!" Britton excused himself to greet Miss Calisher, and offered her the hospitality of the house—coffee, tea, or wine.

I left, taking "Seize the Day" and "A Walker in the City" with me.

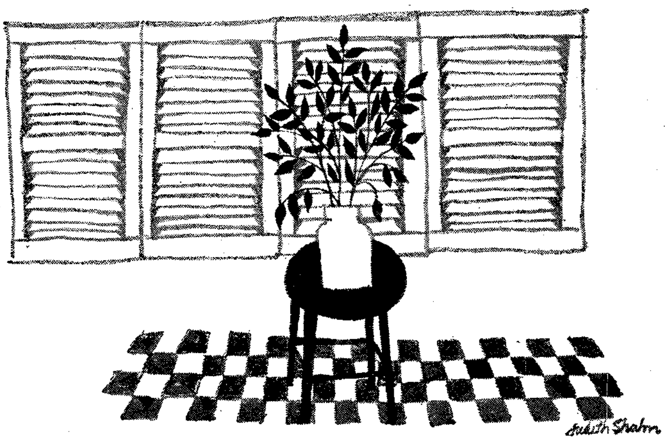
ATLANTISES

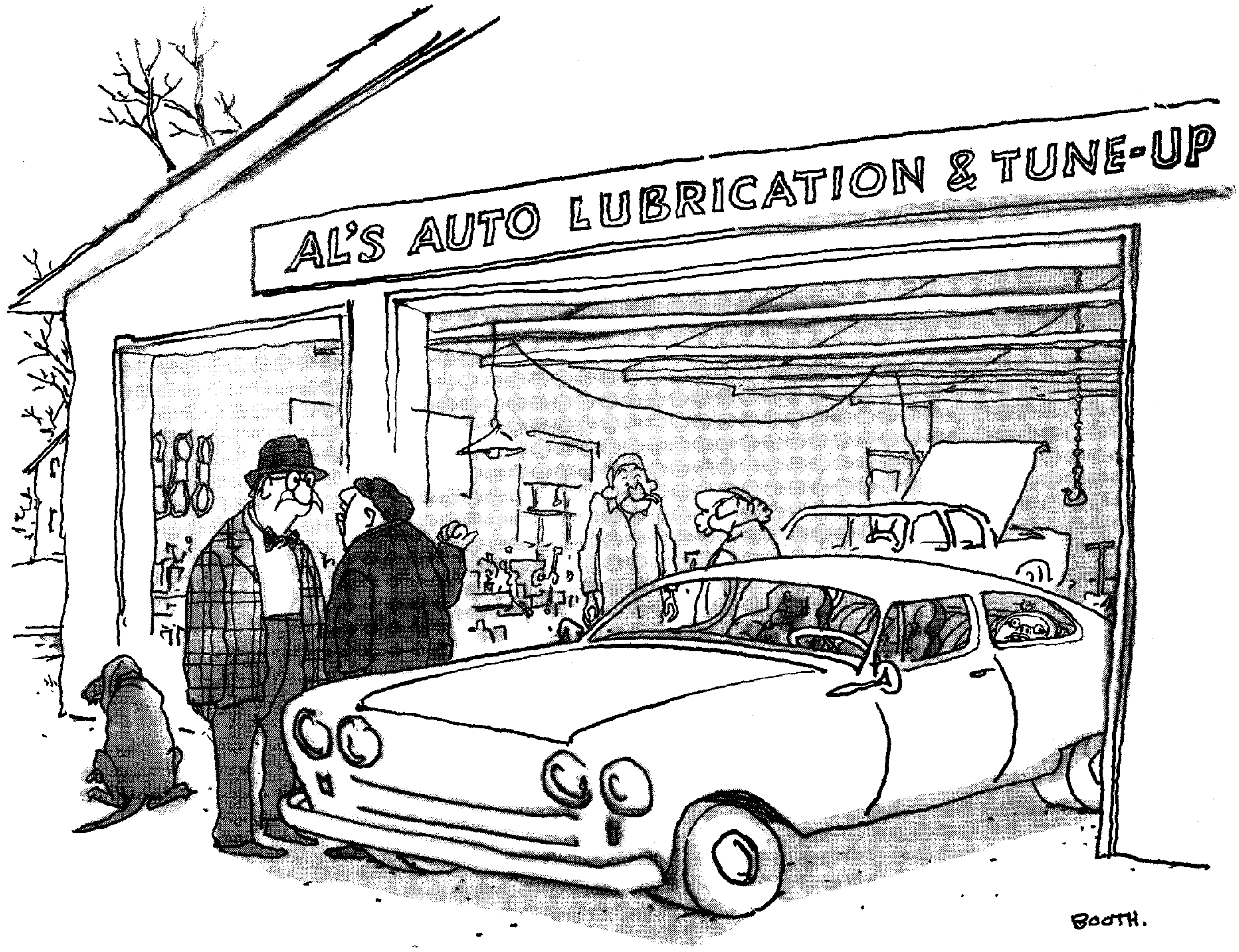
AT breakfast, seeing on the front page of the local newspaper a photograph of a sweet-faced mass murderer, Mr. Farnham said to Mrs. Farnham, "Doesn't he look like Mr. Ciemiewiscz?" Then he realized, with a sinking feeling, that it had not been she who had known Mr. Ciemiewiscz; it had been the first Mrs. Farnham, with whom, on the vanished continent of Atlantis, Farnham had known Ciemiewiscz, the "super" for the building containing the first apartment he and his former wife had occupied, over twenty years ago. It had been a basement flat. Cats had crept in the window at night. More than once, he had awakened with a cat purring on his chest. He and his wife had begged Ciemiewiscz in vain for screens. Looking out at the street, the Farnhams' young eyes had been level with a bed of lilies of the valley, the little white waxy bells hanging down like old-fashioned lampshades in miniature. Ciemiewiscz had burned the building's trash in the incinerator just outside the Farnhams' door (B-1), cursing loudly to himself over the incombustibles that found their way into his collection. His face had not been sweet, exactly, but soft, with curved lips and mild wide Polish eyes behind which—who knew now?—may have hung murderous dreams. Farnham had not thought of this man for years. His thoughts of him now had taken less than a second.

His wife, glancing upward from the "Living" section at the photograph he was displaying to her, perhaps had not heard his slip of misplaced nostalgia. "Incredible" was her simple response, answering to many situations. Her lovely eyes lowered and returned to "Living."

The Farnhams lived inland, in a state people confused with Ohio; the fertile flatness, the tall skies, the way the trucks rolled day and night made them happy, because these things were theirs alone. They had both been Easterners. He had lived (it seemed incredible now) all his life, in one city or suburb or another, within a few miles of the sea. He had got out just in time. Atlantis was now sunk beneath the sea. It had been sandy, marshy, permeated by glistening water like something very rotten, and doomed. Odd moments of his life there, as detailed and difficult of explanation as religious visions or archeological finds, returned to him: he saw himself, *was* himself, walking on sand, with a lame and swollen foot, down to the salt water, arm in arm with a woman with whom he had never had an affair. Their one moment of intimacy, of contact, had been then. He had stepped on a nail in his basement; it had gone through the sole of his sneaker and an inch of his foot with a brutal, buttery ease. Incredible! Had he stepped a little to one way or another in the dark, had his son or whoever was to blame not neglected to pick up the board, or had some carpenter at a majestic remove of contingency not driven that nail through that board at all, his foot would not have been pierced. But pierced it had been, forcing Farnham to perceive what a second-rate club actuality is. Membership in it is secured through a mix of mediocre credentials and fortuitous qualifications, while a host of preferable possibilities vainly clamor outside for admission. The nail through his foot, once admitted into actuality, brought with it a tetanus shot, a cancelled golf game, a spat with his son; thus this event, which so easily might have missed occurring, dubiously enriched reality. Of all these consequences, none endured now but the somehow uneradicated image wherein, at sunset, at one of those typical Atlantan beach parties, with their poignant intersections of childhood and adulthood, conjugality and infidelity, this woman in no way especially dear to him had taken pity on his buffoonishly displayed discomfort and led him to the water, on the theory that the cold brine might ease the swelling. As he took his halt steps in her embrace, they both seemed enclosed in a bubble of white wine, with its illusory shimmer of well-being. The sand as they approached the water's edge became smooth and cool. Their friends from beside the bonfire of driftwood shouted jokes, not necessarily rude, after them. The woman's waist was solid under his hand. His foot hurt. The scent of woodsmoke was eclipsed by the great cold salt breath of the sea. The jokes fell away, and there was silence, except for the timeless slip-slapping of the wavelets and his anticipatory sigh of relief as the bitter summer Atlantic embraced his wound. That was all. The memory, now sunk so deep in the currents of time, had invested itself with an idyllic grandeur, magnified like a plaster castle in an aquarium, and perhaps lent a touch of eternity by the uninvited kindness of the woman. On Atlantis, every woman was a priestess.

On Atlantis, Farnham recalled with wonder, people never tired of parties. There were beach parties, lawn parties, housewarming parties, office parties, birthday parties, post-party parties, all with "something of the barbaric," as Plato relates, though the temples, with their walls and pillars "variegated with gold and silver and orichalcum," were seldom visited by Farnham, his wife, and their friends. In their suburb, it was true, "of the buildings some they framed of one simple color, in others they wove a pattern of many colors by blending the stones for the sake of ornament so as to confer upon the buildings a natural charm." Flowering shrubs were cultivated, pools were dredged, and such industry as was needed to fuel the game of life was hidden behind tall fences. The terrain supported hosts of children, innocent bystanders bored yet glued by dependence to the constant festivities, bitten by mosquitoes at the edge of the volleyball court, crankily falling asleep on the sofa as cocktail hours stretched into pickup suppers and beyond. "When darkness came on and the sacrificial fire had died down, all the princes robed themselves in most beautiful sable vestments, and sate on the ground beside the cinders of the sacramental victims throughout the night." The children, as the seasons turned, enlarged gradually in size, spiked the volleyball, drank all the beer in the refrigerator, vied for the family chariots, and cultivated an illegal weed in corners of their parents' estates. Unnoticed by all but a few, the tides were seeping higher, as could be confirmed by





"We located the hissing noise, Mr. Watkins. Your wife's mother is in the back seat."

• •

the rings of barnacles on the old pilings, and the mussel flats gleamed blue under only the fullest of moons. Rather suddenly, it seemed, all was sunk beneath the water; temples, gardens—all was lost, though an occasional Christmas card floated to the surface, and the gaze of some vanished child, wanting to be taken home, would well up from the sparkle of a flat sidewalk and break Farnham's expatriate heart.

MRS. FARNHAM said, "Don't blame me," setting aside "Living."

"For what?"

"For not knowing who Ciemiewiscz was. Or remembering how you all used to stay up all night eating mussels on the beach and then going to somebody's house for scrambled eggs."

"Did we use to do that?"

"Rodney and I used to do it, too. We'd stay up till four in the morning playing Botticelli and then be up for church at eight."

"Incredible," Farnham said.

"Oh, he was fanatic about not missing church. Yet I could never get him to explain to me what it meant to him."

"We used to go to church fairs," Farnham said. "Then they built an A-frame parish house and there wasn't any church lawn anymore."

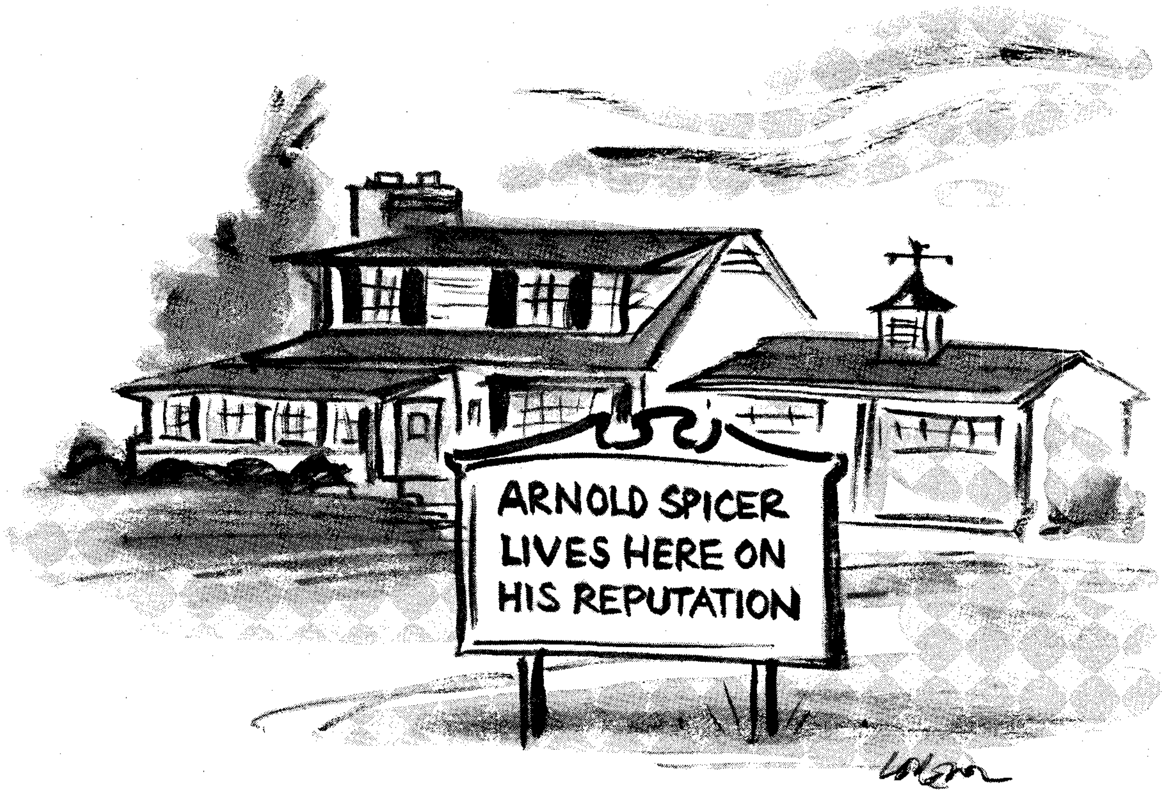
"After church," she said, "all the husbands would play touch football while we sat on the cold grass reading the damn Sunday paper. Or softball, depending on the time of year. The babies would keep asking what inning it was."

"God, the energy," Farnham conceded. "God, we must have been young."

He sometimes forgot she was an Atlantan too. She too had seen the walls of orichalcum, and the great moat of which Plato admitted, "It seems incredible that it should be so large as the account states." Now, bored with reminiscence, she turned her blue eyes to the window, where they could see corn. The Farnhams floated here in corn like angels in a cloud—corn planted, corn sprouting, corn greening, corn ripening, corn as high as an elephant's eye, corn harvested, corn stubble.

"We're not young now," she told him. "Your little girl is living with a boyfriend in Bridgeport. Your little boy is making three hundred a week in data control in Worcester."

Farnham stopped himself from saying "Incredible," though he felt it was. The way his wife's face caught the window light reminded him of another woman, who for a time he would visit in her house by a tidal river, and who in remissions of their passion might lightly gaze out at a passing rowboat, its oars plodding, or at some sudden wheeling outcry of gulls. Or else she was listening, through the tremble of elm leaves proximate to her window, for a repetition of a sound downstairs that made her fear that her husband or children had returned prematurely. The very atmosphere of Atlantis, in



such moments, seemed a shimmering fabric that might tear. On the sloping banks of the river, dark mud mixed with granite and clamshells, an old man would be tying a dinghy, or some children might be skipping stones, to the admiration of a pet dog. The innocence of the scene would flood up to their windowsill, and tremble through, it seemed in memory, while their breathing stopped and their hearts thundered on.

"You're thinking about your old girlfriends," Mrs. Farnham accused.

"How can you tell?"

"By the light in your eyes. They get green."

The same light, sea light, had trembled through and saturated the skin of the priestesses as they lifted on an elbow and listened for that which was forbidden to be discovered. The sacred laws of Atlantis were written on golden tablets. The tidal world outside creaked, as with a complexity of winches—gulls, oarlocks, children's voices. And the alien corn outside his window dimmed, became husky, negligible, permeated by the memory of Atlantis, its curving waterways, its towering cities, its endless parties. A whiff of salt water wakened him to present reality; he looked across the breakfast table and said, "Don't cry."

THE child who had been living with a man in Bridgeport was getting married, unexpectedly, to another man. The wedding was to be in Westerly. Mr. and Mrs. Farnham flew East, into the past, against the course of the sun, and rented a car. The industrial haze, the crowdedness, the cornlessness moved him keenly, even in the airport parking lot. They drove east, along the coast. In the words of Plato: "It was possible for the travellers of that time to cross from it to the other islands, and from the islands to the whole of the continent over against them which encompasses that veritable ocean." Norwalk, Fairfield, Milford. On a high bridge, they passed above a river and a helicopter plant. They left the Merritt and drove due east, along the rotten coast. New Haven, New London. To their left loomed gray structures of amphibious intricacy, and Mrs. Farnham was reminded of a story.

"You see that tall tower, way over? That's full of water, and they use it to train people to get out of submarines without panicking. A guy I once knew, between Rodney and you, was a frogman, and his job was to hang inside the tower on a wire and watch the guys going past to make sure they were blowing enough bubbles."

"Going past?"

"Going *up*, from the bottom, where they'd put you in. You had to keep blowing air out of your lungs. Otherwise you'd get an embolism and die. Some guys did die. My friend's assignment was, if you weren't blowing out enough bubbles he'd grab you."

"Grab you?" Farnham was distracted by a sign to Mystic. Did he want to go to Mystic? Did he want to go to Old Mystic?

"And pull you into a kind of compartment until you'd get up your nerve and start blowing out bubbles again."

"Is there that much air in your lungs?"

"There is when you begin at the bottom of the sea."

"I think I'd panic. This guy, he must have been some guy."

"He had his points."

"Name some."

"We didn't work out, though."

"Did—how well did you know him?"

"Pretty."

He looked over; her eyes were green.

Farnham, heading toward his daughter's wedding, prayed: O rise, frogman, smoothly and without panic, up from the depths, trailing your train of air; bring us news of sunk Atlantis, our fabled pasts. —JOHN UPDIKE

●

NOX REGINA

Why does she permit far
Too much to come to pass
Deep in her dominion,
Darkness to be so full
Of possibility:
So much making of love,
So much quiet dying
And, crowded with its paled
Allusions to the day
And all his regular
Brightness, so much dreaming?
These should be sorted out
And not allowed to lie
Against one another
Like, say, a scalpel, two
Mirrors, a painted bead,
And most of an old queen
Of spades in a dark drawer.
Why then does she not rule
Her lands more decently?
—Oh, she is lonely and
Her many eyes, dimly
Turned down on us as if
Glimmering, all are blind.

—JOHN HOLLANDER

SMOKE

Marty Elber followed his mother's green sports car through Beverly Hills, but she was too good a driver for Marty to stay close, even on his motorcycle. The recently remarried Mrs. Audrey Elber Sharon caught the next-to-last corner before her new home at about sixty at the apex of the curve, tires twisting, exhaust pipes firing like pistol shots.

She was laughing, leaning out of the open driver's door of her car and brushing grains of sand from her bare feet, when Marty drove his bike onto the blacktop turnaround. He dropped his kickstand, sat back sideways on the bike saddle, and lighted a cigarette. He was wearing Levi's, with suspenders and no shirt, and linesman's boots. He was twenty-six.

"I won," his mother said. "You couldn't catch me, and you had all the way from Santa Monica."

"All the way from Malibu," Marty said. "I saw you leaving the Mayfair Market. You made every single light, though. I had to stop a lot."

Audrey Sharon picked up a paper sack of groceries and a cluster of iced-tea cans from the passenger seat of her car. She cradled the groceries in her arm, hooked the cans with her free fingers, used her knee to slam the car door, and came toward Marty. "Give us a puff," she said.

Marty put his cigarette between his mother's lips. "I need to borrow a great deal of money," he said while Audrey inhaled. "Before the weekend."

"Don't talk to me," she said, "talk to Hoyt."

Marty wiggled his jaw and yanked his chin strap loose. He lifted off his motorcycle helmet. "I can't talk to Hoyt," he said.

Hoyt Sharon came around the corner from the side lawn, carrying a 9-iron and a perforated plastic golf ball. His white hair was cut to a fine bristle, and he wore a long-billed fishing cap and what looked to Marty like a crimson spacesuit—one-piece, with its Velcro closing straps undone from his throat to his belly.

"Marty! Great! Come in, come in," Hoyt said.

"Hey," Marty said, "how's the honeymoon?"

Hoyt had planted himself over the golf ball. He rolled his shoulders and swung the club. The ball clicked and flew up onto the slate-shingled garage roof. "So much for that soldier," Hoyt said. He came up behind Audrey and tried to take the groceries away from her.

"Will you please calm down?" she said to him. "Look at how much you're sweating."

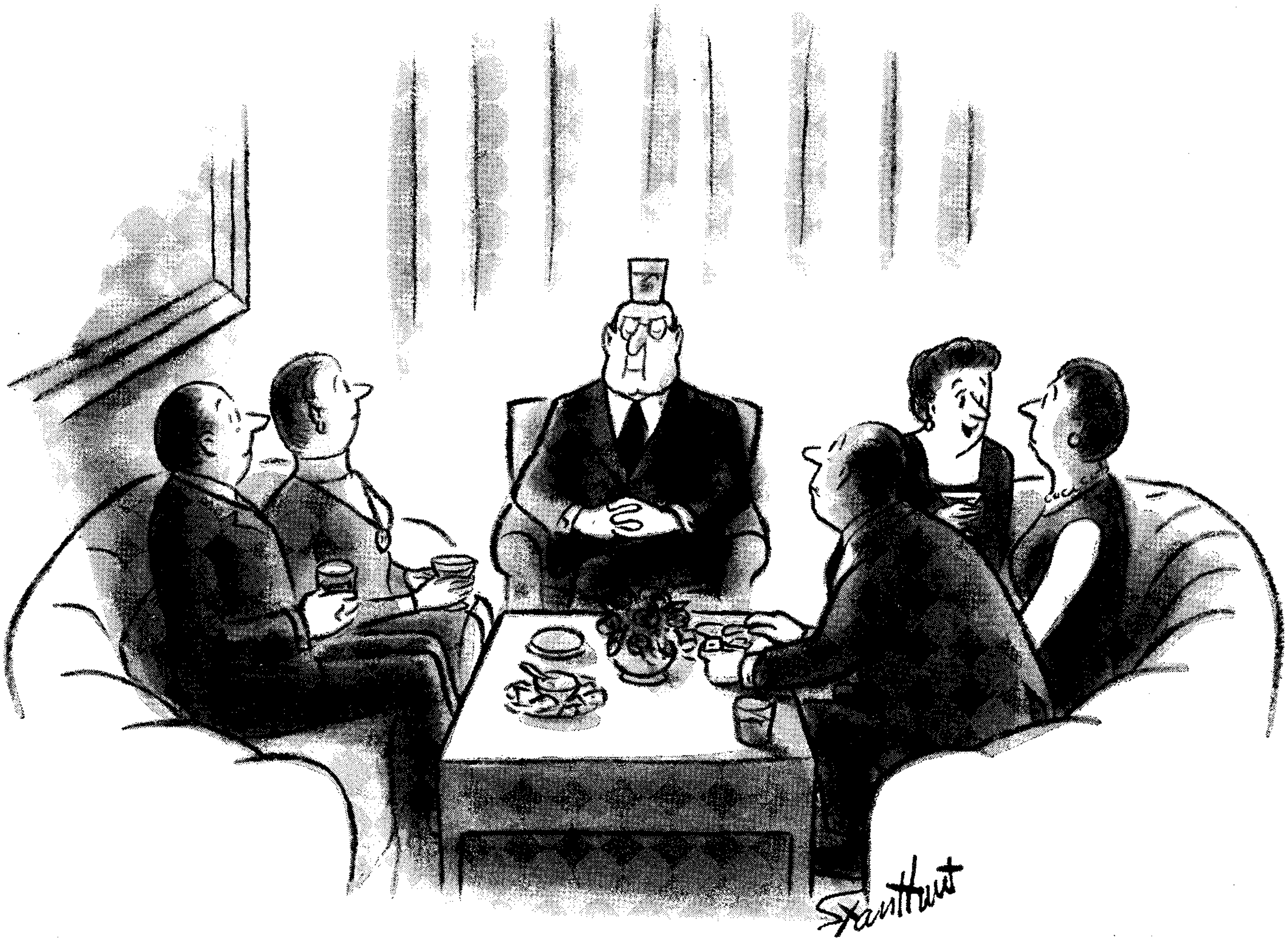
"O.K. Sorry," Hoyt said.

"If you want to help me carry, get the food cooler and beach umbrella from the trunk," Audrey said.

"Remember to talk to him for me," Marty whispered to his mother as they trailed Hoyt across the lawn.

Hoyt dumped the umbrella and golf club he was carrying and opened the front door for Audrey and Marty. They entered a panelled foyer cluttered with plants and bright oil paintings of sinewy cowboys. Audrey went up three carpeted steps and through a swinging saloon door that led to the kitchen.

Hoyt led Marty through another foyer, which was being repapered



"Pemberton is showing you his fun side, which very few people even know exists."

with flocked maroon sheets; through the shadowy game room, where an old-fashioned dark-green billiard table stood on an emerald carpet; and into the library, which was two stories tall. Two of the library walls were glass, with louvred double doors, and in front of a third wall there was a row of plush-covered theatre seats, bolted to the floor. Above these, a mural depicted a cattle stampede and a cowboy being flung from the saddle of a panicky-looking horse.

Marty sat down in a large wooden armchair decorated with old cattle brands. Hoyt threw himself into the sofa, which was as long and deep as a rowboat.

"Your mom tell you about Henry Kissinger?" Hoyt said, clasping his hands behind his head. "It's the damnedest thing. She tell you? You won't believe it."

"I don't think so," Marty said. "No."

"Ben Deverow and his wife—you don't know them—go into the Derby for lunch and there he is, Henry Kissinger."

"Really?" Marty said.

"Yeah, having shrimp or something," Hoyt said. "Only, you won't believe this, but he's in drag. He's dressed up like a woman."

"Oh, come on," Marty said, reaching across the coffee table for a copy of *Sports Illustrated*.

"No. He's really Kissinger, but he's got a . . . a whatchamacallit. . . ." Hoyt pointed to the swordfish stitched on his cap.

"A wig?"

"No, he didn't even have a wig. He had a little . . . like a hat thing, you know? With a little lace veil?"

Marty said, "He couldn't do that. Everyone would know if he dressed up like a woman and went out in public."

"That's what you'd think," Hoyt said. "It's what I'd think, isn't it? But it was him. I swear it."

"You weren't even there," Marty said.

"You're too quick for me," Hoyt said. "I was lying. It wasn't Kissinger at all. It was Ronald Reagan."

"He give you the Kissinger thing?" Audrey said as she padded into the room. "Isn't that incredible?" She had put on a pair of jeans and combed her hair in a ponytail.

Hoyt took a red tablet from his shirt pocket. He put the pill on his tongue, hopped up from the couch, crossed the room, and gulped water from a cut-glass pitcher on the bar. "Forgot my Stresstab," he said apologetically.

Marty cleared his throat three or four times, turning the pages of his magazine.

"Marty needs money for his business, Hoyt," Audrey said.

"Why the hell didn't he come to me before?" Hoyt said. He slapped his palms on the seat of his spacesuit.

"He didn't need money before," Audrey said.

"Look," Hoyt said, "I get a kick out of helping young people. You know who helped me when I was stalled? Forty years ago, when Anaheim was just a crop of orange trees?"

"Gene Autry," Audrey said.

"Gene Autry is who," Hoyt said. "That's right, honey." He turned to Marty and said, "No, I don't see any problem here. What are we playing with? Land?"

"Smoke detectors," Marty said. "I can get in on a pretty safe operation, Hoyt. Some friends in Sacramento tell me they're thinking about making detectors mandatory in the next couple of years."

"Besides which, I believe in the damn things," Hoyt said. "They're like little alarms? You bet I do. They save lives. Friends of mine lost a kid in a fire once. I say 'a kid,' but I mean *infant*. You should have seen it." He parted his hands. "They had a teeny-tiny casket only this big."

Audrey switched on the television, and a local charity telethon appeared on the screen. A high-school orchestra was playing "High Hopes." Audrey sat down on the carpet in front of the set, and Hoyt leaned over and kissed one of her ears as they both watched the screen.

"Can I neck with you for a second?" the show's master of ceremonies said to a five-year-old girl whose legs were strapped into metal braces. The child had on a party dress. "Why can't I?" he said. "Are you married?" He dropped on one knee before the girl and squinted at her suspiciously.

"No, I'm too little," the child said.

"You aren't too little," the m.c. told her and the audience. "You're one of the very biggest people on this planet, because your heart is full of courage and hope."

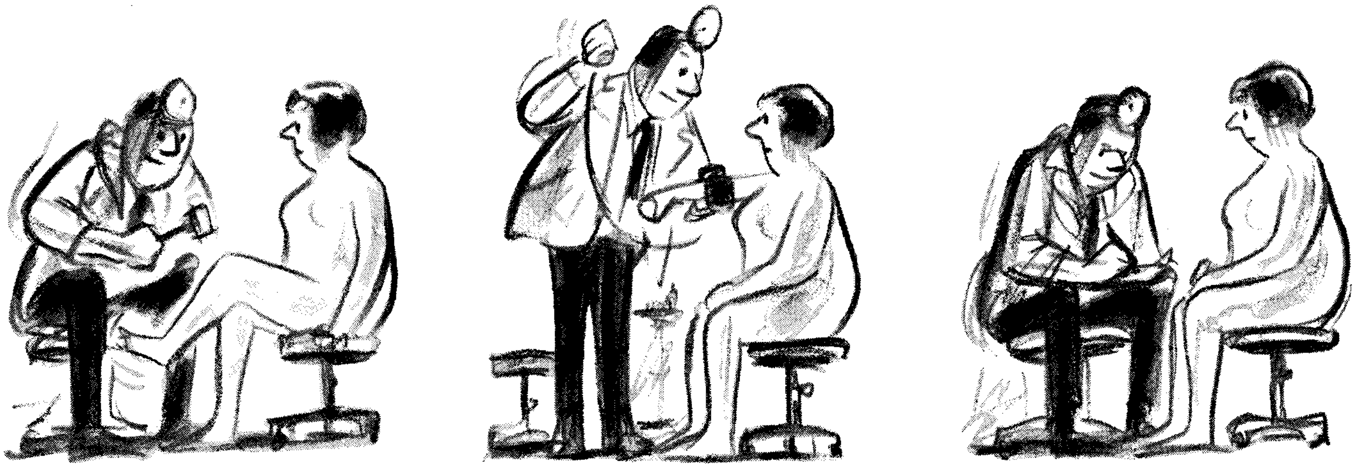
Marty went over and pulled open the double glass doors. They moved easily on their runners. There was the smell of cut grass, the knock of a carpenter's hammer, the hiss of lawn sprinklers.

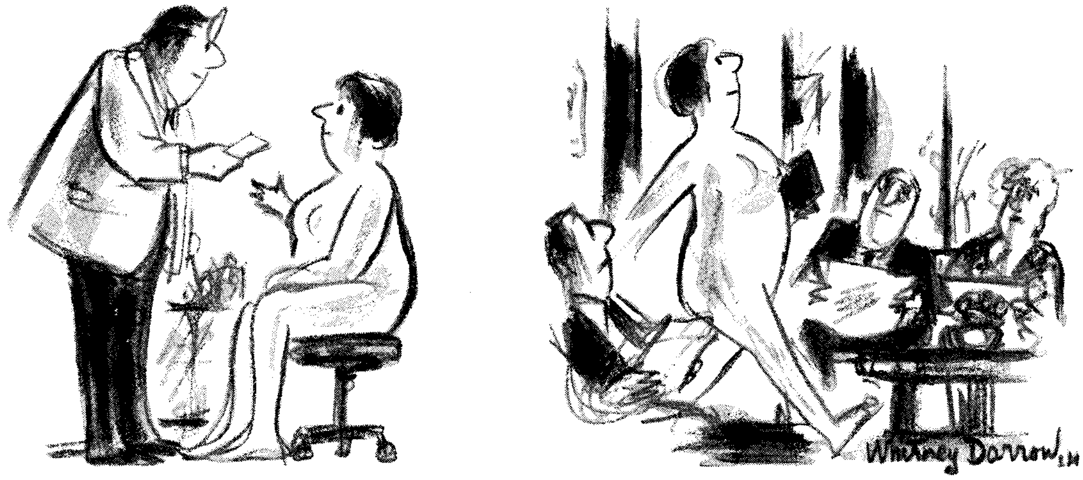
Hoyt turned abruptly and came across the room. He sprang back and forth on the balls of his feet, shooting fists in combinations like a prizefighter. "O.K., buddy," he said to Marty. "Your turn. Waltz with me a few rounds."

"I really can't, Hoyt," Marty said.

"You want a grubstake," Hoyt said. "You got to do a little dancing." He moved easily, but his face was red. He jabbed wide of Marty's throat, delicately pointing the knuckles of his half-closed fingers.

Audrey turned off the television set





and watched the two men, with her arms folded.

Hoyt stopped moving. Marty stood before him, flat-footed, with his arms half raised.

"The old monkey," Hoyt said. He swung a clowning roundhouse right that smashed into Marty's left temple.

"Jesus, Hoyt," Marty said. The blow had knocked him onto the carpet, where he lay on one elbow and hip.

"He's all right," Hoyt said to Audrey.

"I'm all right," Marty said, getting to his feet.

Hoyt danced toward him. "Cover up," Hoyt said, and Marty crouched and crossed his arms over his face.

"Breadbasket," Hoyt said and whipped his left fist at Marty's bare stomach. Marty walked away, with his hands on his hips, trying to take a breath. He bent over and went into a squat.

"Leave him alone," Audrey said. "Poor Marty."

"Christ, Hoyt," Marty said.

"Woozy?" Audrey asked him. She pushed Marty forward until he went onto all fours, and then found a metal wastepaper basket, which she put down under his face.

"I'm sorry, Marty," Hoyt said. "That was nuts of me. Just wanted to get the blood running back to the pump, you know? Those weren't supposed to land."

"You didn't have to put his eye out," Audrey said.

"I think he did it," Marty said. "I can't see out of it."

"Look at me," Audrey said, taking Marty's chin in her hand. "No. All it is is a little sliver-cut at the edge of the brow. You'll have a mouse that may close your eye a bit. I'll get you a cup of coffee." She left the room.

Marty sat on the couch. Hoyt paced in front of him. "Forget it, Marty, really," he said. "I didn't mean for those to land. You're a great kid for not hauling off and plastering me right back."

Marty said, "I wouldn't mess with you."

"What'd you say you'd need to get in on those alarm systems? Did you say three or four thousand?"

"Really, three thousand is more than it would take," Marty said. "Three thousand is great, sir."

"Not 'sir.' Don't call me 'sir.'" Hoyt went over to the door and took some deep breaths. He pounded his chest a few times. He put a finger on the side of his nose, closing off the nostril, and breathed deeply five or six more times. "Listen, though," he said. "Don't those fire alarms sometimes go off when there's no fire?"

"They're working on that," Marty said.

"Your mother's so mad at me," Hoyt said.

"I'll tell her everything's O.K.," Marty said.

When Audrey came back into the room, she was carrying a full cup of coffee for Marty. "Everything's all right here," Hoyt said. She and Marty smiled at each other. When Marty glanced over at Hoyt, he saw that Hoyt was grinning, too.

"We're in business," Hoyt said. "My father told me the only things you got to worry about are sex, death, and money. And he told me if you've got the right family you'll never have to worry about two of them. That just leaves death. Bear that in mind, friends."

—MARY ROBISON

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How do prominent New Yorkers entertain? According to Lord & Taylor, many of them combine business with pleasure. At the home of John and Mary Lindsay, for instance, the stage is set for a gathering of political crones.—*City News.*

All of them wearing tennis sneakers.

A GALLERY OF WOMEN

MY father died at eighty-three, crippled both in his body and in his mind. In 1969, six years after my mother died, he was approaching his death, uneasily, fitfully. Again and again, he was on the verge of it. But it was a pit he shied away from. "Life, the abyss of death makes you great," he wrote in a tremulous hand in the notebook he kept on a table at his bedside.

I wasn't with him when he finally died, in 1970. But the year before, in midwinter, when his condition suddenly worsened, I left my family in America and went to Italy to stay with him. He was bedridden, recovering from a badly set fracture of the hipbone. And he had other things wrong with him—hardening of the arteries, for one. I thought my presence would cheer him, but it didn't. I was never any good at dissembling, and, seeing the terrible state he was in, I was overcome by such a heavy cast of gloom that I felt I couldn't break out of it and that I was only adding to his burdens.

"Why do you look so dark?" he would ask me, using for "dark" the word "*oscuro*"—"obscure."

"I am sorry," I would say.

Propped up by pillows, in light pearl-white pajamas, he would look at me sternly. "Go, go," he would tell me, and with a slight motion of his hand wave me out of his bedroom.

He looked very frail, with that frailty of the sick that lends dignity. His face was spare to excess, as was his body. Only his eyes—large, mournful, searching—remained unchanged. On his better days, he might read me a poem. In my many years at universities and in the company of literary people, I have never met anyone who liked poetry more than my father, or, for that matter, knew more about it. So I listened with attention and pleasure, for the rhythm always seemed absolutely right. It was the only comfort I could bring him. But even as a listener I wasn't quite what he wanted.

What he wanted was the company of women. Even Assunta, the maid—an elderly, illiterate woman, who listened to the poetry with composure, her hands clasped in front of her—was for him a better audience than I was. He had always liked women far better than men. A philosopher by nature and vocation, he saw them as the embodiment of tenderness and he thought they were more intelligent, superior. If challenged, before his memory had deteriorated, he would bring up the names of Emily Brontë, Elizabeth Browning, Anne de Noailles, the mystic Jeanne Marie Guyon, and Diotima. They struck certain notes, he said, which were not inferior to any man's. Among modern writers, he was fondest of Willa Cather and Carson McCullers. Also, with a smile he would mention Dorothy Parker, and Katherine Anne Porter, and, from an earlier period, Mary Wilkins Freeman. Of the Italians, he liked Ada Negri. Though in his library there were thousands of books by all sorts of authors, mainly classics, which here and there he had underlined neatly in pencil and annotated in shorthand at the back, now he preferred reading books by women. Also, in defense of women he would read these verses written by Keats to his sister-in-law:

> Imagine not that greatest mastery
> And kingdom over all the Realms of verse
> Nears more to heaven in aught than when we nurse
> And surety give to love and Brotherhood.

SOMETIMES that winter, old friends, hearing of my return, would come to my father's house to visit me. Often they stayed for lunch or tea. If the friend was a woman, I would bring her to my father's room. I would introduce her to him, and after a moment see that my presence disturbed him and that he wanted me to leave. If I stayed on, he would get restless and, again, his hand would wave me out. "Go now, go," he would tell me. And I would leave him alone with her.

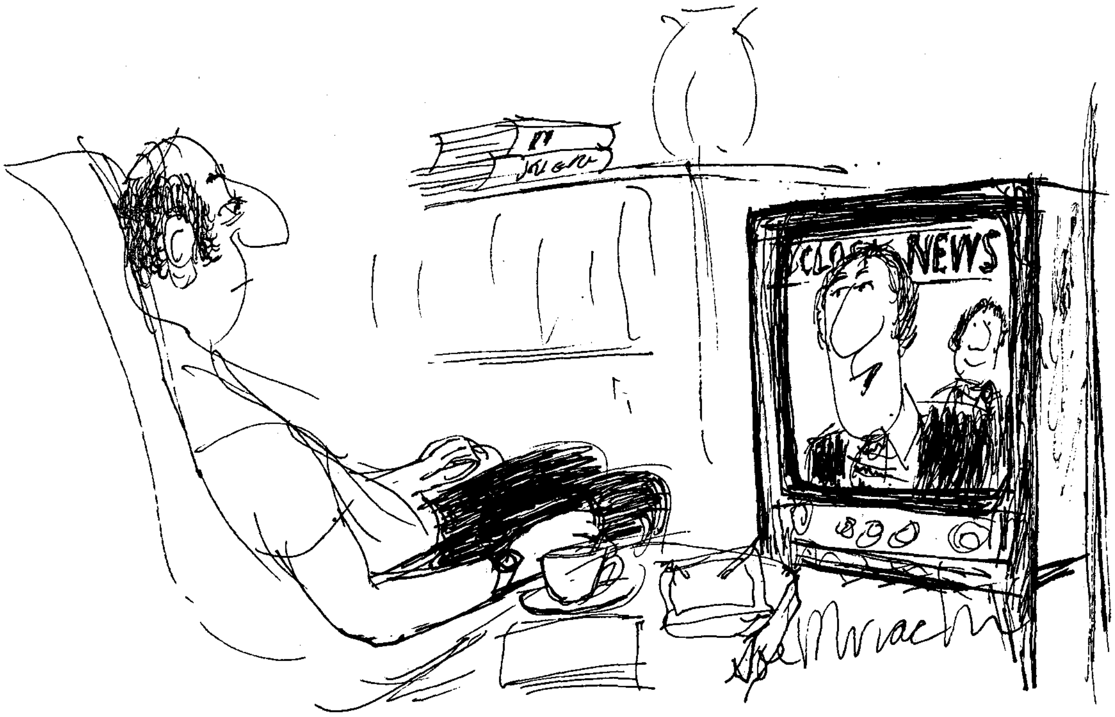
"Your father's a darling," or "Your father's so gentle," the woman would tell me afterward.

"Not with me," I would say to myself, but to her I would say, "It was nice of you to talk to him."

"Oh, it was a pleasure. He's so sweet. He read me a poem of Petrarch."

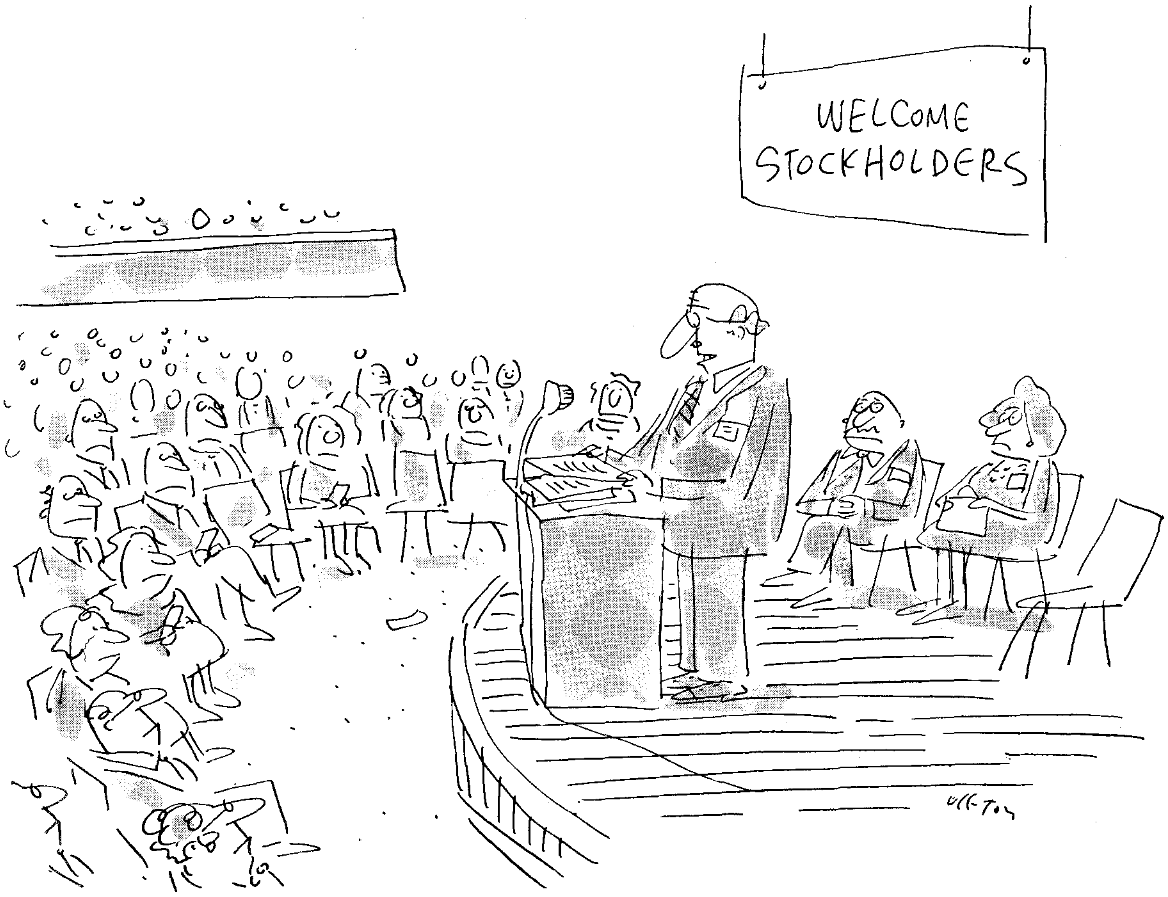
I would know just which poem it was—the sonnet to Laura which begins, "I sang, now I cry, and no less pleasure do I take of weeping than I took of singing, for to the cause not to the effect my senses are directed." Years before, when he had been well and we had taken paying guests at the house, he would give Italian lessons free to any woman guest. Sometimes a man, seeing that my father was so willing to give lessons, would ask him for one and be surprised at his reluctance. He didn't understand that his being a man and not a woman could make such a difference to my father.

And yet, even in his



"And now, with a late-breaking gag, here's Bob."

younger days, I don't think he had any intention of having an affair. He was always faithful to my mother. His compliments—and some of them were surprising—were never a means to an end with him but an end in themselves. Never subordinate, never instrumental, they flared for a moment, not meant to light a fire, only to illumine, and often they were offered in the presence of others, my mother even, who knew his ways and didn't seem to mind.



"Ooh-aiy-eee-argh-ow-yow-ooo . . ."

• •

He really delighted in the company of women. On the land that went with the house he had a peach orchard planted, and sometimes it seemed to me that the only reason he kept it was so he could employ girls or women to pick the fruit. He had me, my brothers, and my sister learn English from the time we were small children, not so much because of his love of the English language, though it certainly was a factor, but, I think, so he could have the company of the young English and American women who came to our house as tutors. Every summer, one would come and stay. Once, in her letter, a girl from Ipswich, England, enclosed her picture, and I remember seeing him looking at it through a magnifying lens, with admiration.

In the car, driving through a strange town, he would always prefer asking the way of a woman, and often choose a handsome one. He also liked to help women, to be at their service. Sometimes it was almost embarrassing. As I think back on it, though, it never embarrassed me as a child. Once, I remember, we were at Viareggio, the seaside resort, and a young woman walking along the sidewalk stepped out of her shoe. Immediately he rushed to it and held it for her while she slipped it on. She thanked him graciously. Some people laughed.

Now, in his bed, sick and old though he was, he still retained that admiration. "If he admires them, if they cheer him up so, and since I am not a good companion," I said to myself, "why don't I invite someone who is?"

Except for the few visitors who came to the house for lunch or tea, and the maid, there weren't any women that I could think of. And then from the maid I learned by chance that a girl—the daughter of a farmer who lived nearby—was working as a manicurist in town. "Couldn't she come and do his hands once in a while?" I asked Assunta. "It would be a diversion for him."

"Oh, surely she would. She wouldn't mind making a little extra money. She's only an apprentice, you know, and they don't pay her much."

"Then would you ask her?"

"Yes, I'll talk to her and let you know."

THE girl, Lisa, was very willing to come. I told my father. He looked at his hands. They were small, delicate hands; and his fingernails he had always groomed himself, very carefully with curved scissors. The slightest scratch worried him, and he took great pains to disinfect it. He had never been to a manicurist in his life.

"What a thought," he said. "I do it myself. This I can still do." And "There's the danger of tetanus." And "It's an expense."

"No, it won't cost much. And she's very pretty."

He looked at his nails again. "Well, if you like," he said.

Lisa came the next day. She was eighteen and brought an air of freshness into the room. She was unabashed and smiling as she stood before my father, her bleached-blond hair cut short, level with her earlobes.

"Ah," he said, and his gray old face seemed to regain some of its color. Was he blushing?

"Well, I'll leave you alone," I said, and left them.

A while later, Lisa came out. "So nice your father is," she said. "Yes, yes, it really went well."

"You didn't cut too much? He's afraid of getting tetanus," I said, and laughed.

"He told me. No, no, don't worry. I only clipped the tiniest bit off, and then I filed them."

"So you'll come back next week?"

"Yes, I'll be back in a week. On Thursday next."

I WENT in to see my father. "Well, how was it? Did she do a good job?"

"Yes, you see," he said, proudly showing me his hands. "Lisa," he said. "And when is she coming back?"

"Next week, on Thursday."

"Thursday," he said, and, taking out his notebook, which he kept on the bed table at his side, he wrote her name in it, and "Thursday," which I had to repeat for him more than once.

Then every day he would ask me, "And when is the manicurist—Lisa—coming?"

"On Thursday."

"Ah, yes, on Thursday. Wait a moment." He would take the notebook out and look through it carefully for her name. "Here it is—Lisa, on Thursday. Good."

But Thursday was such a long time coming for him, and he wished for her so much it was pitiful. When Sunday came, I asked the maid, "Do you think you could get Lisa to come twice a week?"

"But the nails, they won't have grown any, or hardly at all, eh?"

"Well, it's not so much a question of the nails, you know. It's that he needs the distraction."

"Yes, I understand. Well, I'll see if I can't get her to come again tomorrow."

And so Lisa came on Monday. She knew that she was welcome and she entered my father's bedroom with a flourish. "*Come sta, Signorino?*" she said. In the Tuscan countryside, *Signorino*, the diminutive of *Signore*, was the usual form of address for a man in his position, no matter how old, for *Signore* meant not only Sir but also the Lord.

"Ah, dear, I—" he said, and took her hands in both of his, and would have knelt beside her if he could, like an admiring old saint in front of the young Madonna.

I was quick to leave them alone, and I thought, Well, if I can't comfort him I've certainly found who can. And I felt rather pleased with myself for the solution.

A BARBER came to cut my father's hair once a month, a surly old fellow. "Couldn't we find a woman hairdresser for him?" I said to the maid. "Do you see how he brightens when Lisa comes?"

"Yes, I see it, but a hairdresser for a man?"

"Why not? All he needs is a little clipping. A woman could do it just as well and better than a man."

"Oh, I don't know," the maid said. The thought of a women's hairdresser doing a man's job bothered her. "And what about Claudio?" she said. "How is he going to feel?"

SNOW

Today the snow is drifting
on Belle Isle, and the ducks
are searching for some opening
to the filthy waters of their river.
On Grand River Avenue, which is not
in Venice but in Detroit, Michigan,
the traffic has slowed to a standstill
and yet a sober man has hit a parked car
and swears to the police he was
not guilty. The bright squads of children
on their way to school howl
at the foolishness of the world
they will try not to inherit.
Seen from inside a window,
even a filthy one like those
at Automotive Supply Company, the snow,
which has been falling for hours,
is more beautiful than even the spring
grass which once unfurled here
before the invention of steel and fire,
for spring grass is what the earth sang
in answer to the new sun, to
melting snow, and the dark rain
of spring nights. But snow is nothing.
It has no melody or form, it
is as though the tears of all
the lost souls rose to heaven
and were finally heard and blessed
with substance and the power of flight
and, given their choice, chose then
to return to earth, to lay their
great pale cheek against the burning
cheek of earth and say, "There, there, child."

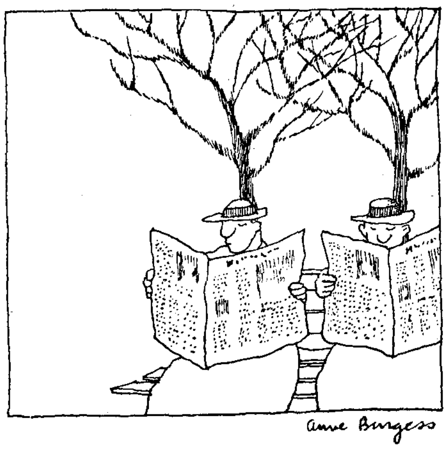
—PHILIP LEVINE

• •

"I'll talk to him. I'll have him cut my hair instead. And we'll have a woman cut my father's."

She nodded gravely. "In that case, I don't see why it could not be done."

I stalked about town looking into hairdressers' shops and beauty parlors. I inquired at three places before I found a pretty young woman in her twenties who seemed just right. She didn't have a car, she said. I said I'd pick her up in my car, or, when I couldn't, pay for a taxi. The price of the whole thing was paltry compared to doctors' bills.



"And how often do you want me to come?" she asked.

"Oh, at least every two weeks," I replied. "Maybe even once a week. You'll see the situation when you get there. Just cut very little at a time. It's mainly that his spirits are so low, and your visits will revive him."

"I've never cut men's hair, but in this case . . ."

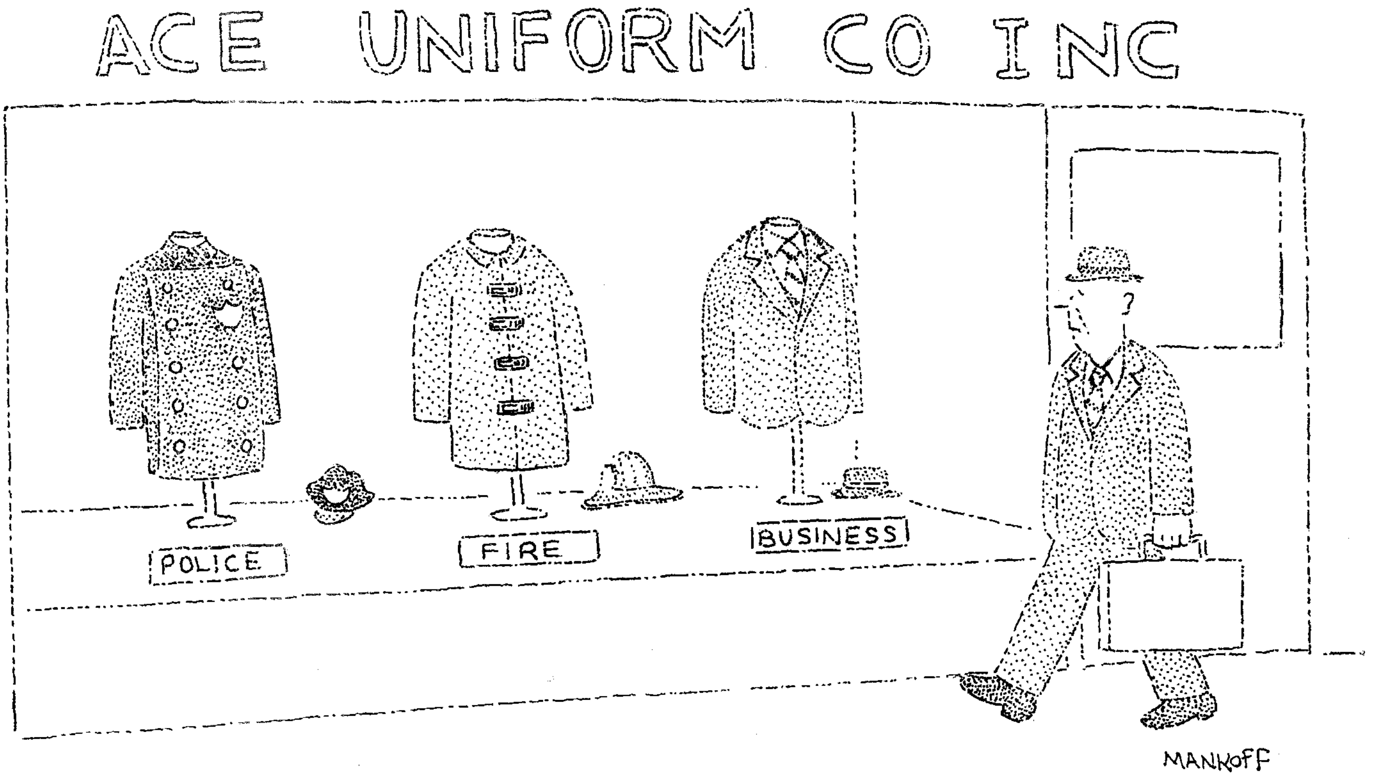
So she came, too, Sunday. Her name was Virginia, and my father wrote it in his notebook. And he liked her as much as Lisa—almost. He had a great deal of trouble getting their names straight. For a long time, he seemed to think of nothing else. He waited for them; he prepared himself for them.

"You see how much he's improved?" the maid said. "Eh, you had a good idea."

"But there are so many hours, days, between their visits," I said.

"I know," she said with a sigh. "What can we do?" And her mouth fell open and she stretched her hands back, as if she had come to a dead end.

What about the women in fiction, I thought. Sometimes my father spoke



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of them as though they were real. My mother, too, at times was for him alive, in the next room, arranging the flowers. "Go and call her," he would say, and I would go from his room wondering what to bring to him. One day, looking for a book he might like, I found Theodore Dreiser's "A Gallery of Women." I saw his little shorthand notes pencilled at the back, which to me were hieroglyphics but which had numbers opposite them referring to the pages he liked best. And I brought it to him and read him some of those stories, his hand from long ago guiding me from woman to woman. And I asked him about Diotima, and read him the dialogue of Plato in which she appears.

"She must have existed," he said. "There are truths that cannot be ascribed to her interpreters."

And then I read him Emily Brontë's "No Coward Soul Is Mine."

SLOWLY, gradually, my introducing woman after woman to him—fictional and real—became a role unforeseen, unexpected. I warmed to it. It reconciled us. He saw me, I think, no longer as obscure but as a stagehand who disclosed scenes and people to him he looked forward to seeing. I peopled his austere room with characters living and dead—for him all of them living—while I myself kept in the background.

Then, early that spring, he had a relapse that brought him near death. With it came a severe loss of memory. He couldn't remember my name, let alone Lisa's or Virginia's. And when he improved a little and he was able to see them again, they were quite new for him, and again he smiled and some of his color came back, once more as if he were blushing in their presence.

So it tided him over, this vision of fair women, off and on, during that last year. In May, my wife arrived with the children. He said she was an angel, though whether out of pity for her being married to me or in admiration of her looks and kindness I don't know. Our younger daughter, who was four, would bring him flowers or slowly hold up a candy to him, and stand by his bed and kiss him, unbothered by his sunken face, and smile, and call him *nonno*. For those smiles and visits, too, I thought I was in a way responsible, and took heart.

I had a teaching job in Boston starting in September, and in late August we left, my family and I, though not before I had succeeded in getting Erminia—a cook who had been with us for thirty years but, two years before, had retired and had gone to live with her daughter—to stay with him. She was a very talkative woman, full of tales and anecdotes of long ago. "She has such a command of the language," he said to me, soon after she arrived. And after I left, from Erminia and from the maid, I heard that the two girls continued to come, even when he was too sick for them to work on him. They came, and they sat with him, and more than once they refused to be paid. In a letter Erminia described his last days.

I see my father in bed, beyond them, his hands under the covers, his head thrown back, and the two girls at his bedside, their voices quiet, their hands still, unable to do for him what they'd done. And the books are there on his table and his notebook, which I now have here. I open it and on a page toward the end I come to their names. "Lisa, Thursday, Monday," it says. "Virginia, Sunday." Two pages farther on the names reappear. And other names are there—my wife's, my children's with their birth dates, Erminia's, Assunta's.

—ARTURO VIVANTE

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CORRECTION

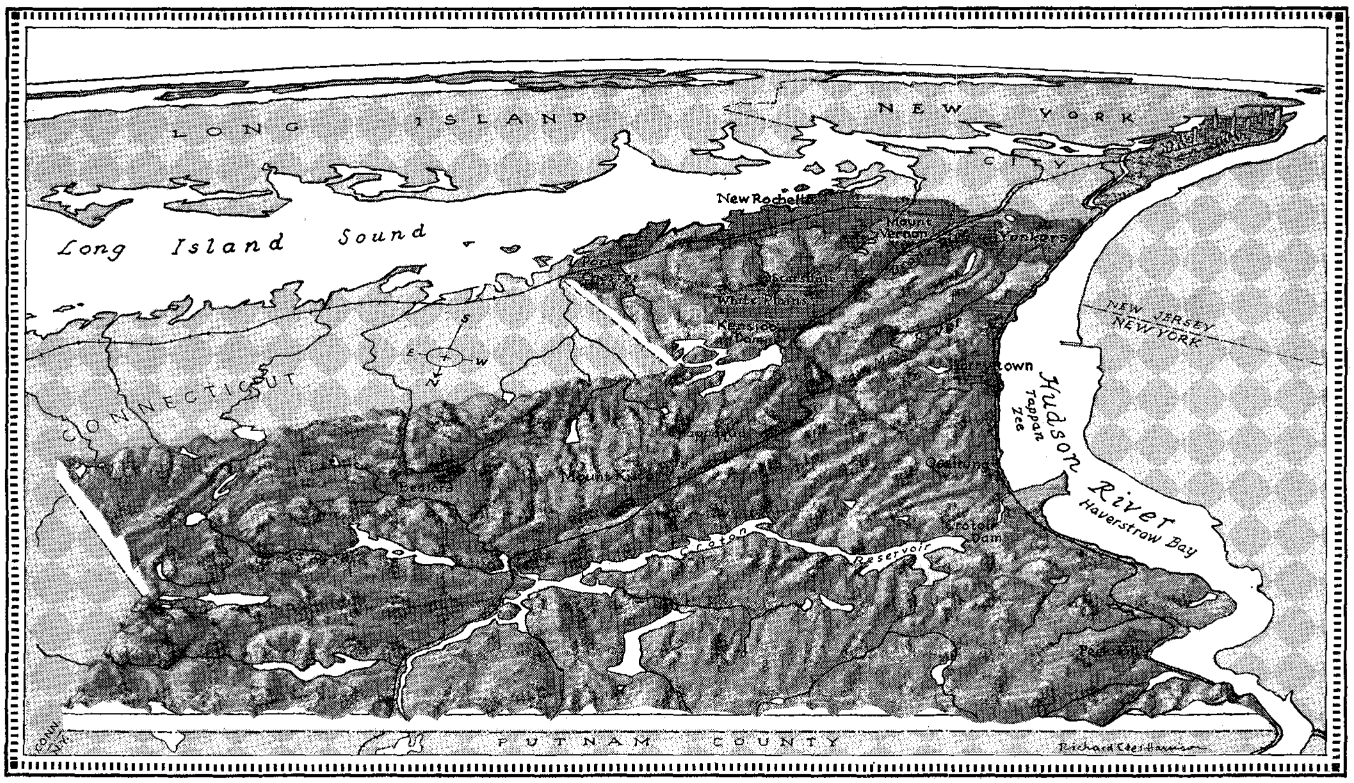
A series of mishaps in last week's edition resulted in pictures being placed with the wrong names in the What's Your Opinion column. The picture under Joe Havrilla's name was actually Zoe Engel. Mike Harris' picture was under Zoe Engel's name. Joe Havrilla's picture was under Mike Harris' name. Mary Kesinger's picture was under Helen Hopkins' name. Edna Moore's picture was under Mary Kesinger's name and Helen Hopkins' picture was under Edna Moore's name. The Leader regrets the error.

—Civil Service Leader.

Forget it.

PROFILES

WESTCHESTER



I THOUGHT I ought to take a look at it from the air, so I got hold of my friend Hadden, who has a plane—a little Aeronca Champ that he keeps, in partnership with six others, up in Dutchess County. You couldn't have asked for a better day. There wasn't a shred of cloud in the whole Northeast as far as I could see, just a little haze on the horizon. As we took off, a parachutist was hanging over the airfield like a spider on a thread. The dying rural landscapes of Dutchess and Putnam Counties opened below us. Some of the land had been in corn, but it was October, and the fields were brown and empty. Some had been let go, to be overrun with blueberries, brambles, and cedar. Desultory ribbon development lined the major thoroughfares. Up on the ridges and in the rest of the lowlands, it was mostly trees. To the south, it was nothing but trees. Our shadow was racing over the most richly diversified deciduous forest in the world: forty-two hundred species of plants, from ferns on up. The leaves had been down for several weeks now, persisting only on the scattered brown domes of oaks and the yellow fountainheads of weeping willows. Over the steeples and weathered storefronts of Brewster, Hadden steered the Champ on south. To the right was the Hudson; to the left Long Island Sound: two blue lines headed for a meeting at some point lost in the haze. Ahead of us was what we had gone up to see—Westchester County. The peninsula that narrowed before us is known as the Manhattan Prong. It is the tail end of a geological subprovince of the Appalachians called the New England Upland. The Manhattan Prong breaks off at Manhattan Island. Another prong of the New England Upland ends in Reading, Pennsylvania. Between them lies a younger subprovince, called the New Jersey Lowland. Most of the Manhattan Prong—four hundred and forty-nine square miles of it—is in Westchester County.

We held to twenty-five hundred feet. Ahead, two red-tailed hawks were playing tag in the thermals. They seemed used to planes, and banked easily to a lower level as we approached. Our plan was to follow the Harlem Valley, which runs from Brewster clear to the Bronx and is the prong's most prominent geological feature. Civilization has always favored this valley. The main Indian paths ran up it, along the riverbanks. By 1847, the tracks of the New York & Harlem Railroad Company had been laid in it. A string of depots, many for picking up milk, came into being, and hamlets grew up around them. Today, their names are etched in the subconscious of every weary commuter who rides on Conrail's Harlem Line: Bronxville, Tuckahoe, Scarsdale, Hartsdale, North White Plains, Valhalla, Pleasantville, Mount Kisco, Bedford Hills, Katonah. In the nineteen-thirties, the Saw Mill River Parkway came up the Saw Mill and Harlem Valleys. It was the golden age of road building, and the Bronx River and Hutchinson River Parkways had already been extended up the two other major valleys of the Manhattan Prong. The river parkways are not only efficient but beautiful, not just roads but greenbelts conserving important watersheds. From the air, the Harlem Valley was not the clean, straight trench I had imagined it to be. Winding and weaving at various elevations, it drains most of central Westchester, but is not the creation of one river. Several rivers, none named Harlem, cut in and out of it.

Now we were over Somers. Hadden pointed to a knoll smothered with the elegant, earth-colored units of an adult condominium called Heritage Hills of Westchester. Each unit faced at a slightly different angle, and on each patio, gripping the armrests of their sundeck chairs and taking in the view, sat a motionless elderly couple. Still in the northern part of the county, we were beyond the gravitational pull of New York City. Ninety-five per cent of the land, it seemed, was woods. The rest was open, with a few farms and orchards. To the east, in a distant meadow somewhere in South Salem, three riders in velvet helmets were taking a succession of jumps. Horses are to the Salems what sailboats are to the Hamptons. To the west, in Yorktown Heights and Baldwin Place, the landscape was more democratic: there were vast shopping malls and new subdivisions, with grass still coming in between rows of identical houses.

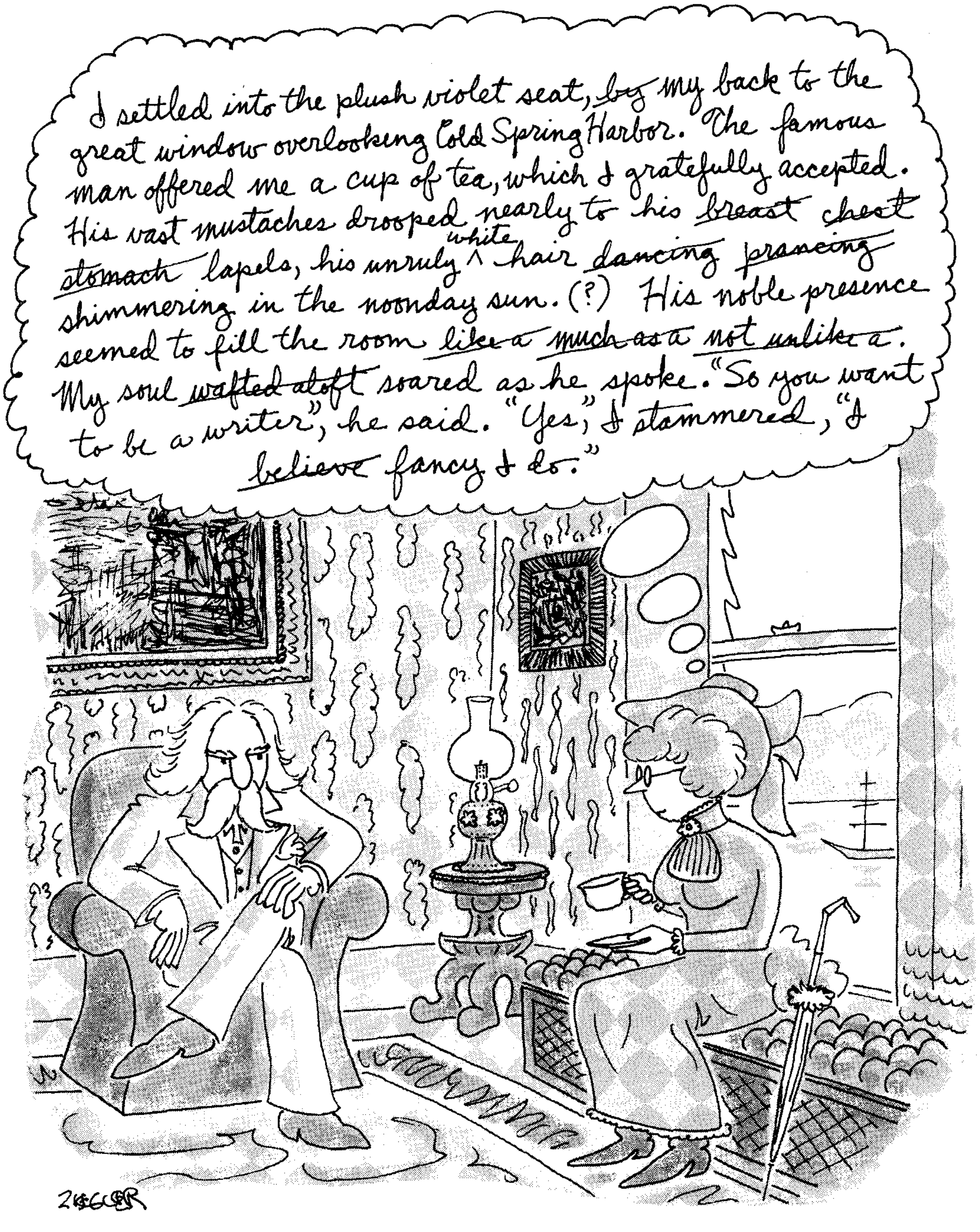
The valley beneath us bifurcated and became two valleys. The one to the right was filled with water—the long, shimmering crescent of the New Croton Reservoir, held back by a mighty dam, which took fifteen years to build and upon its completion, in 1907, was the second-largest piece of hand-hewn masonry in the world. Thousands of Italians were imported for the job. Today, one out of every three of Westchester's eight hundred and seventy thousand inhabitants is likely to have Italian blood, and many are descended from people whose first home in America was a shack beneath the Croton Dam.

We took the left-hand valley and followed it to Katonah, which looked like a quiet upstate town. South of Katonah, homing in now on north-central Westchester, we could no longer claim to be in the country. We were getting into that transitional area between the suburbs and the country for which the late A. C. Spectorsky invented the term "exurbia." It is, to use Senator William Proxmire's characterization of his native Lake Forest, Illinois, "a very, very fortunate environment." We could see signs of affluence everywhere: big houses, lush gardens, swimming pools, tennis and paddle-tennis courts. There was nothing garish about it. The pattern was quiet good taste.

"Look at this mansion coming up!" Hadden called, pointing to an approaching hilltop. The slate-tiled stone building below, with a long greenhouse, a squash court, and an indoor pool and tennis court, had been designed, I happened to know, by the firm of Frederick Law Olmsted, the man who designed Central Park. It is one of the best of the big houses, put up by one of the great turn-of-the-century fortunes. But, like many of the other big houses, it lies empty. Nobody lives like that anymore, with flocks of servants and fleets of cars.

From the air, we could see how the social strata of the exurbs conformed to the geological strata. This is a fairly common phenomenon in the United States. One finds it also, for example, in Los Angeles and its foothills. Down in the valley is blue-collar Mount Kisco, with light industry, high-rise apartments, housing projects, and mini-ghettos occupied by blacks and the more recent immigrants—Argentines, Greeks, and others in lower socioeconomic circumstances. They do things like clean houses and work in factories. On the hillsides, the petit bourgeois have collected in subdivisions. They are immigrants with more seniority—Italians and Irish who have been around for a generation or two and run a grocery store or have cornered a service like plumbing. As you get higher, the people get fewer and richer. They belong to what sociologists sometimes call the lower upper class. The richest and most aloof live in big hilltop houses. They are known in the local nomenclature as hilltoppers.

Chappaqua. We were getting into the hard-core suburbs, the bedroom communities that form the image most people have of Westchester: Pleasantville, Thornwood, Greenburgh, Mamaroneck, New Rochelle. This is the realm of civic-minded wives and no-nonsense houses—one-third for living, one-third for sleeping, one-third for the car. But Chappaqua itself is an older, more gracious suburb. There is enough land—an acre or two per


I settled into the plush violet seat, ~~by~~ my back to the great window overlooking Cold Spring Harbor. The famous man offered me a cup of tea, which I gratefully accepted. His vast mustaches drooped nearly to his ~~breast~~ ~~chest~~ ~~stomach~~ lapels, his unruly white hair ~~dancing~~ ~~prancing~~ shimmering in the noonday sun. (?) His noble presence seemed to fill the room ~~like a~~ ~~much as a~~ ~~not unlike a~~. My soul ~~wafted aloft~~ soared as he spoke. "So you want to be a writer," he said. "Yes," I stammered, "I ~~believe~~ fancy I do."
ZIEGLER

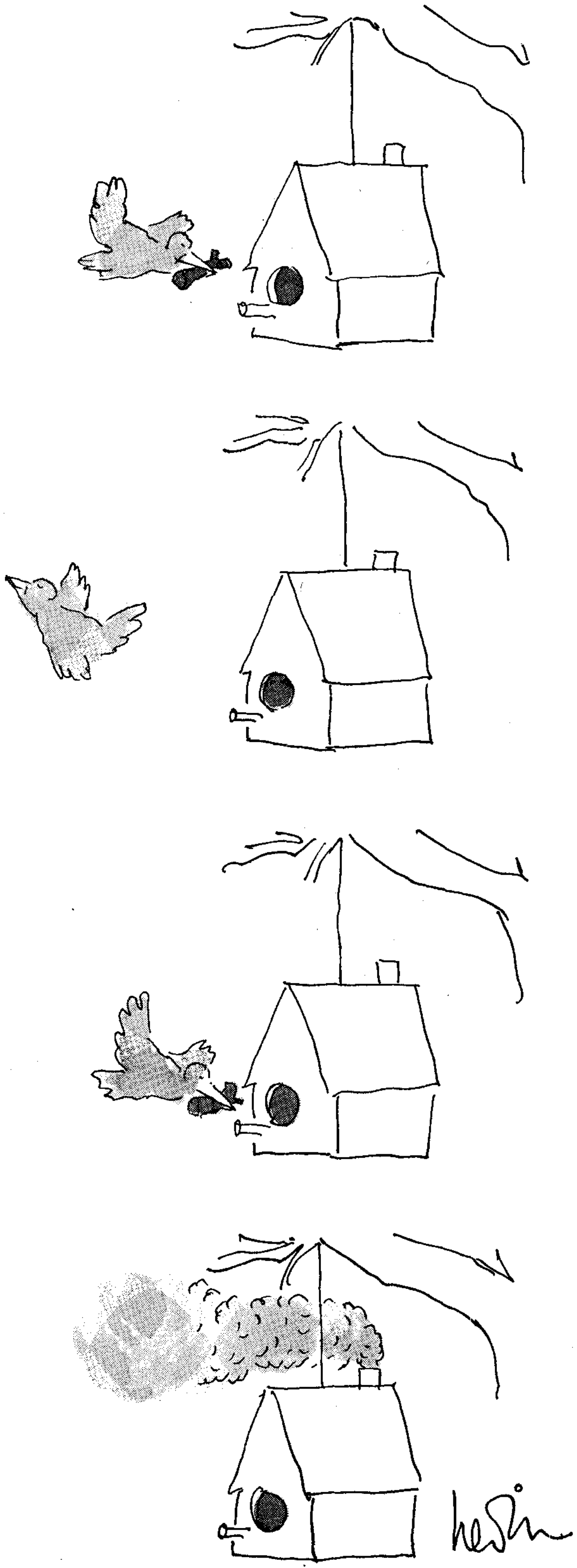
residence—to support a riotous biota and to provide privacy. A certain amount of eccentricity is tolerated. One doesn't have to mow the lawn every week if one doesn't feel like it. Trees are still the major component. We were still in the great forest north of the city. The development was still well adjusted. There was still wild land around Chappaqua—woodland lakes near Twin Ridges which could as well have been in the Adirondacks.

Below the Cross-Westchester Expressway, Route 287, the dividing line between the northern and southern parts of the county, rashes of dots, each one representing a dwelling, began to get serious. "The land's running out," Hadden shouted back. But it was still surprisingly open—maybe forty-five per cent—considering that one-tenth of the people in the United States lived within fifty miles of where we were. Only at the very lower edge of the county—Yonkers, Mount Vernon, Pelham—did it seem to be all concrete and houses. Here and there, we could see the cancer of urban decay and nice old neighborhoods going to seed. A few last patches of green asserted themselves along Hillview Reservoir and Yonkers Raceway; then it was all swallowed up by the dismal sprawl of the Bronx.

Having by now overflown Westchester, Hadden turned the Champ around and headed north above the Hudson River. We saw long barges plowing tediously upstream through muddy-brown water, the big General Motors plant in Tarrytown along the river, the sweeping curve of the Tappan Zee Bridge, an apple orchard, an osprey, a forest fire in progress across the river, side streams meandering through vast reedy marshes, swarms of seagulls at the Croton Point Dump. The Hudson Gorge, where the river narrows at Bear Mountain, was superb. Few people realize it, but the Hudson is a true fjord—a river canyon deepened below sea level by glacial action. The Hudson is tidal as far north as Troy. The only other fjord in the northeast is in Maine.

Before I knew it, the little airfield in Dutchess County had come into view, and, having got permission to land, we started to come in low over the Green Haven Correctional Facility. The last thing we saw from the air was some of the inmates out in the yard, playing basketball.

TWO hundred and thirty million years ago, there was no Atlantic Ocean. Africa was right off Connecticut, and its inexorable pressure against our continent was heaving up a forty-thousand-foot mountain range, higher than any around today. In time, that whole range weathered away, and after Africa drifted east, about a hundred and sixty million years ago, only the igneous and metamorphic cores of those ancient peaks remained. They are now low, rounded knobs that seldom reach more than six hundred feet above the level of the sea. Neither heavily timbered nor affording wide open vistas, and several hundred feet short of qualifying as mountains, they are unspectacular but subtly beautiful, like most of the scenery in Westchester.



The rock on these knobs is often exposed, and it is usually either gray and white, in alternating, intensely contorted bands, or plain gray or salmon pink. The gray-and-white type is the most widespread formation in the county—Fordham gneiss. It used to be a sandstone containing considerable volcanic ash, known as graywacke, but the pressure of the mountains that had once been over it had caused the mineral components of graywacke—the quartzes and the micas—to metamorphose into white and gray bands. For some time, these remained plastic, and were deformed by all the thrusting and tilting and faulting and tectonic upheaval that the region was experiencing. Gradually, however, the rock recrystallized in the striking swirls we see today. One of the nicer side effects of the new, high-speed Interstate 684, which runs from Harrison to Brewster, is the magnificent road cuts wherever a knob was blasted through. The best place to see the bands of Fordham gneiss flowing white and gray is below Exit 4, where 684 goes between the sheer hundred-foot walls of what used to be Chestnut Ridge. I stop there sometimes on a clear night just to see the creamy folds glowing in the moonlight. In the north of Africa today, you can find graywacke with the exact same mineral constituents as Fordham gneiss—one of many indications that Westchester is part of Africa's legacy to North America.

The two other major formations in the county also have their mineral counterparts in African sedimentary rock. The plain gray rock, peppered with black specks of biotite mica and almost as ubiquitous as Fordham gneiss, is Manhattan schist. It used to be a sandy

Taittinger
Comtes de Champagne
1969
Reims
Alcohol 12% by volume
Kobrand Corporation
Taittinger Champagne.
It spoils you for anything else.
orted from France exclusively by Kobrand, N.Y., N.Y.

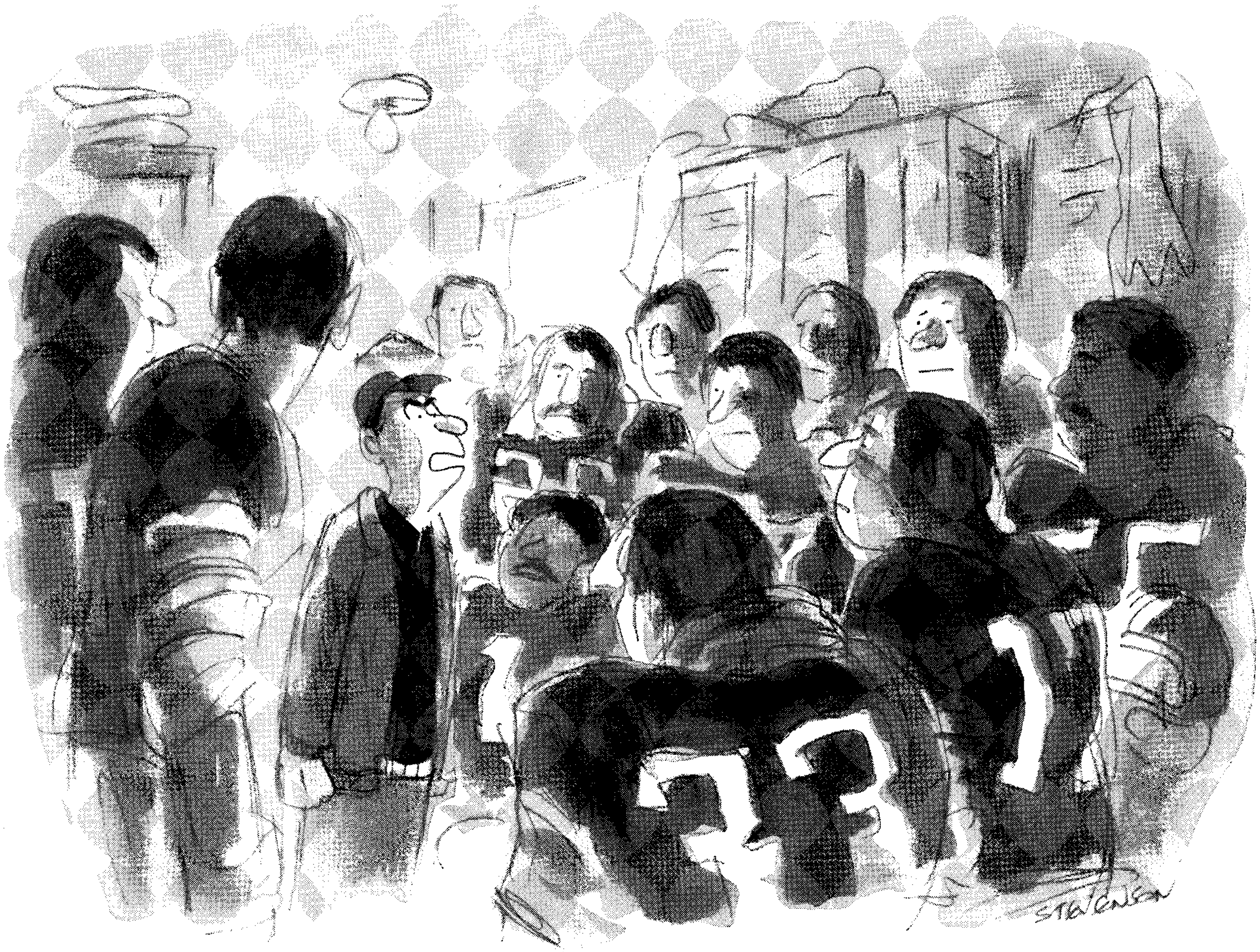
75
NORTH
EXPRESSWAY
23
NORTH
SCENIC ROUTE

The 1979 Buick Electra.

How you get there is as important as where you're going.

BUICK

After all, life is to enjoy.



"Damn it, you guys are simply not living up to the printout!"

• •

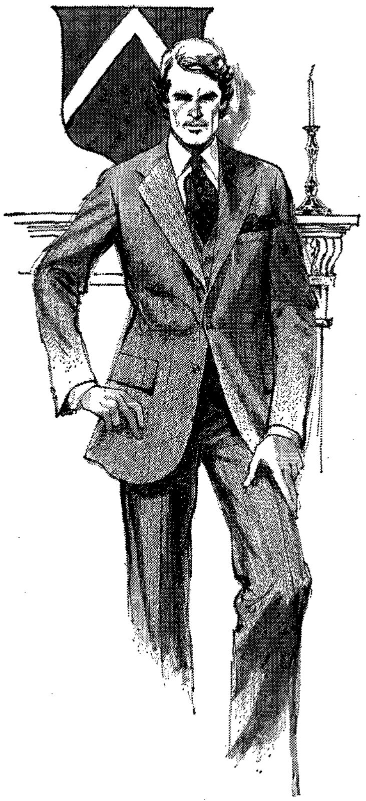
hale. Most of the stone walls in the own of Bedford are Manhattan schist. The third kind of upland rock begins o appear around Pound Ridge and Cross River. Examine the road cuts here for pinkish dikes, several feet hick, running horizontally through he gneiss. These are intrusions of a granitic magma called Pound Ridge gneiss, which melted and thrust its way through the layers of metamorphic ock during roughly the same period n which the Fordham gneiss was ormed.

Cross River Mountain, one of my avorite places in Westchester, is mosty Pound Ridge gneiss. At nine hundred and thirty-eight feet, Cross River Mountain is one of the highest points n the county—almost high enough to e what topographers call a "bald." Stunted oaks with a fragrant understory of mountain laurel grow on it; and on its south side pitch pines cling o exfoliated granite ledges on which pilot blacksnakes drape their coils during the month of May. On top of the mountain is an abandoned fire tower. Graffiti festoon its girders, and the windows of the booth that crowns the structure, seventy-five feet up, have all been knocked out. On a good day, from the tower you can see Long Island, the jumbled beginnings of the Catskill Mountains beyond the Hudson River, and the needles of the New York skyline catching the sun fifty miles to the south.

A stiff breeze numbed my companions and me as we stood in the booth combing the early October sky with field glasses. We were half a dozen assorted bird-watchers looking for hawks. Tens of thousands of migrating hawks funnel down through the Hudson Valley at this time of year. But the sky that morning was leaden and hawkless. Only screaming bands of blue jays patrolled the oak canopy below, and a few brave monarch butterflies, on their way to Mexico, drifted past. The hawks were not moving, and we were getting cold.

"Too bad my brother isn't here anymore, with his white-gas stove," I said. In 1966, my brother had joined the New York State Conservation Department. They'd given him a badge, a pair of binoculars, a map, and a radio, and told him to go up on Cross River Mountain and keep an eye out for smoke. For two seasons, he lived at the foot of the tower, in a small cabin heated by wood and illuminated by kerosene. I brought him food and helped him build an outdoor shower. This is how it worked: you climbed up a ladder on the side of the stall with a bucket of water which you poured into a washtub with a plugged-up hole in the middle of it. Then you stood underneath and pulled a chain that removed the plug and released the water into a second tub, with dozens of holes punched in it, and gradually the water filtered down and gave you a shower. But since my brother had to haul his water from the base of the mountain, he didn't use the contraption very often.

One night in July, I was walking up the mountain to pay him a visit when a coyote stepped into the road fifty feet in front of me. The animal stood for a full thirty seconds in the moonlight, with its ears pricked up like radar scanners, and stared at me insolently; then it disappeared into the



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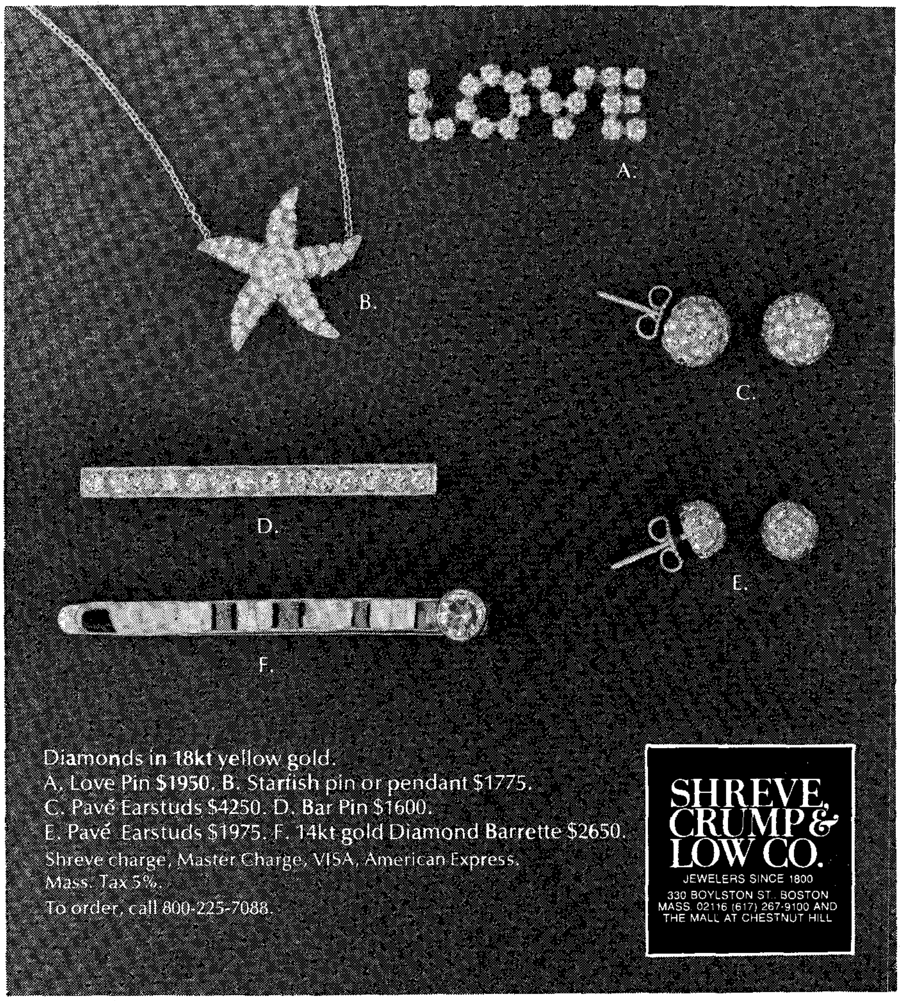

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laurel. Fresh from the West, I wa positive in my identification.

Up in the booth, my brother sper his time figuring out how to strum th Autoharp like Maybelle Carter an dealing with the public. Most peopl asked the same questions. My brothe wrote down the answers to the twent most common ones, and when someon would ask "Say, what's that body c water down there?" he would answer "Number 6" and point to his lis and after Number 6 would be "Lak Kitchawan." Sometimes, people woul ask "Say, don't you ever get lonely u here?" and he would mutter "N Number 20." After Number 20 wa "How could you get lonely with a vie like this?" One woman was put off b the numerical treatment. "He mus work for the state," she whispered t her husband, loud enough for my brother to hear. "The federal observers ar more courteous."

After my brother left, the Conservation Department hired another observer, who couldn't take the isolation an left after three months to join the Har Krishnas. In 1971, it ceased to ma the tower. Heavy vandalism during th November-to-April off-season, budge cuts that emptied a number of th state's fire towers, and a growing reliance on air patrol prompted the decision. My brother now runs a natur museum at the bottom of Cross Rive Mountain, in the Ward Pound Ridg Reservation, and that morning I wa leading one of his scheduled "haw walks." My anecdotes about the fir tower drew a few dispirited chuckle but did nothing to alter the fact tha there weren't any hawks in the sky One man had driven all the way fro the Bronx to see them. To avoid having the expedition turn into a complet bust, I suggested that we go into th woods and look for mushrooms.

"Would you believe," I said as w were coming down from the tower "that a hundred years ago there wer fewer woods in Westchester than ther are today?" We paused to look out. I every direction, the view was fille with trees; only a few houses, clearings, and reservoirs broke the dominio of the woods. It was not hard to believe. "Almost all this was clear," said, waving all around me.

Primeval Westchester, as the settler found it, was, like the entire Northeast, deep forest. The trees were "o great magnitude," John James Audubon wrote. It was so dark beneath them that there was "little underwood," and there were few deer, because there was no browse for them

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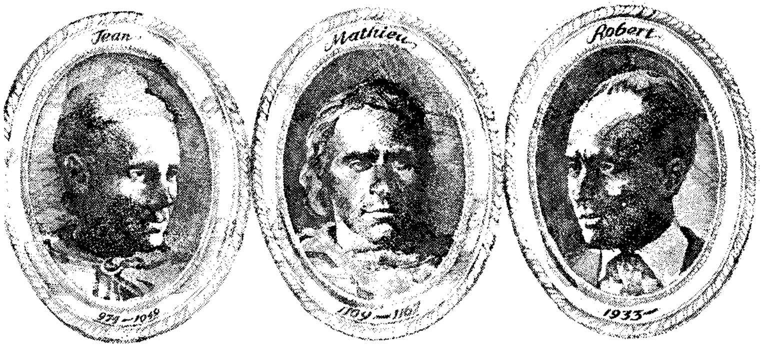
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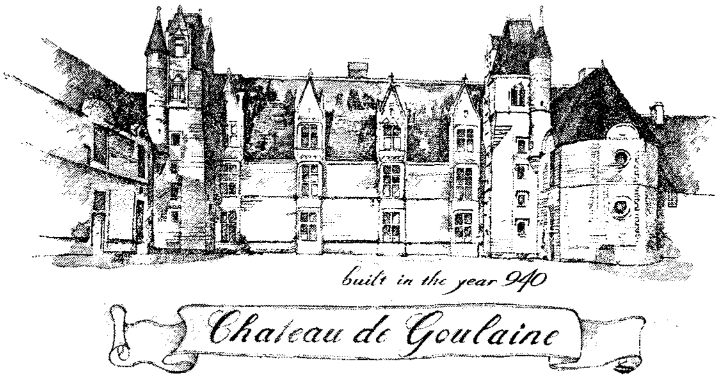
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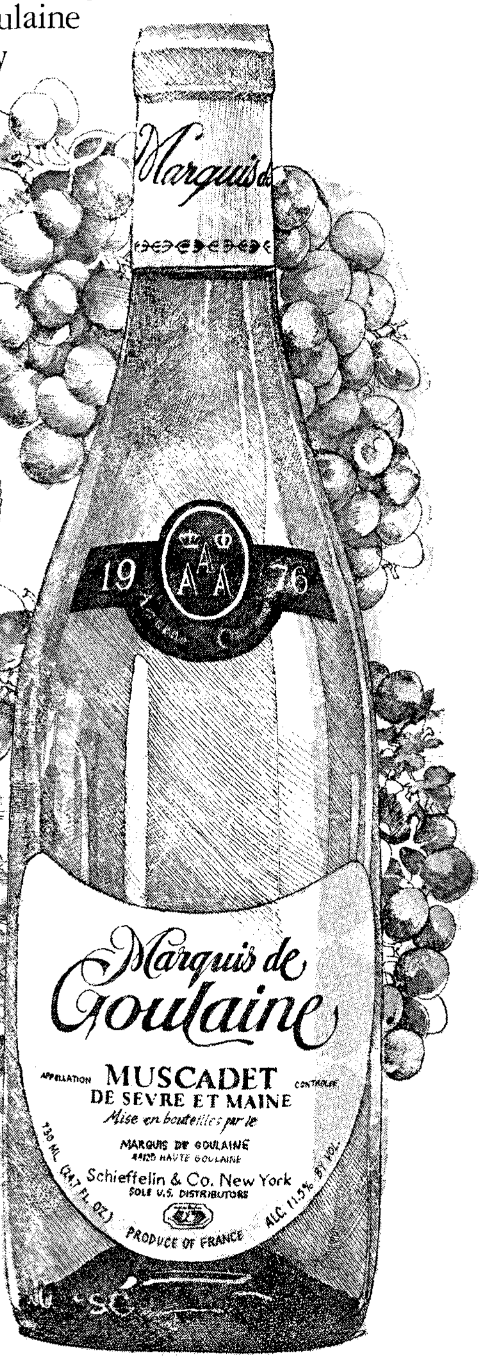
Chateau de Goulaine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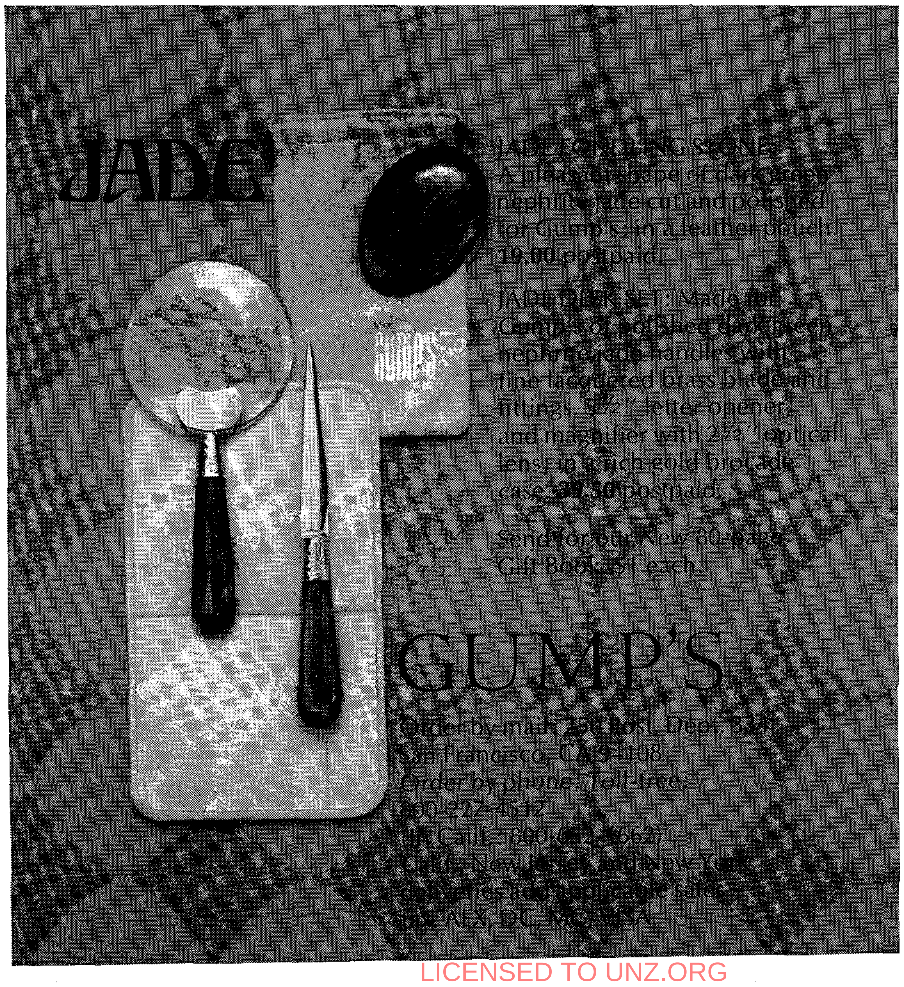

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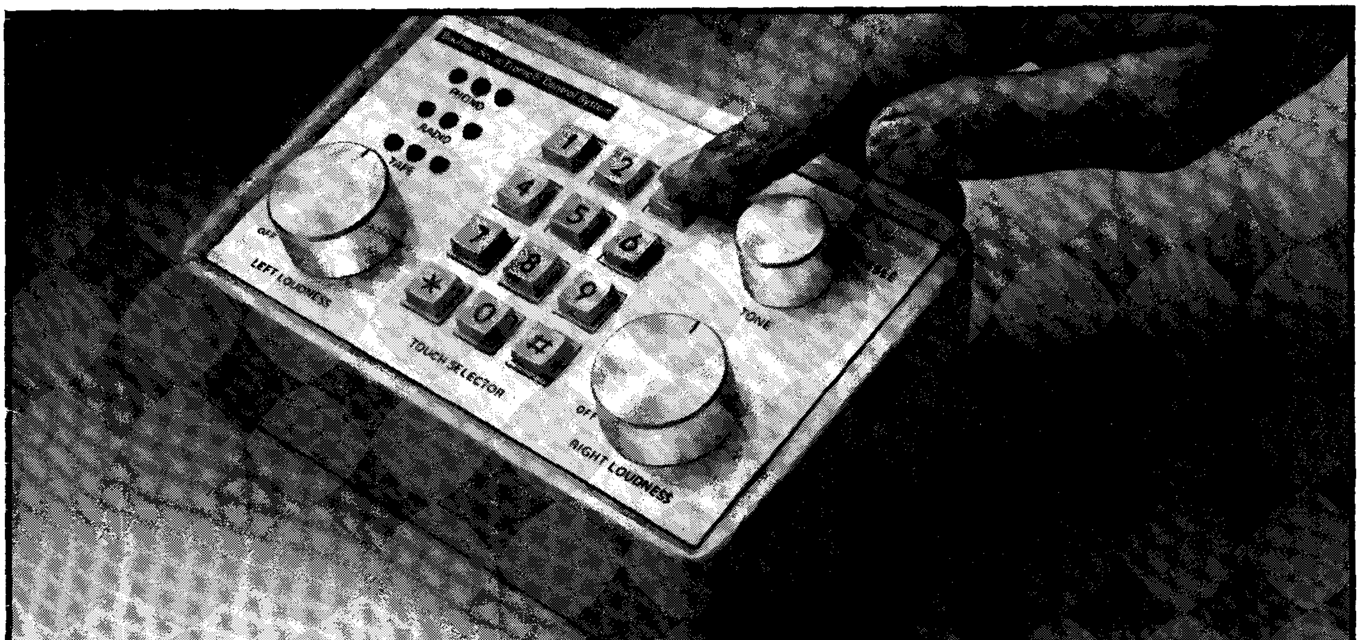
except where lightning, wind throw, or Indian fire had made a clearing. On a typical acre would be eighty enormous trees. The settlers girdled them and, when they were dead, went at them with axes. It took one man one year to clear one acre. Most of the wood went up in smoke. By the eighteen-eighties, after two centuries of persistent attack, Westchester County was eighty per cent clear, according to a land study conducted then. To judge from early photographs, it was a bleak wasteland of boulder-strewn pastures and long stone fences. Only on the ridges and hilltops and down in the ravines, where it was too steep and rocky to farm, were the woods intact; in the fall and winter the farmers would go into them with ox-drawn sleds and cut the trees they needed to see them through the winter. The land was so open, the late Gustavus T. Kirby, who raised horses in Bedford, recalled in his memoirs, that as a child he would sit on the top of Guard Hill, pull out the sections of a spyglass, and focus on the construction of the Brooklyn Bridge, forty miles to the south. Dudley B. Bonsal, a senior federal judge and a Bedford resident, remembers that from the porch of his father's farmhouse he could look east and see the fishman coming over from Stamford long before he had crossed the Connecticut border. The visibility from the same site today is about fifty yards.

By 1880, though, agriculture was falling off, and the trees began returning. Each shift in the economy, as people in Westchester became more dependent on the products of industry and less on those of their own land, was marked by a resurgence of woodland. Some of the trees rose when farming was abandoned. Others sprang up when coal replaced wood for heating houses and fuelling locomotives. The most important event, though, was the arrival of the car. Fields that had been kept open to pasture horses long after the demise of farming were let go when the car came. Harry Barbey brought the first car to upper Westchester, in 1905. It was an early open Model-A Ford, which, of course, had to be cranked. Christina Rainsford, a poet from Katonah of Judge Bonsal's vintage, rode in it when she was about eight. "My mother wasn't sure if she'd let me ride in the invention. We drove up to Cantitoe Corners and turned around and came back, going all of ten miles per hour. Whenever we met up with a horse, we would have to stop, and the rider would dismount and lead his frightened animal on foot past the panting machine." The



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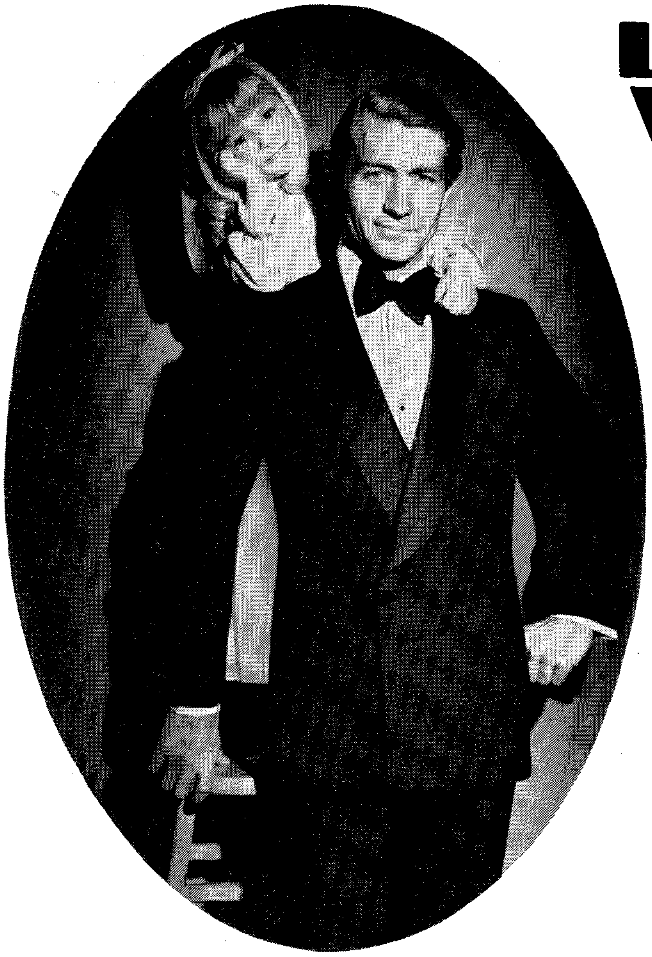

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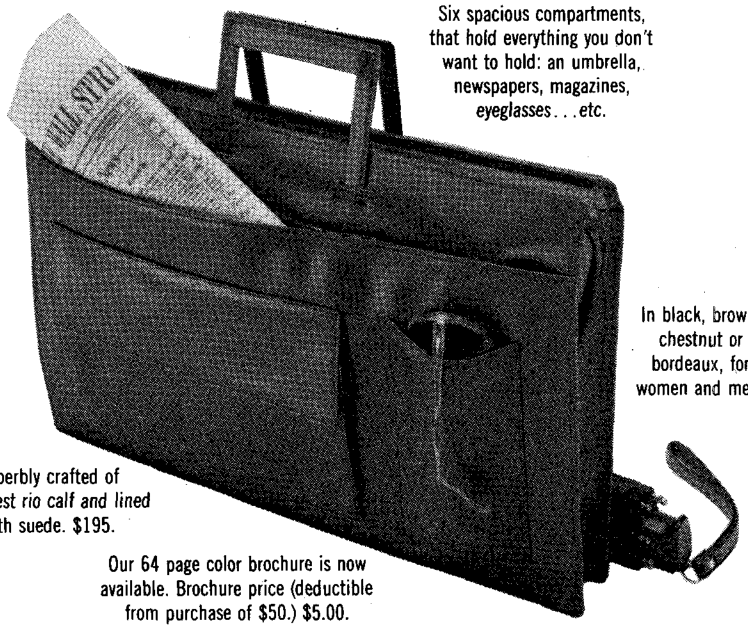

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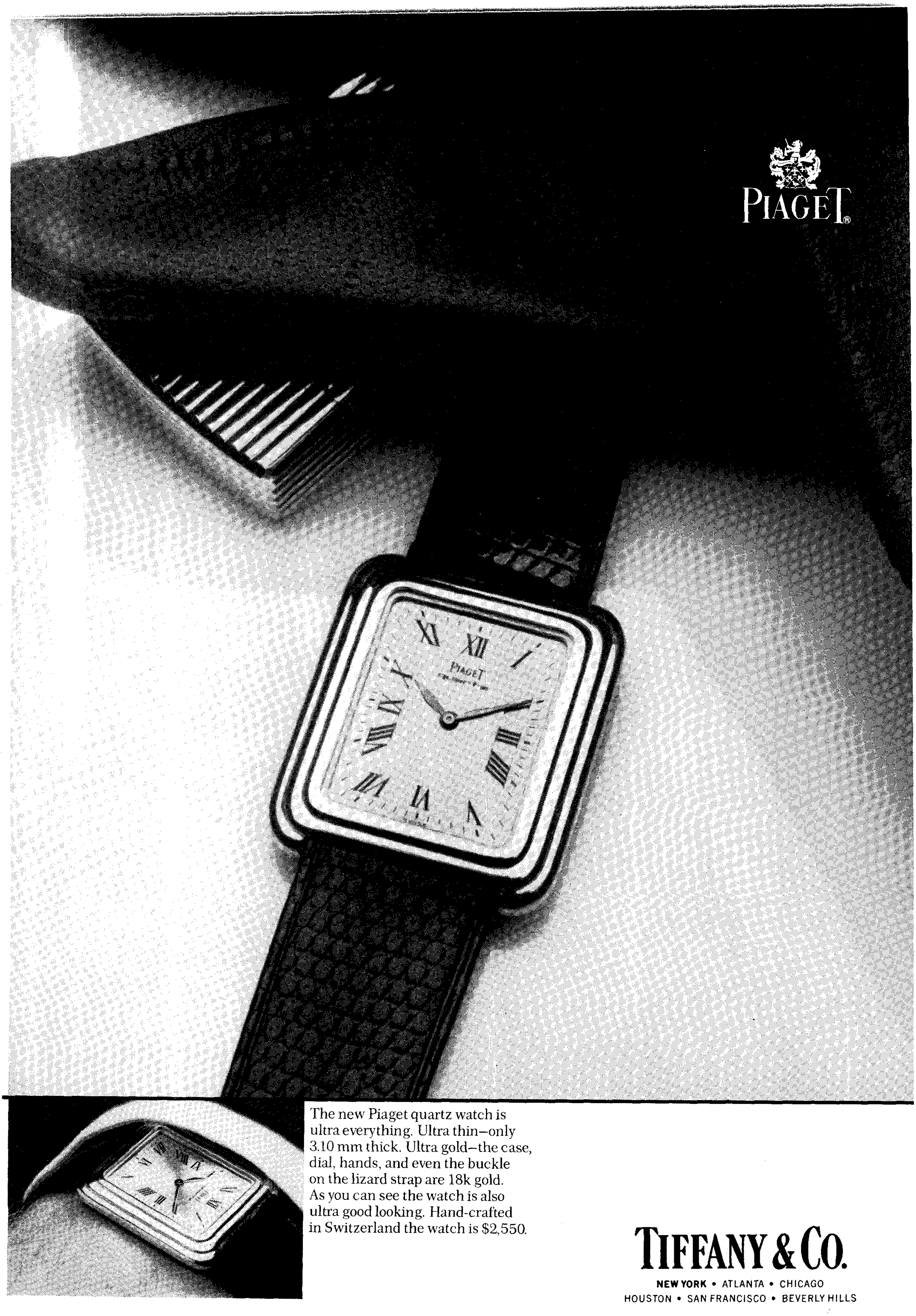
motorcar was taking over by 1914, and that is the approximate birth date of most of the current woods in Westchester.

Now that the land is being used for "enjoyment," as one fifth-grader I know put it, Westchester is about eighty per cent wooded. Although the population, in the 1970s, is larger than ever before, it is possible in the northern part of the county to walk for many miles, as I have done, without crossing more than a few roads or setting eyes on more than half a dozen houses. Around Somers, the woods are deep and plentiful enough to have concealed for a period of three months to a year the body of a man of about sixty who had been shot once in the side of the head with a .22-calibre bullet. A rucksack beside his badly deteriorated remains, found by children in September, 1974, contained sketches of some birds, a whiskey flask, a topographical map of the area, and a few other effects that gave no clue as to his identity. Detectives hoped that his dental work might give them a lead, but up to now the case has not been solved.

From the base of the fire tower, we descended between walls of granite along a steep path that doubles as a stream after rain. The trees on the next level of the mountain were tall and in vibrant prime. The air was moist and mild. With rock blocking the north and sun pouring in from the south, it was like a greenhouse here. Clusters of honey mushrooms—golden, with scales on their caps—had sprouted beneath some of the older hardwoods. They are delectable parboiled to remove a slight bitterness and fried in butter. But underground the fungus was attacking the roots of the trees and killing them.

A burst of machine-gun fire, followed by a peal of maniacal laughter, rang out in the woods. "Pileated woodpecker!" one of the bird-watchers announced triumphantly. A century ago, at the peak of farming, the pileated was on the brink of extinction; now that there is a supply of big, half-dead trees to excavate, the bird is becoming fairly common. The tree this one was working on had probably been weakened enough by honey mushrooms to have been invaded by carpenter ants, the bird's favorite food.

I have seen the red-bellied woodpecker in Westchester. It was larger than a hairy and smaller than a flicker. The red mane and ladder back were unmistakable; so was its call—a sort of juicy cluck. Red-bellieds are the latest in a long line of Southern species that have been expanding their ranges. The



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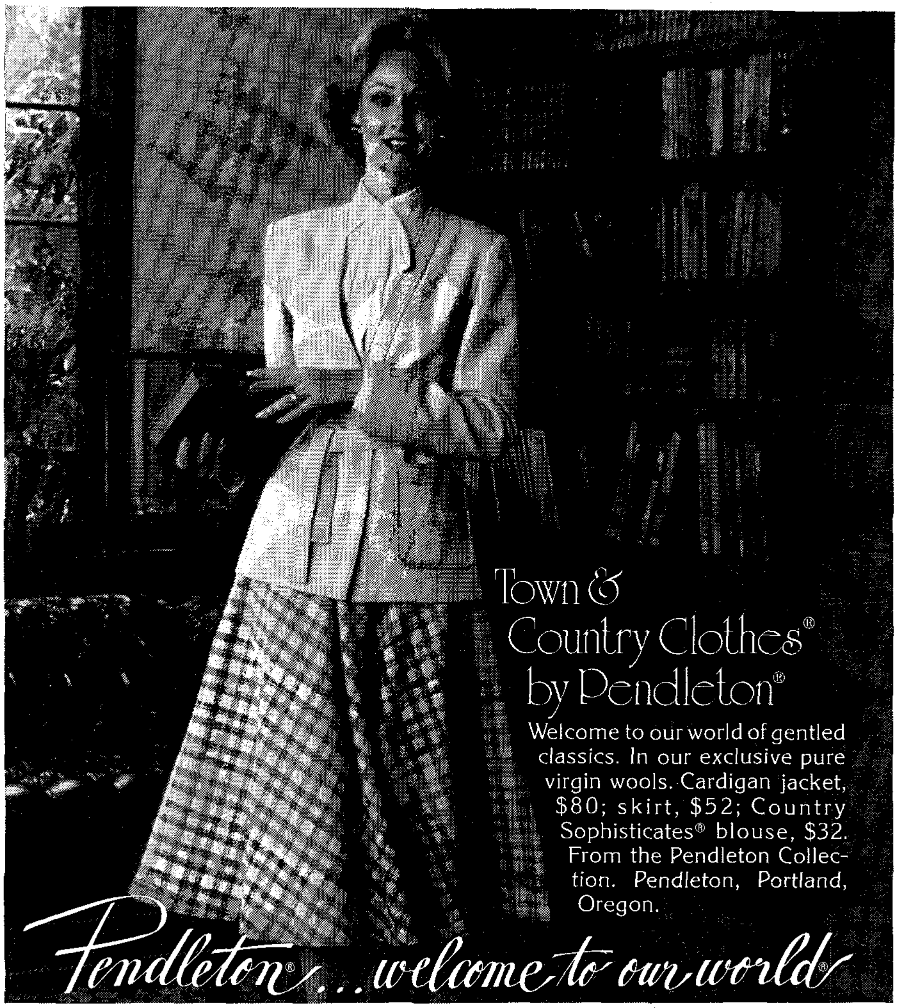
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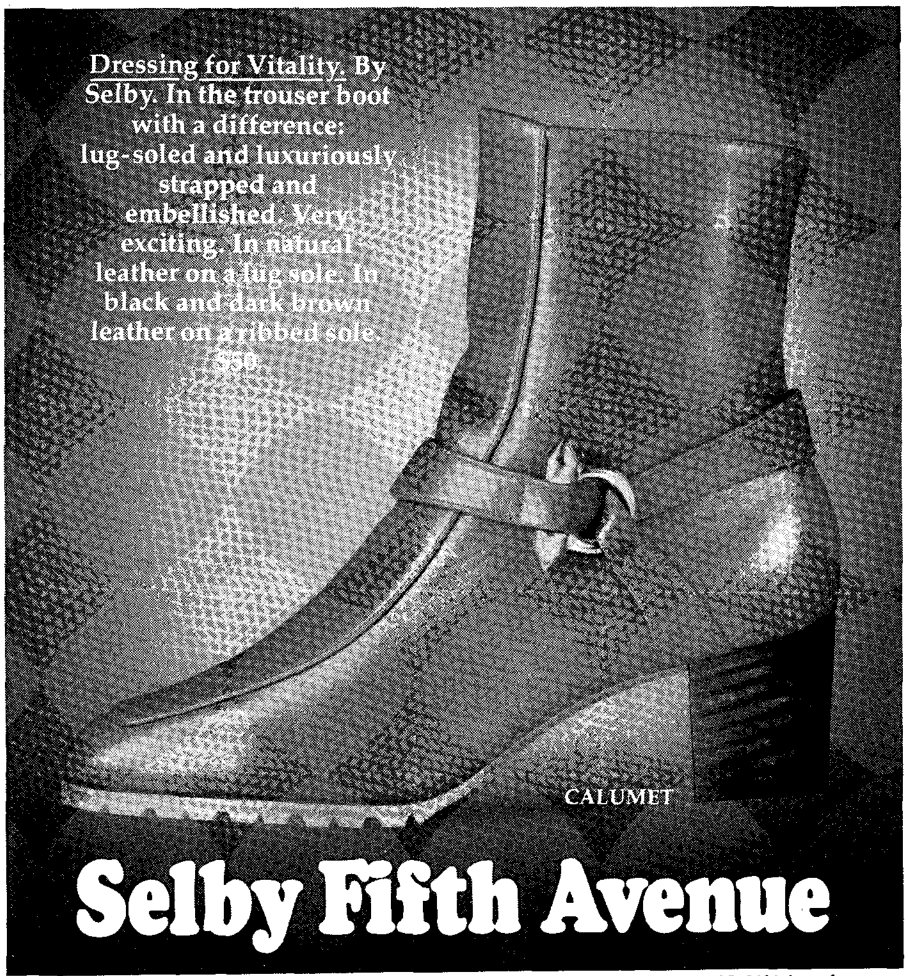
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cardinal started to do it in the forties and fifties. The tufted titmouse followed suit in the sixties. So did the turkey vulture. Most recently, the mockingbird and the Carolina wren have moved up in quantity, and they're no longer unusual. White-eyed vireos, blue-gray gnatcatchers, hooded warblers, and Louisiana water thrushes are doing it, too, but they're here only in the summer, and not in significant numbers. There are several possible explanations for the presence of these Southern birds here: mitigated winters, the return of the forest, human encroachment on their habitat and bird-population pressures in their range, the sudden boom in suburban bird feeders. Mockingbirds, which have no trouble relating to man, have benefitted from the growth of suburbia and from the increased planting of holly trees, of ornamental crab apples, and of multiflora roses along highway baffles. The cuckoo, uncommon under ordinary circumstances in the area, is enticed north in larger numbers by periodic outbreaks of the tent caterpillar. No one knows yet why red-bellied woodpeckers have suddenly found Westchester to their liking. Perhaps they are filling the niche of the red-*headed* woodpecker, whose numbers here have shrunk to practically nothing, largely because of competition from starlings for their nesting holes.

Lying on the leaf-strewn floor was the shell of an old log. Rock-hard and weathered silver, like barn board, the wood had resisted decay for a good fifty years. It was the remains of a chestnut tree. Once, chestnut trees were common enough that the woods in these parts were known as the oak-chestnut forest. Their nuts were sought by squirrels, deer, and turkeys, and by people, who roasted them and sold them on sidewalks. Chestnut was used as "extract timber" for tanning leather. Its durable wood was the almost exclusive choice for telephone poles and railroad ties. The trees grew fast. Hundred-foot specimens were not unusual. But by 1890 a potent fungus, *Endothia parasitica*, had arrived in the New York area, quite possibly with a shipment of trees from Asia. Spreading rapidly in the metropolitan area, its wind- and animal-borne spores encountered no resistance from the American chestnut tree. The epidemic had been identified in 1904 at the New York Botanical Garden, but, owing to public apathy and inaction by the Legislature, nothing was done about it in New York State. By 1930, the chestnut had been wiped out over most of

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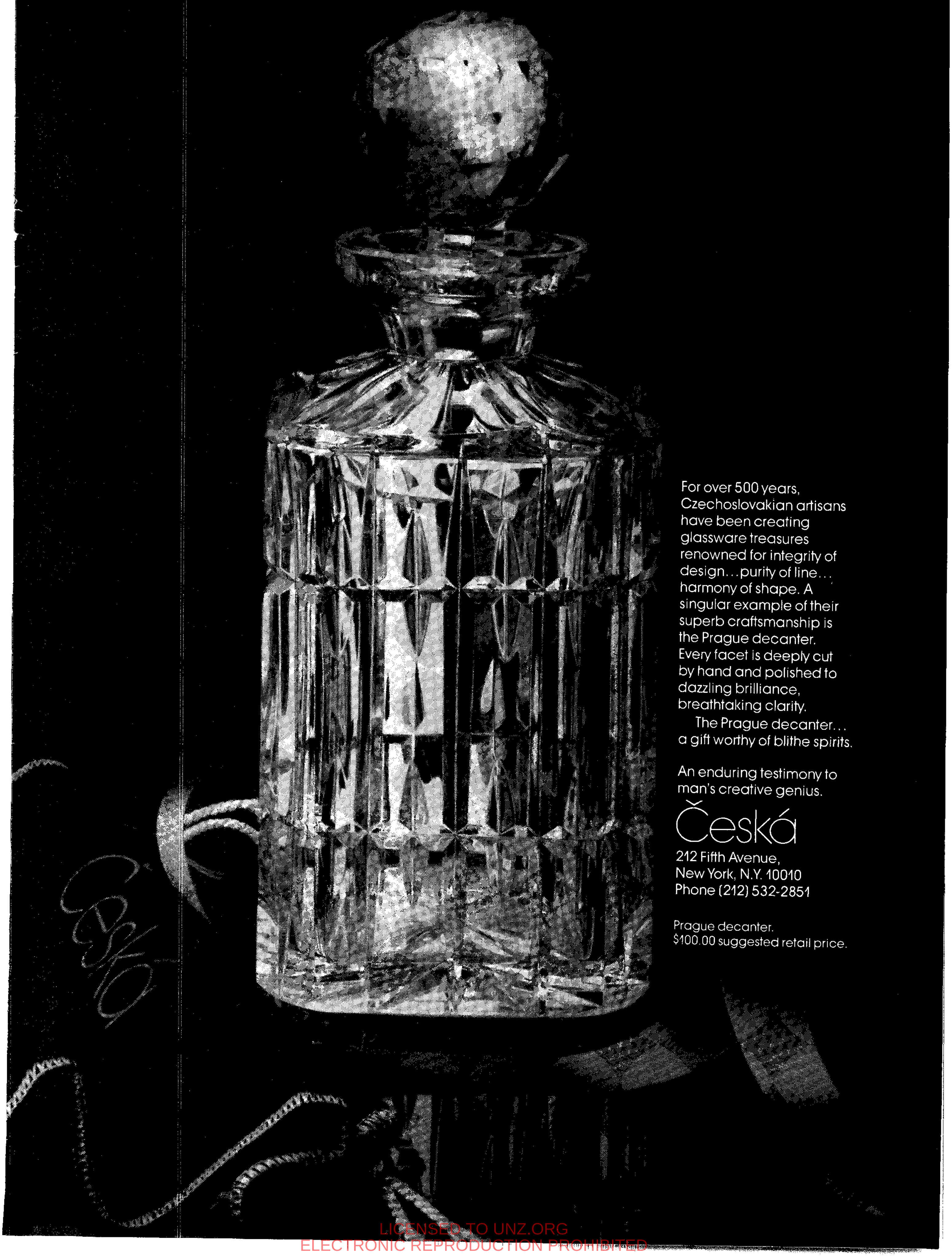

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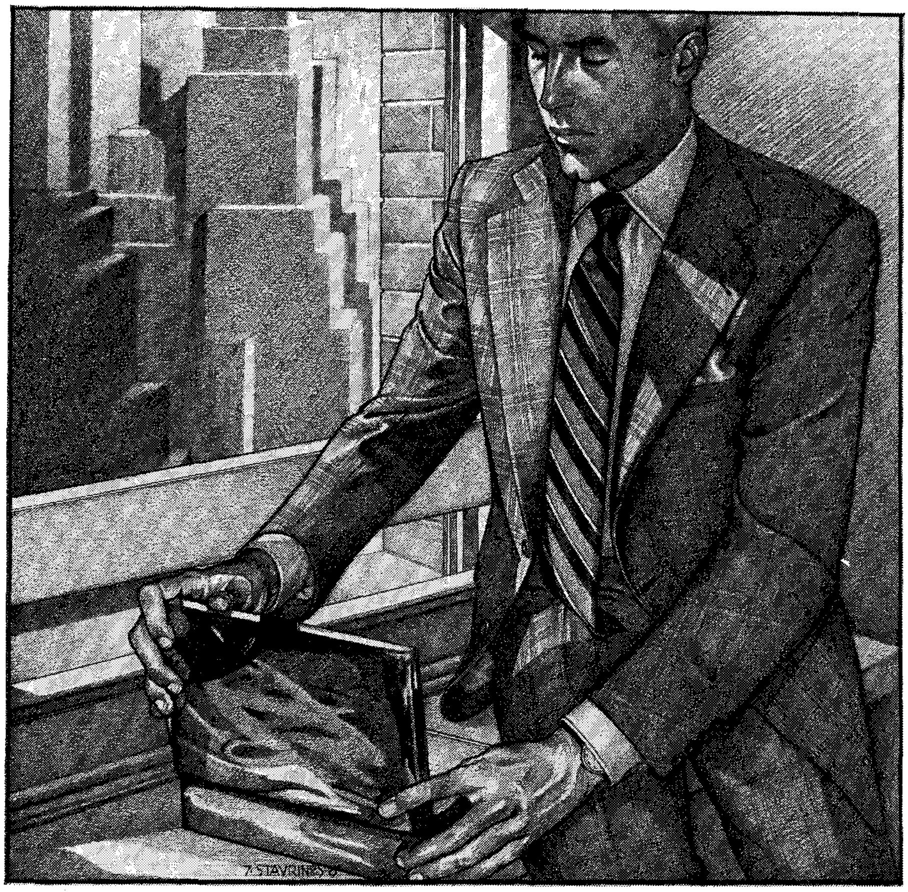

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its range. Somehow, though, in White Plains the blight missed one tree. It stood, at 279 Hamilton Avenue, beside the police station until a few years ago, when it was taken down to make room for a parking lot.

Around the silvery log, numerous shoots with long, drooping, large-toothed leaves had sprouted from the roots of the fallen tree. Rich in tannin, the roots and shoots of chestnuts are resistant to the fungus. But when a sprout reaches about twenty feet it loses its resistance. Orange pustules, the fruiting structure of *Endothia*, invariably appear on its bark, and, girdled with hollow cankers, it soon dies. We turned the log and found a snail, a packet of slug eggs, and three worms in the rich brown earth. I picked up one of the worms and stroked it. It felt bristly. This meant that it was an Asiatic worm, and not one of the native ones. The Asiatic worm has a ring of setae on each segment. (Setae are hair-like bristles which enable the worm to get around.) The native worm has but two setae per segment. Longer and hardier, the Asiatic species has been steadily usurping the niche of our native worm since it entered Westchester, by way of the Midwest, twenty years ago.

The mountain descended in tiers, each marked by subtle changes in vegetation. We jumped a number of rushing brooks, some headed west to the Hudson, others east to Long Island Sound; Cross River Mountain is along a drainage divide. The lower we got, the younger the woods were, and the more they'd been tampered with. Most of the trees were making their second, third, or even fourth comeback. Hardwood root systems are irrepressible: no matter how often the stems are cut, the roots will keep sending up new ones. The original single bole will replace itself with a "copse" of half a dozen sprouts. After a time, usually before they have reached a five-inch diameter, one or two of the sprouts will take the lead, leaving the others to wither away and succumb to the attack of fungi, insects, and woodpeckers.

Westchester is in a woodland known as the Sprout Hardwoods, which is in the Oak-Hickory Zone of the Central Hardwood Forest, which stretches from Boston to Washington and westward to Chicago and Tennessee. The Sprout Hardwoods are rich in species, because the ranges of many Northern and Southern trees overlap in them. Except for a few isolated stands, for example, the northern limit for naturally occur-

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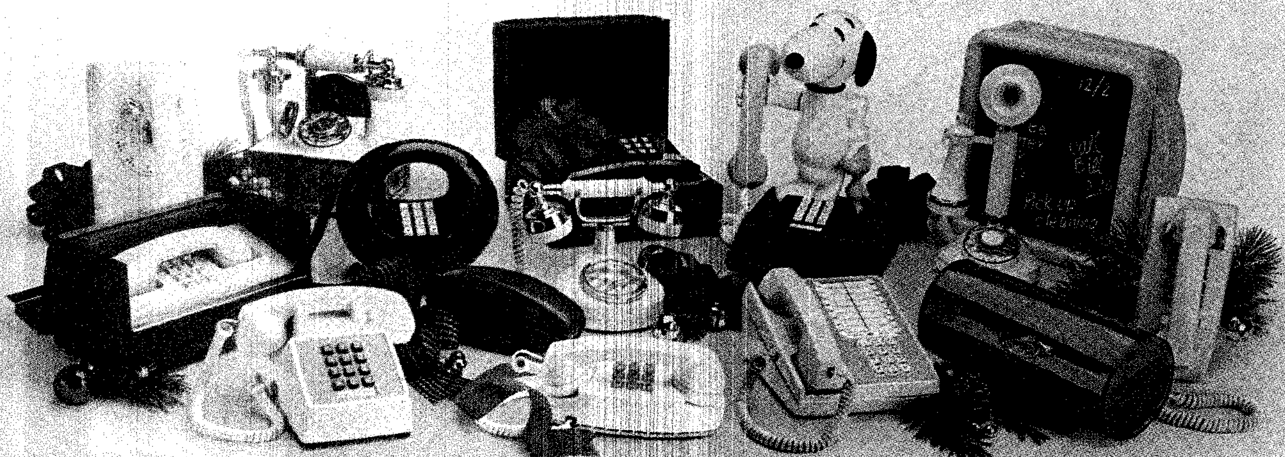

N° 5
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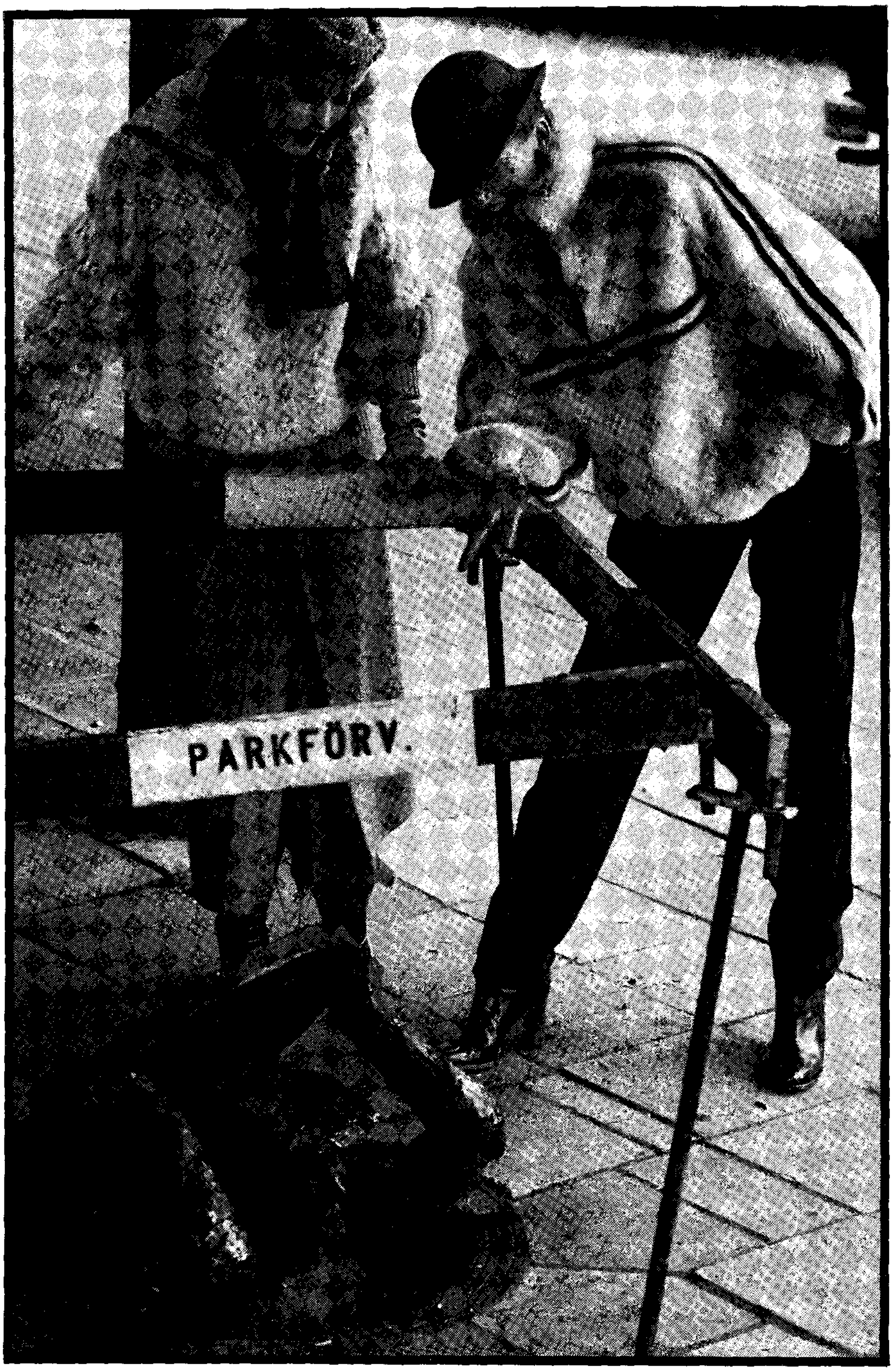
ring sweetgum is in Rye, where it grows with beech in a rich lowland forest that is subject to the ameliorating influence of the nearby sea. American holly and Atlantic white cedar also have their northern limits in the Sprout Hardwoods. The holly is rare and occurs only in southern Westchester, but the cedar inhabits swamps as far north as Bedford. As you go north and inland, farther away from the "maritime effect," enamelled white birches make their appearance. There are scattered white birches as far south as Pound Ridge. Another common member of the New England understory, striped maple, grows in high places as far south as Chappaqua, and certain bog plants—sphagnum mosses and pitcher plants, which are typical of New Hampshire and Maine—also dovetail into Westchester. As a determinant of vegetation, elevation is as important as latitude: every thousand feet up is the equivalent of two hundred miles north.

We came to some woods that must have been less than thirty years old. The floor was still grass, and there were still a few shrubs and "pioneer" trees—sumac, aspen, and gray birch—the first species to come into a field that has been let go. Short-lived and sun-loving, many of the birches had already died, and their rotting stems lay wedged among the maple saplings that had begun to replace them. The site was filled with "escapes" from other parts of the world—winged euonymus, garlic mustard, Japanese honeysuckle, Oriental bittersweet. There are dense woods in Westchester without a native plant in them. Once, in Banksville, far from any house, I came upon a thriving bamboo thicket. It was the temperate bamboo of Szechuan, which grows above the rhododendron forest. Giant pandas eat it and live in it.

Even the airways have been usurped by aliens, as we were soon reminded by the raucous cackling of several dozen starlings that had flown into an ash. They were the descendants of eighty birds released in Central Park on March 6, 1890, by a man named Eugene Schieffelin. Toward the end of his life, Schieffelin, whose family liquor business is the oldest in the country, had become active in the Acclimatization Society—one of several groups that enthusiastically introduced exotic species into New York. Schieffelin had chosen as his contribution to bring in all the birds mentioned in Shakespeare, of which the starling is one. Starlings are now the most abundant bird in Westchester, even more numerous than another import from the British Isles,



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the English sparrow. They have helped send a number of native species, especially the bluebird, into sharp decline. Once, in Yorktown, during a Christmas bird census by the Audubon Society, a swarm of starlings flew over, darkening the sky for several moments. An experienced birder calculated that there were no less than sixteen thousand birds in the swarm. Murmuration of starlings—this was a blizzard of them.

While many places in Westchester have the feeling of wildness, traffic is always within earshot; and now, as we descended along Black Brook into Honey Hollow, the sound of cars was very near. The woods above the hollow were steep and rocky, and several huge granite blocks had fallen on each other in such a way as to make a perfect natural shelter. Once, my brother and I released a raccoon at the mouth of this cave, and, to thank us for its months of captivity, it chased us angrily all the way down the hill to our car.

IN Mount Kisco, where I was born, there are seven traffic lights, two supermarkets, nine churches, two temples, and nine banks, none of which has ever been robbed. On summer evenings, the local boys often get together at the diamond in the park for a game of slow-pitch softball. With their hair in headbands and muscles bulging under their T-shirts, they play on teams sponsored by Flynn's Insurance, Mardino's Restaurant, and fourteen other local businesses. On winter afternoons, the late sun lingers on the old corniced storefronts of Main Street and catches the slate shingles on the spire of the United Methodist Church, making them gleam like fish scales. With an active business district and quiet, tree-lined back streets, it's a cozy little burg of about ten thousand—small enough for you to know your neighbors, big enough to get lost downtown among strange faces.

"Kisco" means "a muddy place" in the Delaware Indian language, and most of Mount Kisco is bottomland on the floor of the Harlem Valley. Until the seventeenth century, it was the hunting ground of two Algonquian tribes and the inundated home of large numbers of beaver. Not much is known about these Indians except that—unlike the Seneca, to the north—they didn't eat the flesh of their enemies and became warlike only when the Dutch began to destroy their villages. An early document suggests that Wampus, an Algonquian chief, lived in an elm-bark lodge about where the lodge of the

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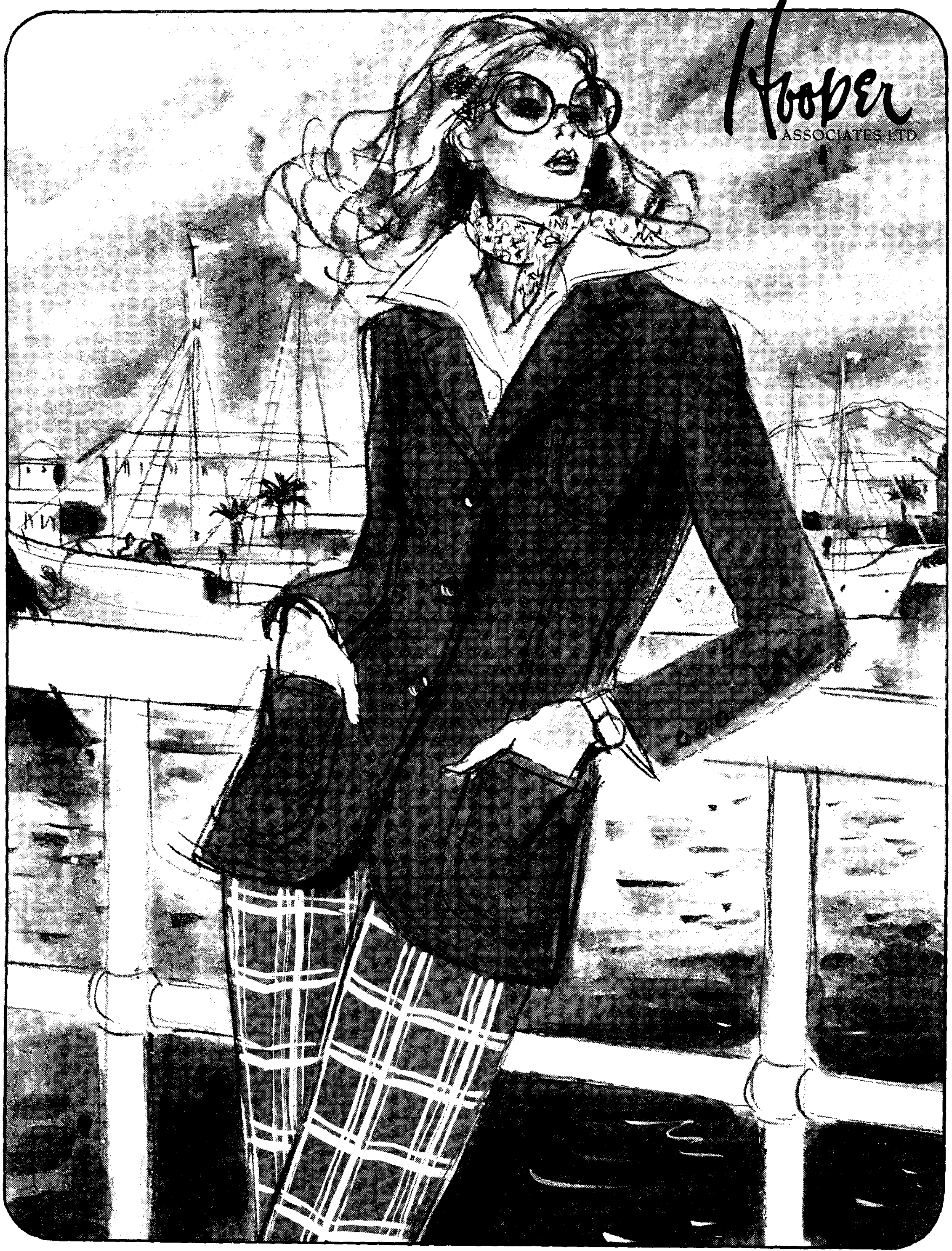

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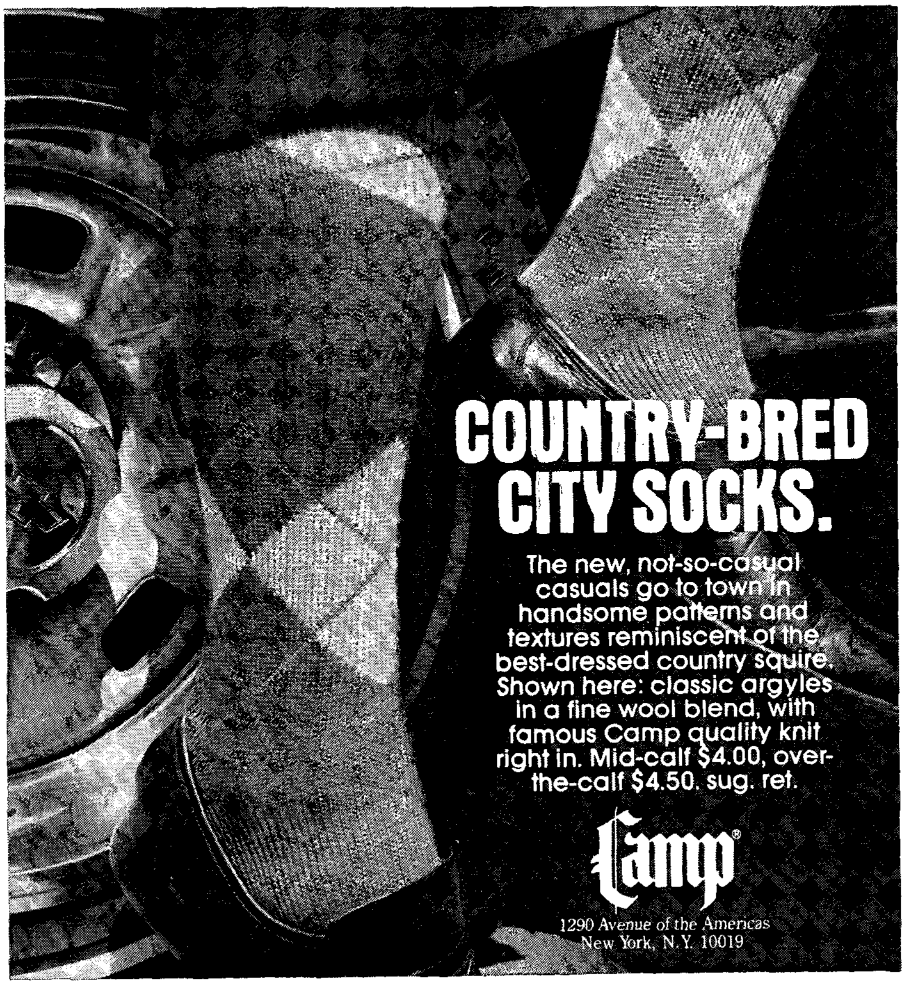

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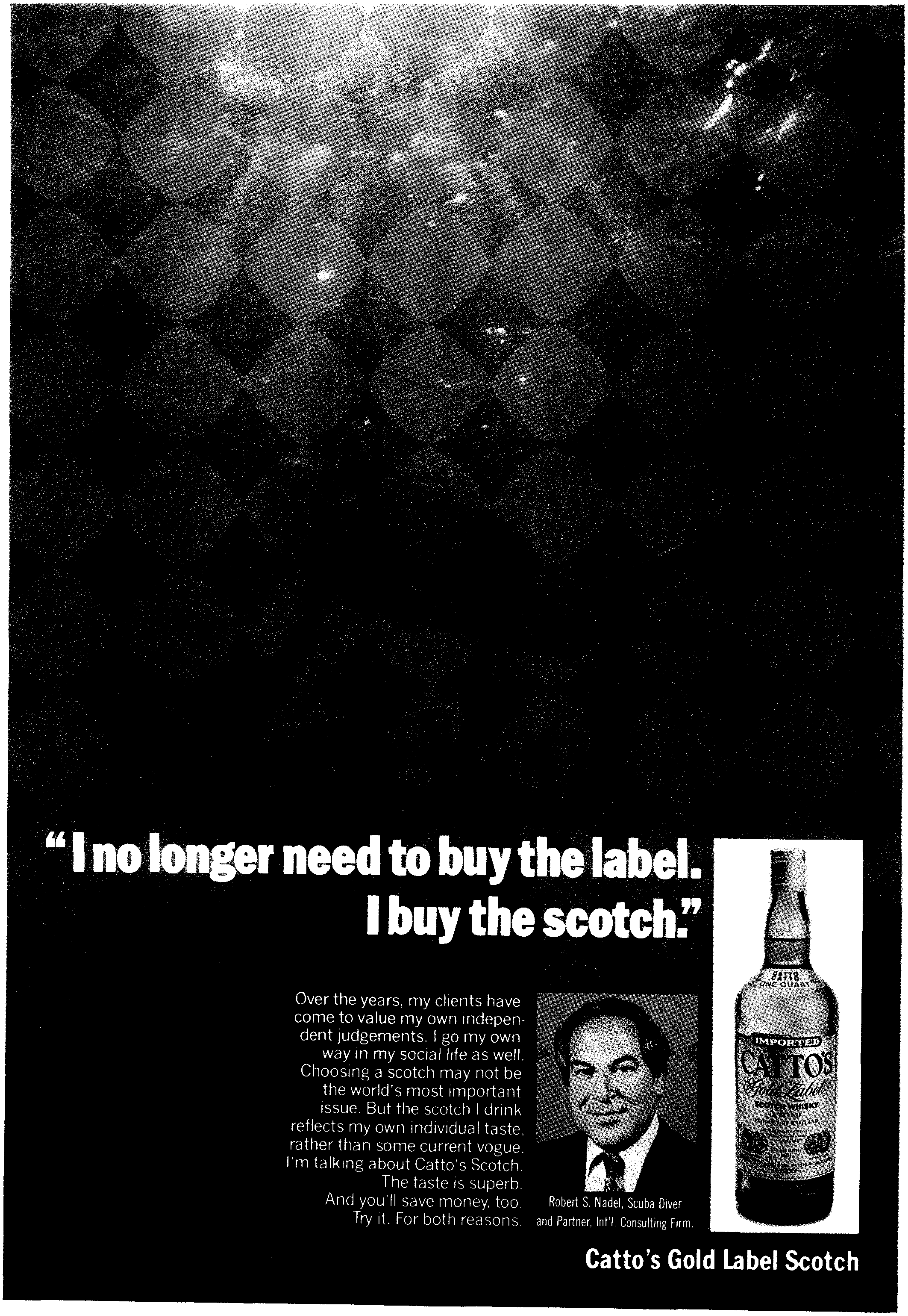
Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks stands today. Arrowheads that residents of Mount Kisco have found in their back yards indicate that the area may have been a major camp site of an earlier tribe, between three and nine thousand years ago. By the eighteenth century, the beaver had been trapped out of the valley, and the Indians massacred or scattered. Their descendants live on reservations in Oklahoma, Wisconsin, and Ontario. Only a handful can speak Delaware.

Around 1720, several families came up from Long Island and settled on the valley rim. One cluster of houses, called Kirbyville, sprang up about where the bowling alley is now. A second, New Castle Corners, occupied the present site of Friendly's Ice Cream Shop, half a mile away. About the only outside contact the settlers had was with a missionary who would come up from the Episcopal Church in Rye every so often and preach to them. New Castle Corners grew faster, because there a brook rushes steeply into the valley. During the nineteenth century, its water was turning the wheels of a grist mill, a cotton mill, a woollen mill, and factories where needles, bricks, women's shoes, and men's shirts were manufactured. The largest concern at the Corners was the Spencer Optical Works. It is supposed to have been, at one time, the largest optical works in the country. It burned in 1877 and was then rebuilt, before finally leaving New Castle in 1888. Children playing in the woods on Spencer Street occasionally unearth spectacles ground there a century ago.

In the eighteen-forties, the newly formed New York & Harlem Railroad Company decided to run a line of track up the Harlem Valley. By 1847, there was rail service between Manhattan and New Castle Station, as it was called. With the New York City market only about an hour away, the dirt farmers in the surrounding country became dairy farmers, leaving their milk cans at New Castle Station early every morning. Little frame houses spread block by block from the depot until soon the valley floor was covered with them. In 1848, the train depot took the name Mount Kisco, after the bold, rocky bluff on the eastern rim of the valley. In 1875, Kirbyville and New Castle Corners merged with the depot hamlet. On the western bluff, Captain Merritt's Hill, there arose a number of impressive Victorian structures, on whose porches the well-to-do could sit of an August evening, listening to the katydids and gazing with satisfac-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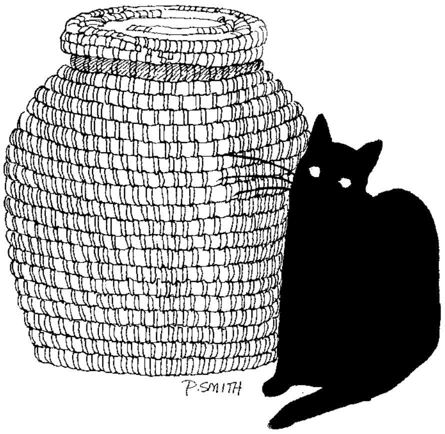
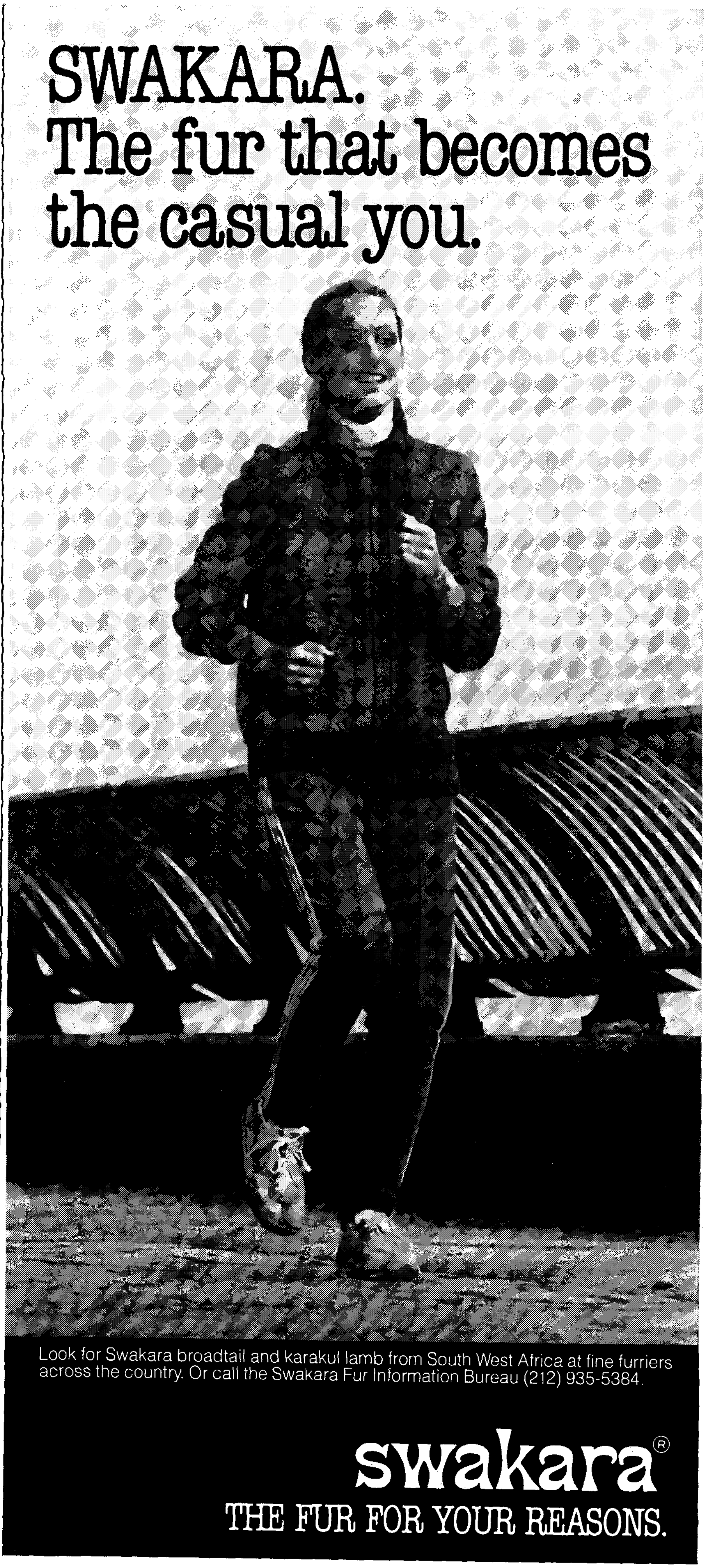
tion on the town that was burgeoning below.

Westchester's period as an important center of dairy production did not last long. When the Erie Canal and the railroads opened up the fertile reaches of the Midwest, it wasn't hard to persuade a farmer in the boulder-strewn Northeast to part with his spread and give up a life that had been difficult at best. By the eighteen-eighties, the small, subsistence farmer was virtually extinct in Westchester.

Even as the farmers were leaving, there was an influx of new people into the area. Much of the land was being bought up by New York businessmen who had done well enough to afford a place in the country. One country road outside Mount Kisco was bought up by a Wall Street firm and parcelled off among its senior partners. At the same time, thousands of penniless immigrants from southern Italy were arriving at Ellis Island and making their way up into Westchester. Mount Kisco offered them plenty of opportunity. Laborers were being hired to build the Croton Dam, to man the factories and build the stone walls that line the roads around Mount Kisco; some of the most beautiful stonework in the world is to be found in north-central Westchester. The Italians carted materials to the hilltops where splendid mansions were being erected. Some stayed on as gardeners after the estates were finished. Around the turn of the century, a man named Petrillo was the main *padrone*, or agent, for the immigrants. He would arrange for their passage, hire them out, and keep them in his boarding house for twelve dollars a week. Since they made only fourteen, and the balance was usually drunk at his bar, his protégés had few prospects. Then someone finally set off a keg of dynamite on Petrillo's porch and put an end to his exploitative operation.

Many of the Italian immigrants lived in a bustling ghetto called Sutton's

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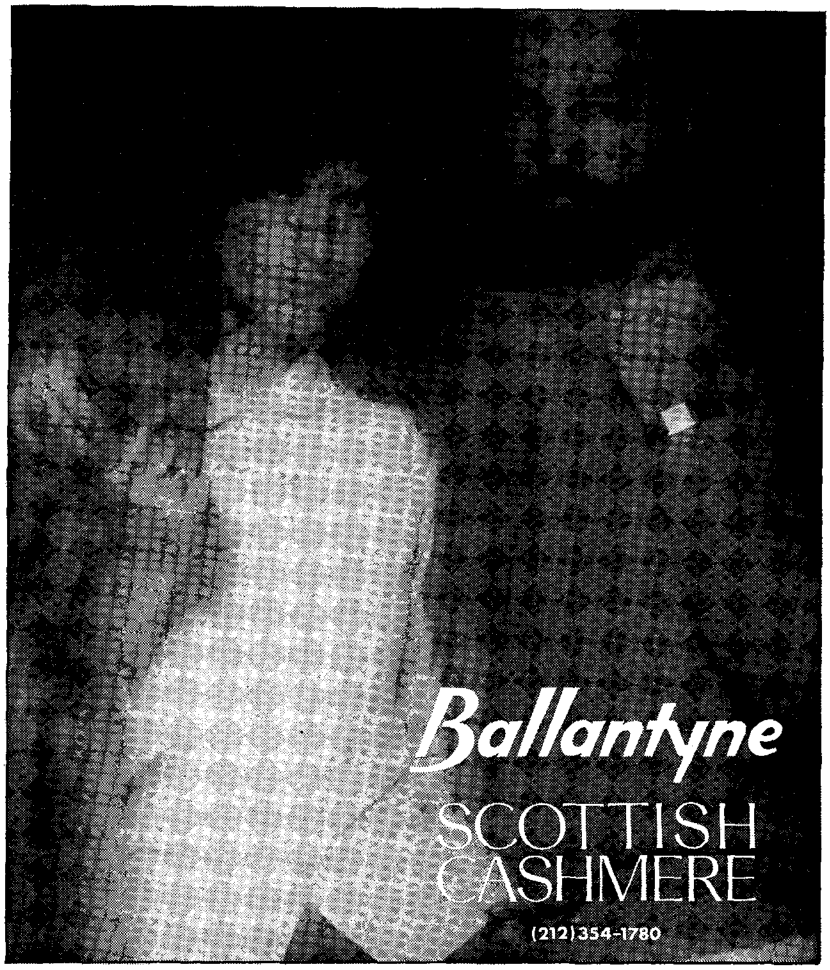
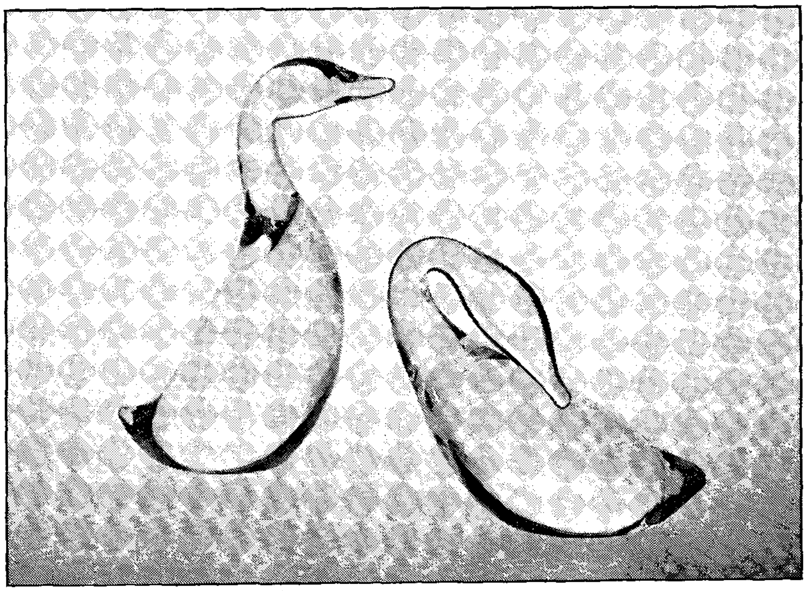
Row. (The site was recently smothered by a new Shoppers Bazaar and its enormous parking lot.) From there, it was a mile or so to the Spencer Optical Works and the other factories in New Castle Corners, where many of them worked. A few old-timers still remember the sound of hobnailed boots as the Italians tramped through the village at dawn. Working conditions at the Corners were less than optimal, and during the eighteen-eighties the Italians staged several riots there. Then the jobs disappeared. By 1888, Kirby Pond, the lake behind the dam at the Corners, was stagnant and eutrophic, and the stench was becoming unbearable. Some people feared that it might become a breeding ground for malarial mosquitoes. So Judge William Leonard, who owned the mill pond, had it thoroughly drained. Others were concerned about the "character hitherto unknown to the region" which the Italian "imports" were bringing to Mount Kisco. But even after the collapse of the industries at New Castle Corners, the Italians kept coming.

The square in the heart of town is named for Jefferson Feigl, a Mount Kisco man killed in France on the first day of the German drive from St. Quentin, March 21, 1918. Lieutenant Feigl volunteered his services to his country while a student at Harvard University, and he was the first American artillery officer to fall in the war. On an island in the middle of Jeff Feigl Square, surrounded by the continual flow of traffic, stands the painted zinc-alloy statue of an Indian. The Indian gazes east. His left hand grips an unstrung bow, and his left foot is slightly advanced. He wears buckskin breeches and a headdress of three upright feathers, and has a cape tossed over his naked shoulders. His long, flowing hair is anointed with pigeon droppings. The statue was donated in 1907 by a longtime Mount Kisco resident and temperance leader, David Fletcher Gorham. Water used to gush from its base, beneath a plaque proclaiming "GOD'S ONLY BEVERAGE FOR MAN AND BEAST." It soon became the town's best-known landmark. Travellers were told to turn left or right, or to go straight, at the Indian. An oil truck knocked it from its pedestal in 1925; it was restored. According to local legend, Greta Garbo placed a wreath about its neck in 1932, and it somehow managed to appear in the seventeenth series of "Ripley's Believe It or Not." During the turbulent nineteen-sixties, it was vandalized several times and restored again. In time, the Indian be-





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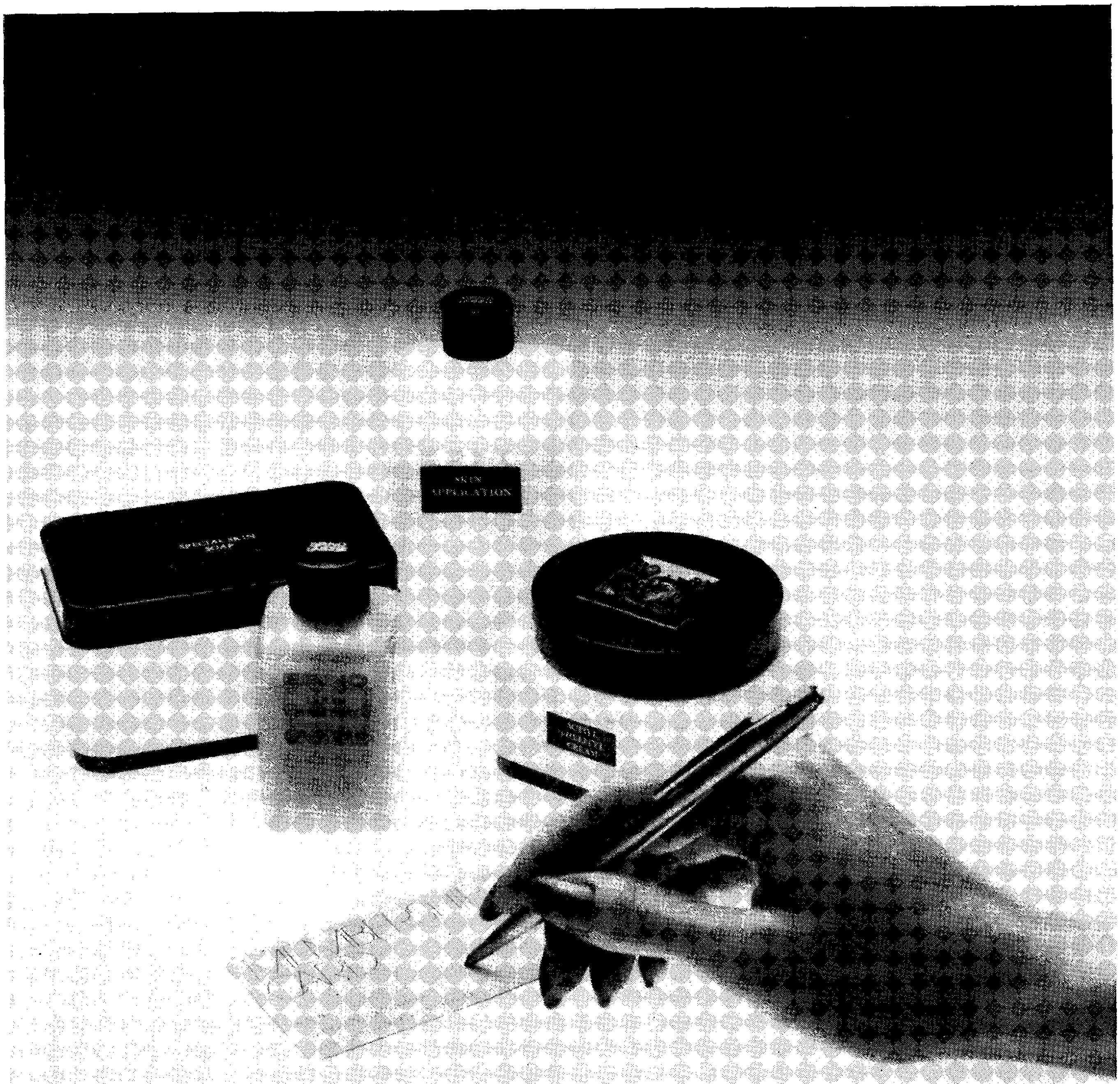

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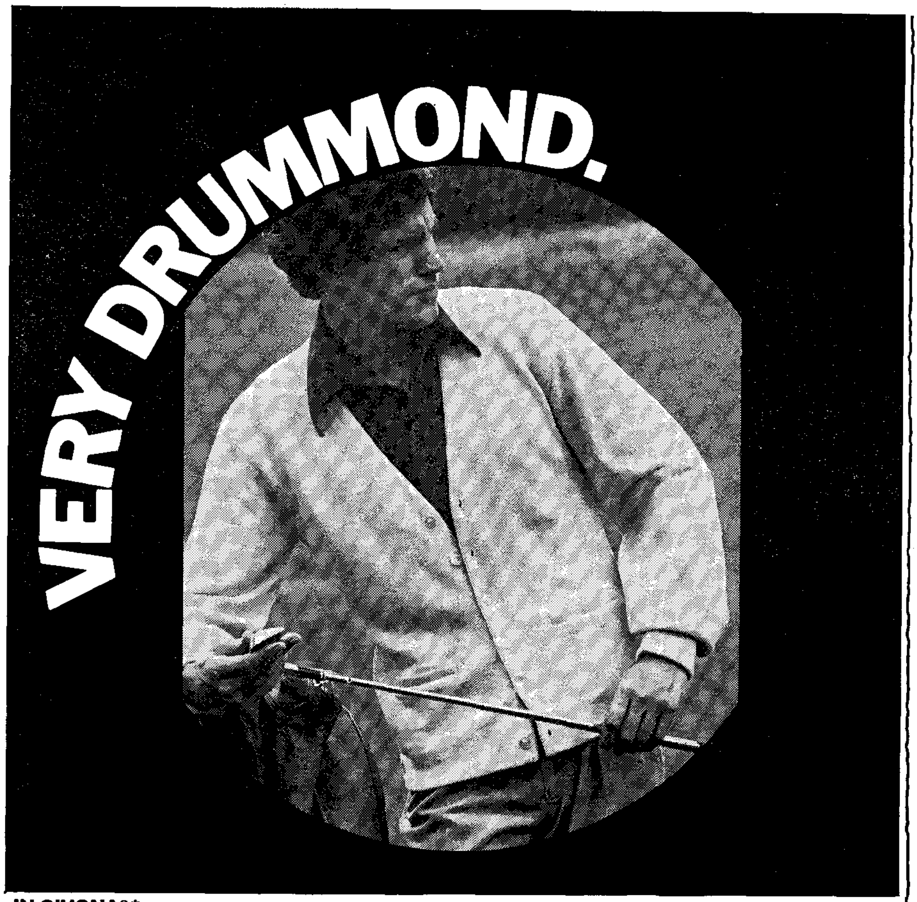
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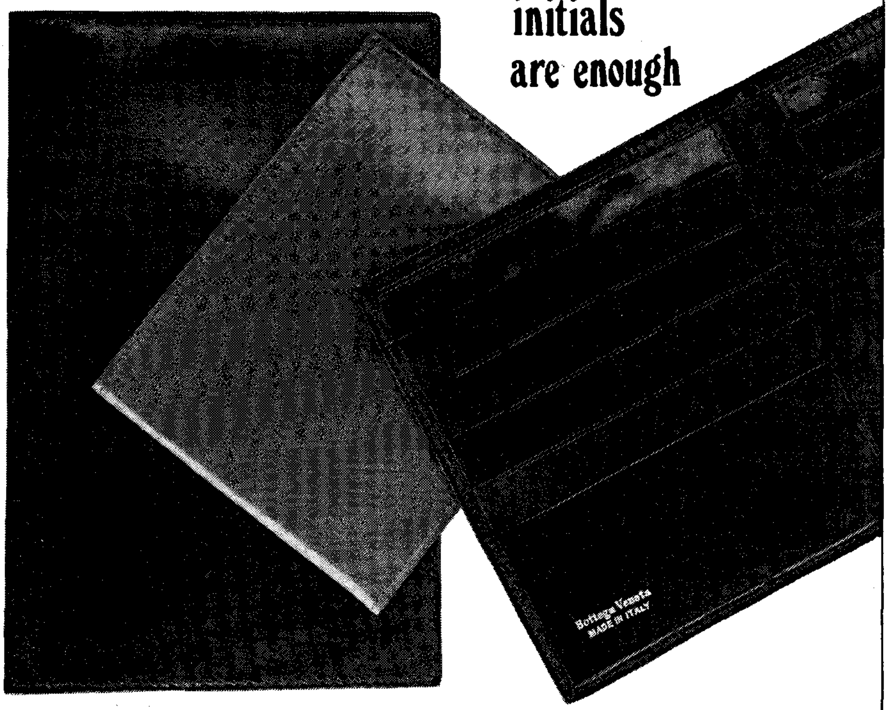

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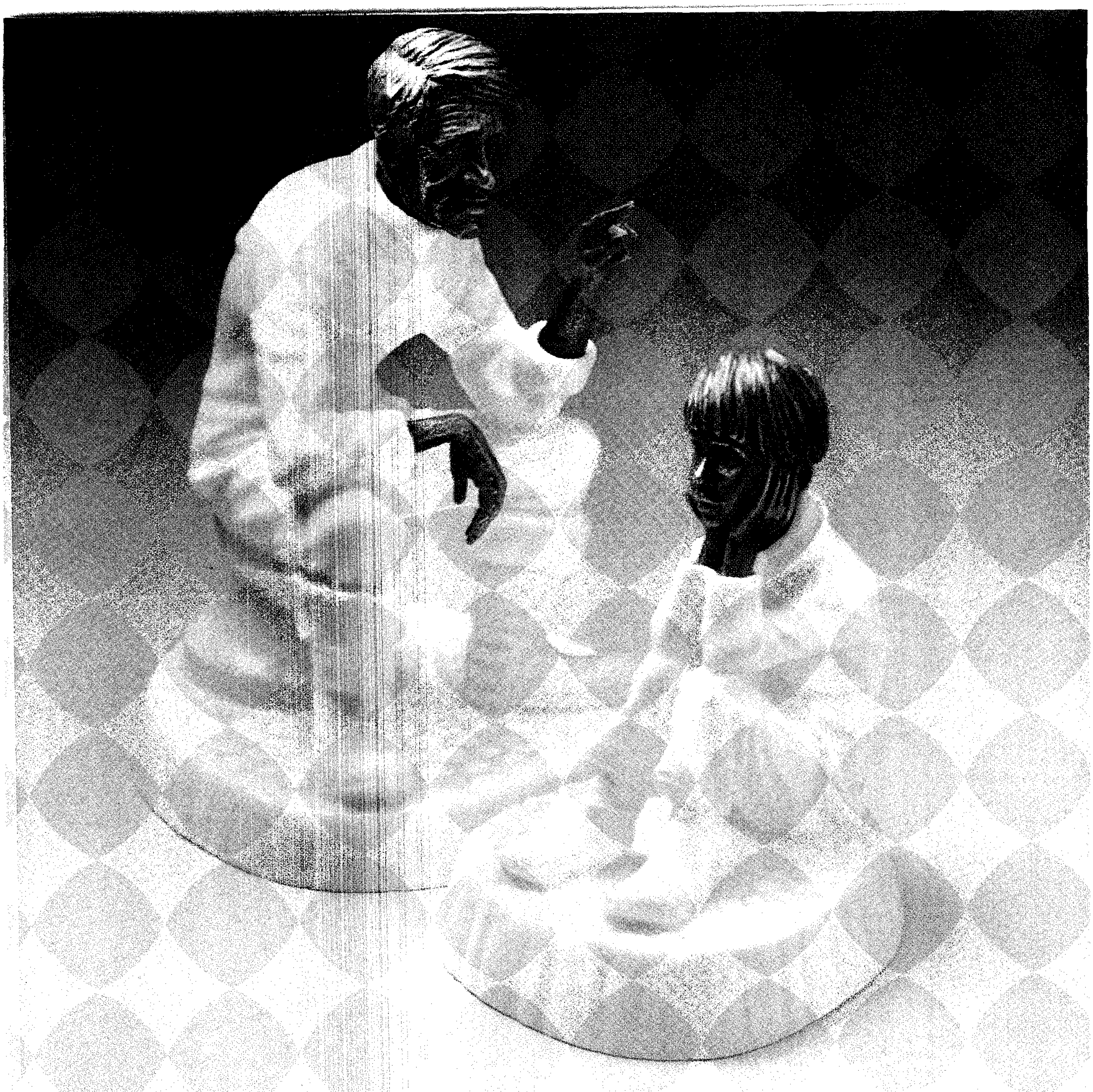
came known as Chief Kisco, and people started to talk as if such a chief had really existed, not realizing that dozens of identical statues had been cast at the turn of the century by the J. L. Mott Ironworks, of New York City, and were available by mail order. The chance discovery of a picture of the same statue on a postcard from Schenectady, New York, led Ollie Knapp, retired telephone lineman, dispatcher for the Mount Kisco fire department, and local-history buff, to make an all-out search for others. He found Chief Kisco in Barberton, Akron, Cincinnati, and Lodi, Ohio; in Ishpeming, Michigan, where he is known as Old Ish; and in Calhoun, Georgia, where he is called Sequoyah. The statue in Cincinnati was described, rather uncharitably, in a W.P.A. guidebook as "not worth a second glance from the standpoint of art." Once when I went to South America, I was charged by Knapp to verify whether a statue commemorating Atahualpa in Cuzco, Peru, was another of Mott's Indians. Unfortunately, I got to the square in which it had stood only to find that it had been lassoed by a couple of drunks three years before and had toppled.

Jeff Feigl Square is a good place to watch the Mount Kisco Firemen's Parade. Most of the villages and hamlets in northern Westchester have a firemen's parade, but, because there are four companies in Mount Kisco—the Mutuals, the Hooks, the Independents, and the Fire Police—the parade of its firemen, in July, is particularly impressive. Having already paraded through a few villages that summer, the firemen were in top form the last time I saw them. The main streets had been closed off. Several dozen young girls belonging to the Most Holy Trinity Fife and Drum Corps of Mamaroneck, some of them playing "Yankee Doodle Dandy" on piccolos, led it off. Everybody gave them a hand. Another village's chapter of the Lions' Club followed. Paunchy, gray-haired, and unknown to most of the crowd, they received a more perfunctory kind of applause. Then there was a gap in the formal procession, filled by an assortment of kids on bicycles and a vender pushing a shopping cart decorated with gas-filled balloons. Suddenly, Mount Kisco's own Ancient Fife and Drum Corps came round the corner. Thirty eighteen-inch fifes, three bass drums, and ten snares took up "The Girl I Left Behind Me." Each child in the corps wore a scarlet vest and a black tricorne. The Ancients had already appeared twice, in May—once to march the Little League up to the



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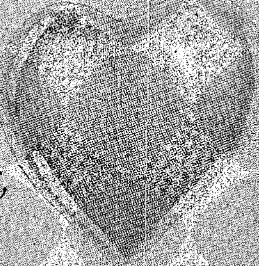

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park on opening day, and again on Memorial Day—but this was the moment for which they had been practicing in the elementary-school parking lot every Wednesday evening since daylight-saving time had begun, and the crowd had withheld its greatest applause for them.

Between firemen's parades are all the religious ceremonies: Palm Sunday, when the congregation comes out of St. Francis of Assisi late in the morning and the streets are filled with groups of two or three going home with the pleasant-smelling palm fronds; the funeral of a villager, whose casket may be carried down the church steps by six American Legionnaires; and Confirmation, when little girls in white dresses swarm around the bishop and kiss his ring as he stands in front of the church with his scepter and mitre, casting his blessing into the street. At Christmastime, each of the churches and funeral homes on Main Street usually puts out a crèche. A few years ago, I counted six crèches, each more imaginative and lifelike than the next. But I would have given first prize to the Nativity scene in front of the Lutheran Church, whose figures were real live people, motionless in the winter air except for the occasional plume of breath that would escape from one of them.

Mount Kisco's largest institution is the Northern Westchester Hospital Center. Upward of a thousand babies are born and more than two hundred people die there each year. It is a tradition with the local merchants to give presents to the first-born child each new year. One of the recent lucky babies was Michael Frank Nicolosi, who came into the world at 3:34 A.M. on January 1st, weighing seven pounds six ounces. He was welcomed with five half gallons of ice cream from Friendly's Ice Cream Shop, three cases of baby food from Pantry Pride, and a savings account from each of the village's banks. The proud mother received a twenty-pound box of no-phosphate detergent from Sears, a free shampoo and set from Thelma Hairstylists, and three free visits to Supersonic Car Wash. All told, the Nicolosis were showered with sixty-six presents.

Around the central hospital complex, an array of doctors and dentists have set up practice in smaller professional buildings and converted residences. In back of the hospital are four parallel tree-bordered streets—Boltis, Woodland, Spring, and West. It's a quiet neighborhood, not built to any set plan and not significantly different from the architectural productions of

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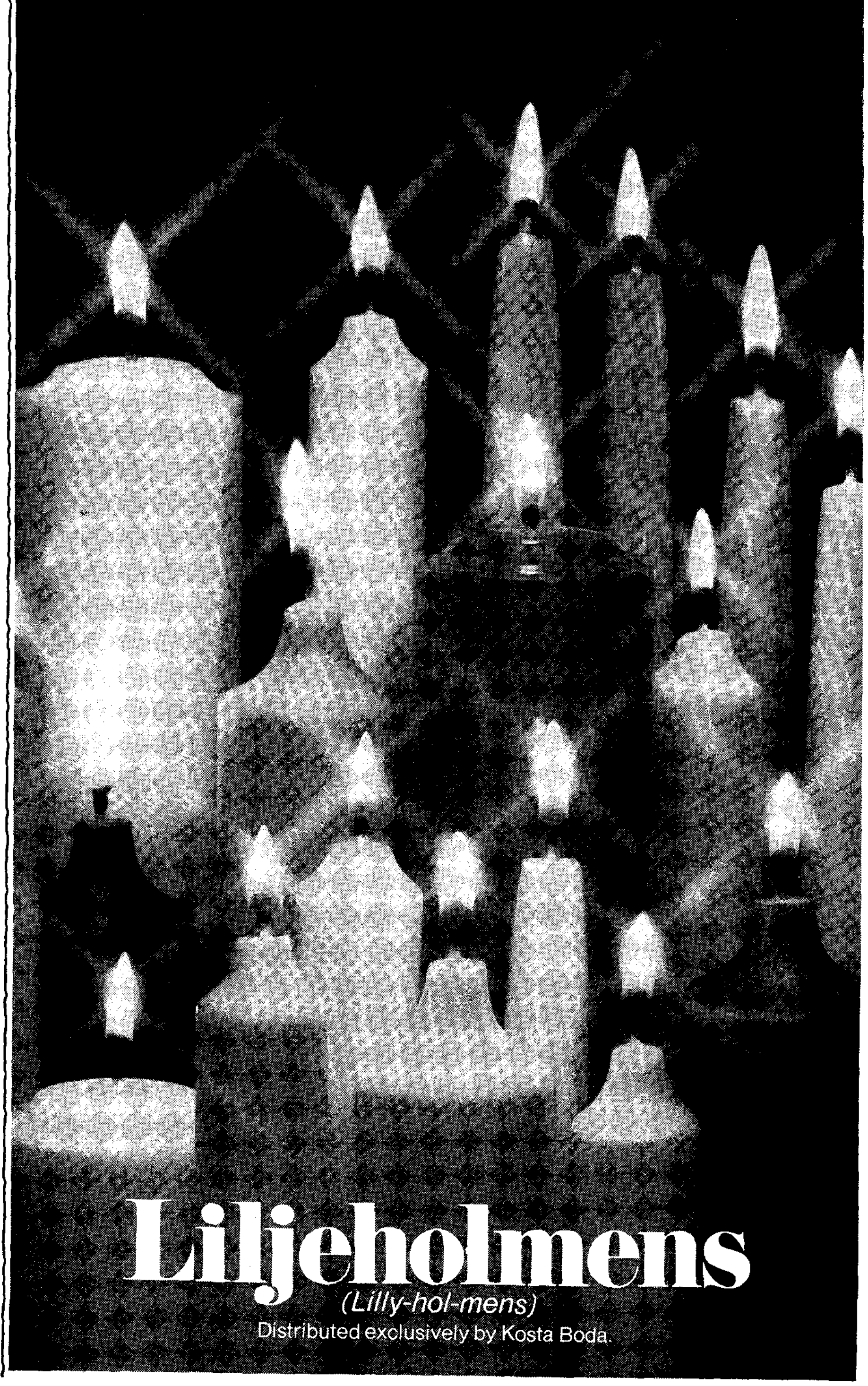

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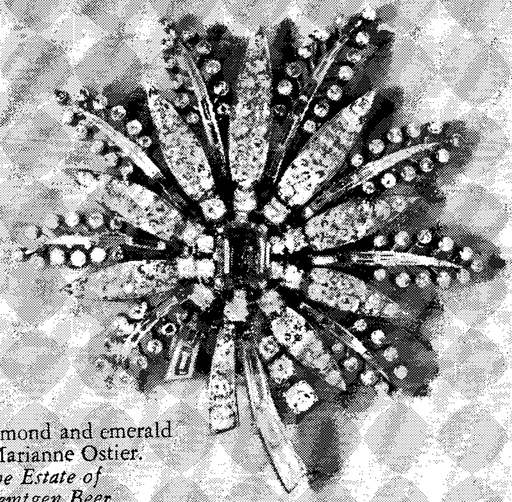

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ten thousand other American towns. Some houses are stucco, some brick, some wood-frame with a modest amount of gingerbread trim and maybe a shed-type garage in back. Wings, porches, and other additions have been tacked on as the need arose, and every dwelling is masted with a television aerial. The residents are Irish, Italian, and black. Families are close, but, since the arrival of television, neighbors don't visit with each other or talk over the fence as much as they used to, although their children still play together in the street. The patterns of their life could be called provincial: the majority pass their lives on these four streets and are buried in cemeteries a few hundred yards away—in Oakwood, if Protestant; in St. Francis, if Catholic, the Italians with their long Mediterranean names chiselled on the headstones below photographs of themselves.

If there is anything exceptional about West Street, it is that it has a lingering Italian flavor, though not as pronounced as it used to be. A few of the houses have grape arbors over their back doors, and the back yards have been terraced with plain or white-painted boulders. Some of the trees in the neighborhood—even Norway maples, which were planted for shade—have been severely pollarded, as if they were expected to bear fruit. Come springtime, almost everyone prepares a small plot for tomatoes, peppers, eggplants, zucchini squash, romaine lettuce. Later, in the fall, people put in escarole, which can stand the cold. Before the first frost, they wrap their small fig trees in old carpets or blankets and cover them for the winter with garbage cans.

Recently, the Bernsteins—Stan and Marcia and their children, Judy, Cyrus, and Hilary—moved into a forty-year-old stucco Tudor house with an underhouse garage, on Parkview Place, on the other side of town from West Street. It is the Bernsteins' first house; they have always lived in apartments. The move ended a process of extrication from the Bronx, up through the crowded residential rings of lower Westchester, and finally to the relative country of Mount Kisco. Parkview Place is in a solidly white, middle-class neighborhood. The individual homeowner takes a great deal of pride in the appearance of his yard. Schneider, the Bernsteins' neighbor, is an ingenious man who builds grandfather clocks in his basement and has a vegetable and flower garden that is the envy of the street. The other neighbors, who object to Max (short for Max-

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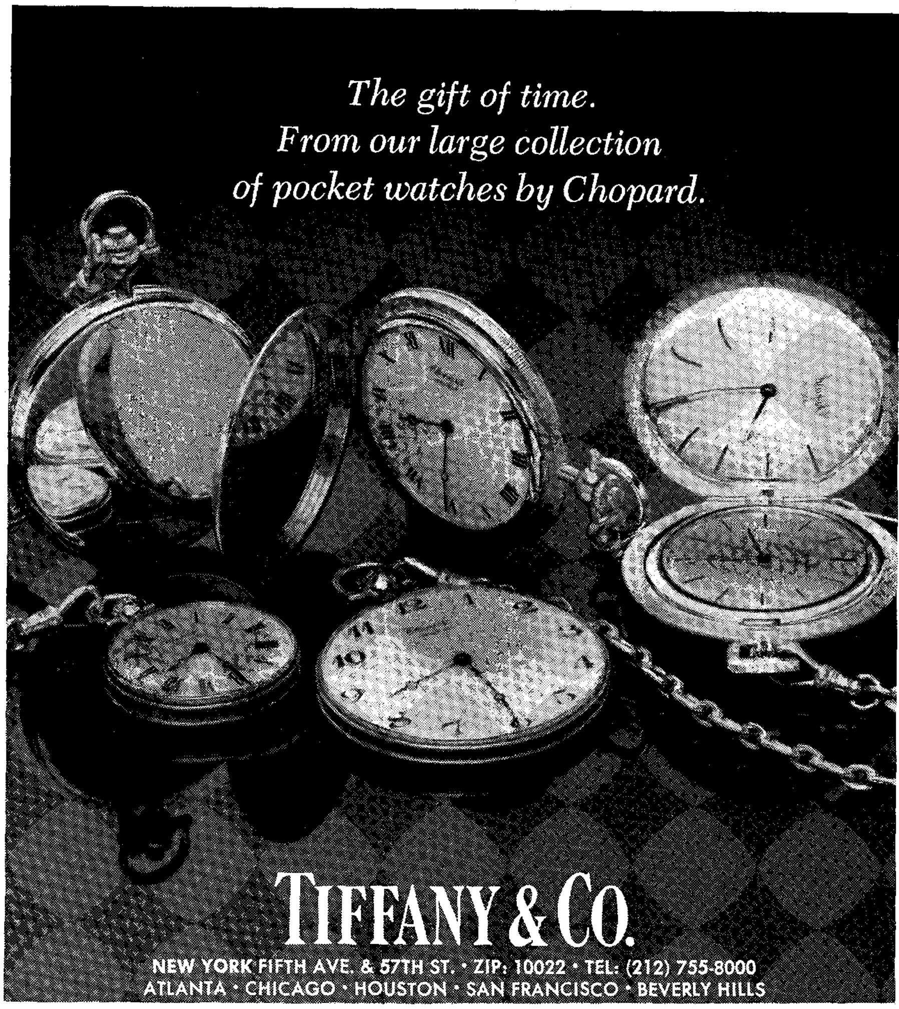
ima), the Bernsteins' Great Dane, are not particularly friendly.

Stan Bernstein, who is about forty, commutes to the Bronx, where he designs ventilator systems for high-rise buildings. He was born in the Bronx and grew up there. "My ideal was to live on the East Side of Manhattan, but when we got married, in 1956, we couldn't afford to live there, so we lived in the Bronx in a fifth-floor walkup right near the zoo," he told me. "After a while, we became disenchanted with the Bronx. Although we wanted the urban life, we also wanted a little nature. There was an ideal location in Fleetwood. We didn't have a car, so we used the trains, and were less than half an hour from downtown Manhattan. Out back, there was a beautiful park with huge tulip trees, which they have since blasted out to make the interchange between the Bronx River Parkway and the Cross County Parkway. I would walk in the park every night, rain or shine. I had a bird feeder on every windowsill. We got them by the thousands. I grew orchids in a jerry-built greenhouse in the window. Finally, we were kicked out because we got a dog. There were other dogs in the building, but the management didn't want any new ones. We could have taken them to court, but we decided it was time to move anyway, so we moved into the Cadillac Apartments, in Mount Vernon. Every Saturday or Sunday, we would make safaris to northern Westchester, exploring the area. We drove past Fox Lane High School, in Bedford, and said, 'This is where we'd like to send our kids.' We saw them building Diplomat Towers, in Mount Kisco, and said, 'Here is an apartment house with a pool in the middle of the lovely country.' From the apartment they showed us, we could look across the tracks to this magnificent marsh, which was beautiful in the summer with all the purple loosestrife. So we took it. The first day we got there, we left all the furniture in the middle of the room and went camping."

Diplomat Towers, however, did not live up to the Bernsteins' expectations. "The place began to deteriorate," Stan went on. "The management made deals for rent abatement with many of the people who lived there. Light bulbs burned out in stairwells and were not replaced, the elevator broke down almost daily, and we were constantly having to walk the six floors. The incinerator caught fire on several occasions and gave off noxious fumes. The management started renting to undesirables. They took in a known



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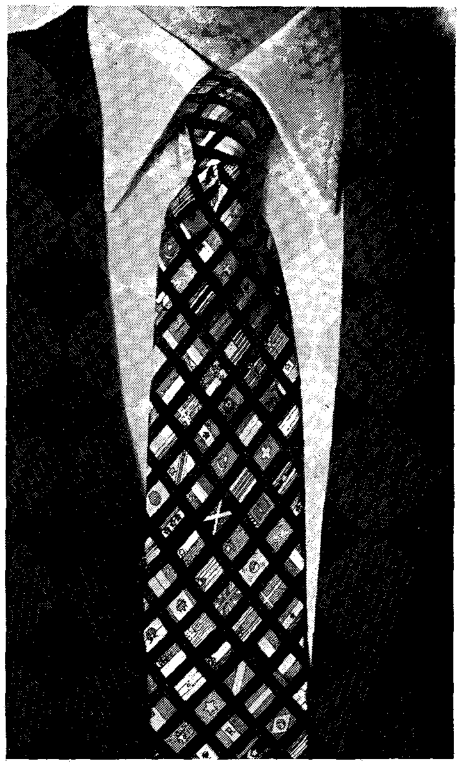

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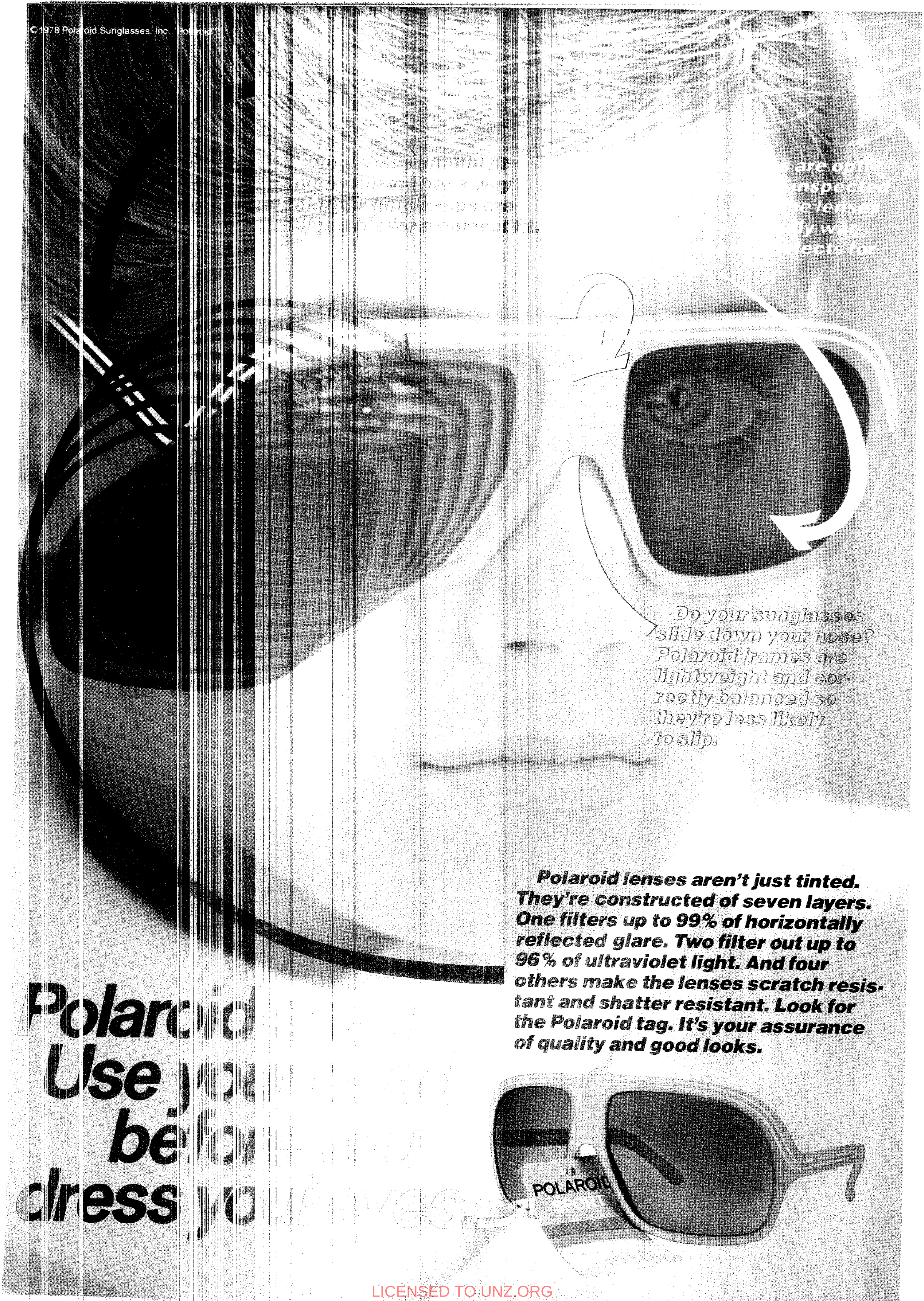

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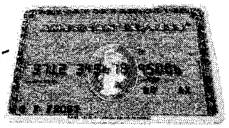

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pusher and several women of questionable morals. There were an awful lot of divorced families—just a mother or father and kids who went wild. There were people who started out straight at Diplomat Towers and ended messed up."

"Things are better there now—the management has changed—but we used to go over to Diplomat all the time," William J. Nelligan, Mount Kisco's Chief of Police, told me. "Mostly for family fights, complaints of malicious mischief, or on narcotics raids. Several years ago, we intercepted a twenty-five-pound box of marijuana that was being delivered to two characters in one of the towers. They were living in a two-bedroom apartment, and their only furniture consisted of two mattresses, two Early Salvation Army dressers, and a hi-fi set. Their only employment was dealing in marijuana."

Chief Nelligan was sitting at his desk in the Municipal Building. He had risen through the ranks to become, ten years ago, head of Mount Kisco's twenty-four-man force. A collection of handguns and shooting medals was encased on the wall behind him. "I'm here till I retire, die, resign, or get fired," he explained. I asked him to describe the village from the law-enforcement point of view, and he said, "Most of our complaints are family conflicts, both within and between families—people living together in close proximity. There have been a few muggings. But big crime? There isn't much of that. An armed robbery at Friendly's Ice Cream was the last one, and that was two or three years ago. We have a number of banks, but the difficulty of escaping through our congested streets and the high police presence make bank robbing a poor risk. Of course, there are your ordinary larcenies, like the one a little while back where someone stole a ring out of Grove Jewelers when the salesman's back was turned and ran off with it. Shoplifting is hard to assess. Our philosophy is to leave prosecution to the merchant's discretion. The kids who do the shoplifting are not necessarily the deprived. You go over to the kid's house and he's got everything from ice skates to a hand computer, and you try to figure out why he did it. There's been a change in the last twenty years. You used to be able to call up the parents and say, 'Joe, your son broke into a store and stole twenty-two cents,' and Joe would come down, clip the boy in the jaw, and take him home, and it would never

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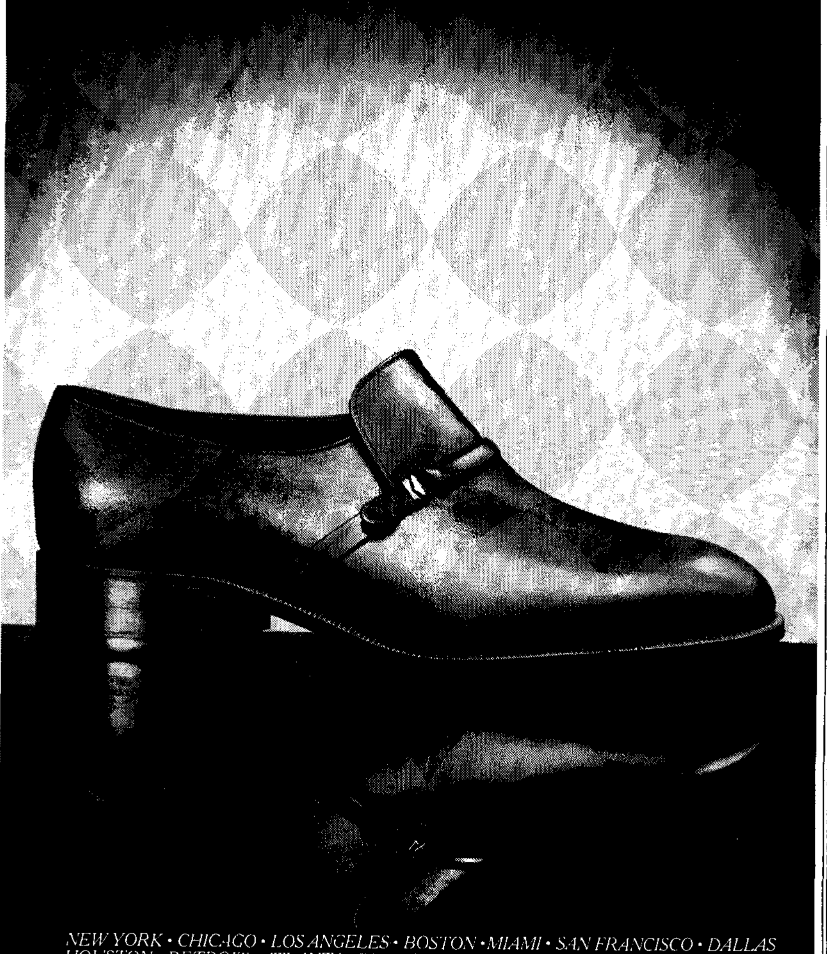

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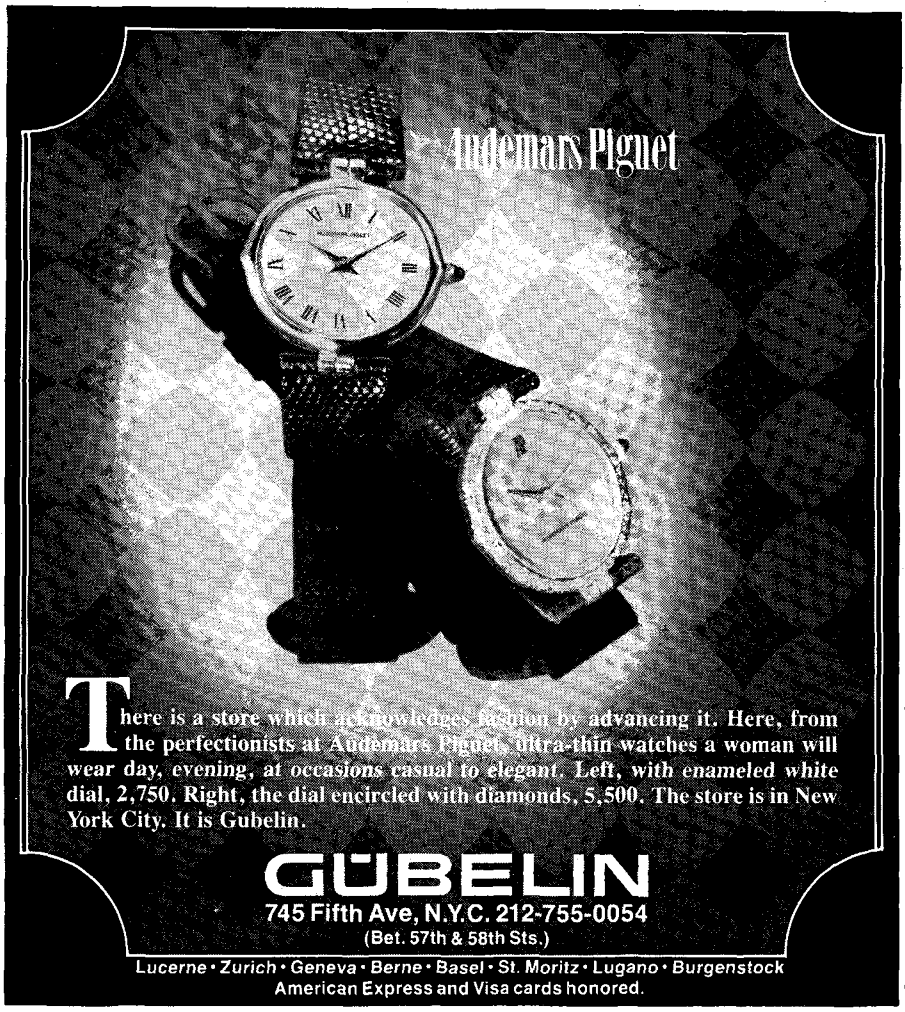

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happen again. Now parents refuse to admit that it could have happened. They get defensive about it. 'You can't see him. He's in bed.' They accuse you of picking on their son."

Controlling his anger, Chief Nelligan got up and took me to see the lockup. "This is a high-class can," he said, showing me one of four cells for males. "We got mattresses on the bunks, a commode, and a sink in every cell. The inmates are inspected every half hour. We only hold them for twenty-four hours, until they are arraigned in court the next morning. Then they are taken to the county jail." The female prisoners spend the night in a detention room and are looked after by a matron. "There's no big problem with crime in Mount Kisco," Chief Nelligan concluded, shutting the bars of the empty cell. "Thanks to me." Then, after a little pause in which he looked at me to see if I saw that he was joking, he went on, "Actually, we have the highest concentration of criminals in northern Westchester except for Peekskill and Ossining Village, but they go and commit their crimes in other towns."

The Municipal Building of the Village of Mount Kisco—fireproof, brick, and in the Federal style—is the largest town hall in the northern part of the county. In this building, the mayor, the trustees, and the village manager put their heads together every other week to legislate the further developments in store for Mount Kisco and try to make sense out of what has already happened. Although an architectural review board was set up several years ago to "maintain some sort of harmony between the buildings of Mount Kisco," there isn't much it can do about the many varieties of small-town architecture which have been contributing examples of themselves there for the last hundred years. Few buildings in the village have serious architectural pretensions. The United Methodist Church, with its soaring spire, louvred belfrey, pointed-arch window openings, and board-and-batten siding, is one—a good example of the Stick Style, or Carpenter Gothic, that flourished in the Picturesque Revival period, between 1840 and 1860. A number of ornate Victorian residences, embellished with spacious porches, mansard roofs, turrets, pedimented dormers, flaring eaves, cast-iron porticoes, porte cochères, projecting bays, and iron finials, can be found on Captain Merritt's Hill. But most of the structures in the valley—the gas stations, stores, diners, and residences—are examples of "vernacular" architecture; they're

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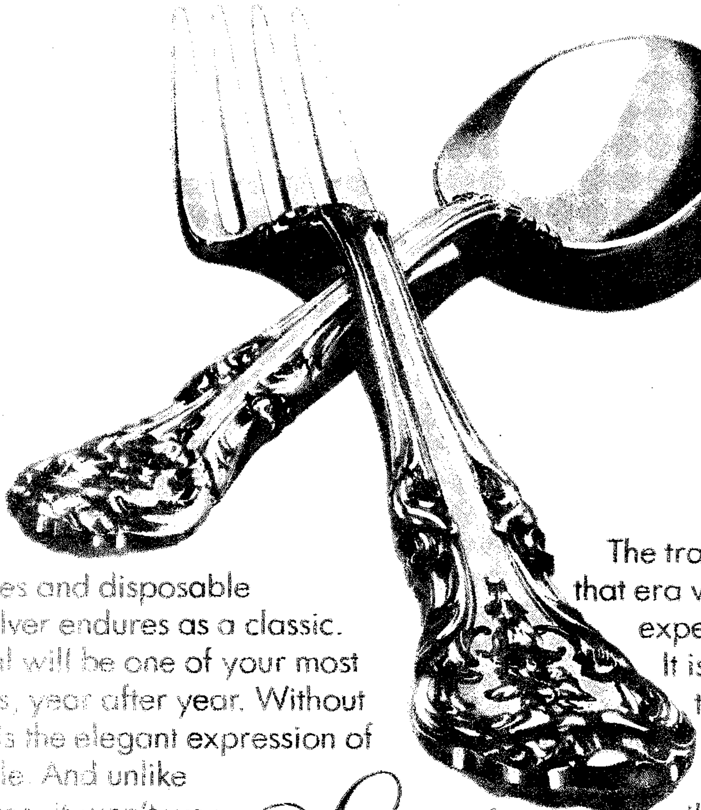

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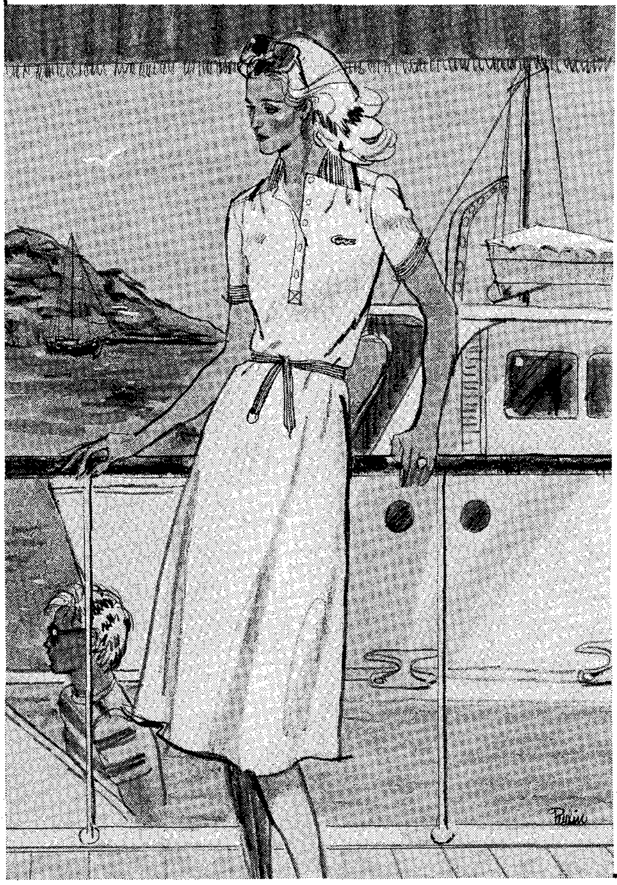

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A few pieces of open land remain in Mount Kisco: a golf course, a reedy portion of the watershed, sixty acres of a former estate on Kisco Mountain. There are several schools of thought about this land. Some believe that Mount Kisco has already got out of hand, and that it might be wise to leave the last undeveloped tracts open. These people claim that the downtown streets are running double their capacity and that the old character of the village is rapidly going down the drain. They fear that Mount Kisco, with the policy of indiscriminate growth it has always followed, may be taking what one of them called "a suicidal course." A more powerful contingent wants to see Mount Kisco keep growing. They feel it must seek out development or the development will go elsewhere and the town will no longer be "the hub of northern Westchester," as it has been called. "If it stops, it dies," a woman at the Chamber of Commerce told me. Some would like the last open land to become the site of a big-name department store. Others dream of condominiums or a high-rise parking garage. Too many residents, a so-called townhouse faction argues, are now renters of apartments. Mount Kisco needs to get back to the owner; he would do more for the town. As for the traffic problems additional people might create, Henry Kensing, the mayor, did not seem worried. "Normally," he said, "it takes five minutes to get from one end of town to the other."

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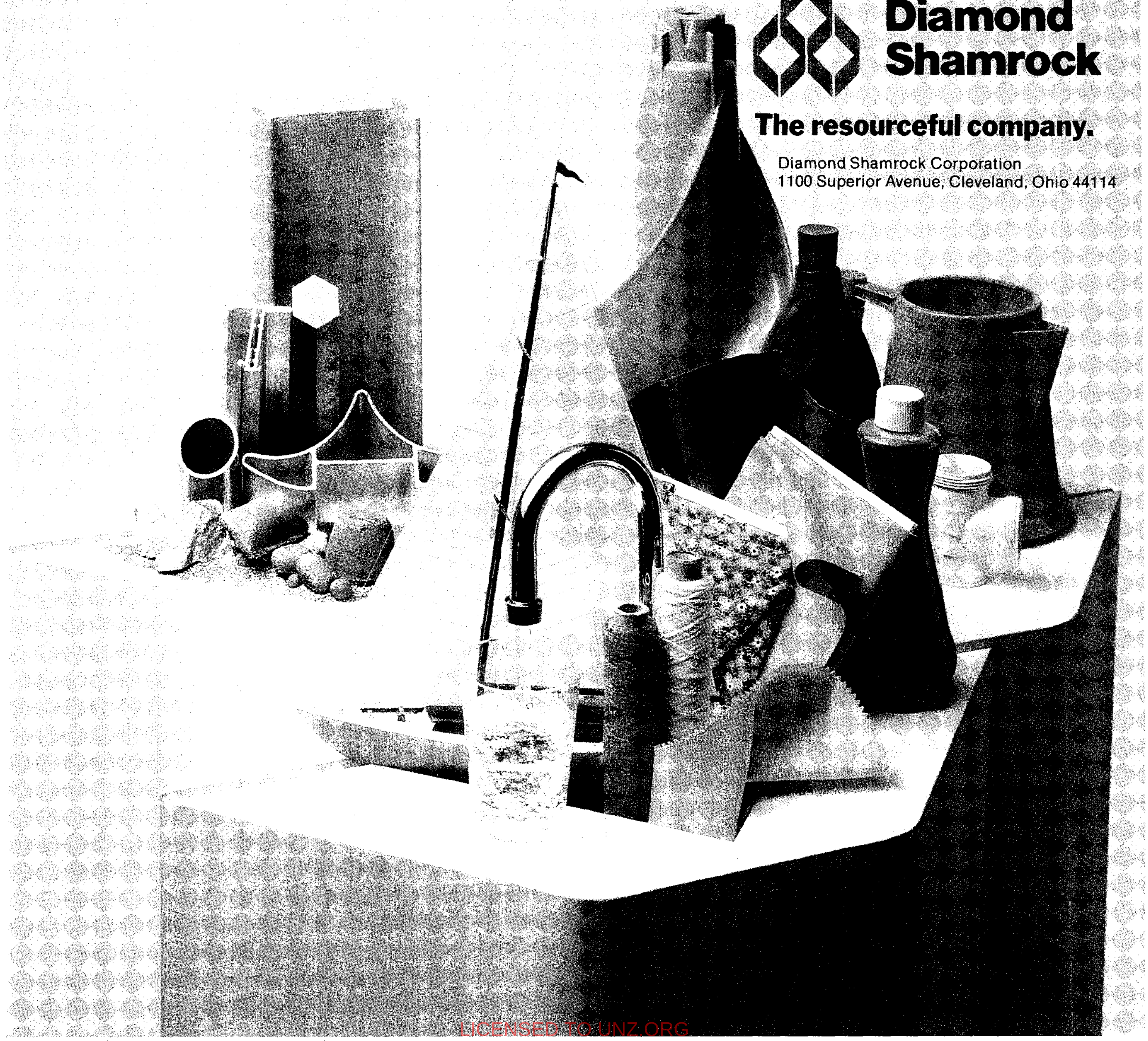

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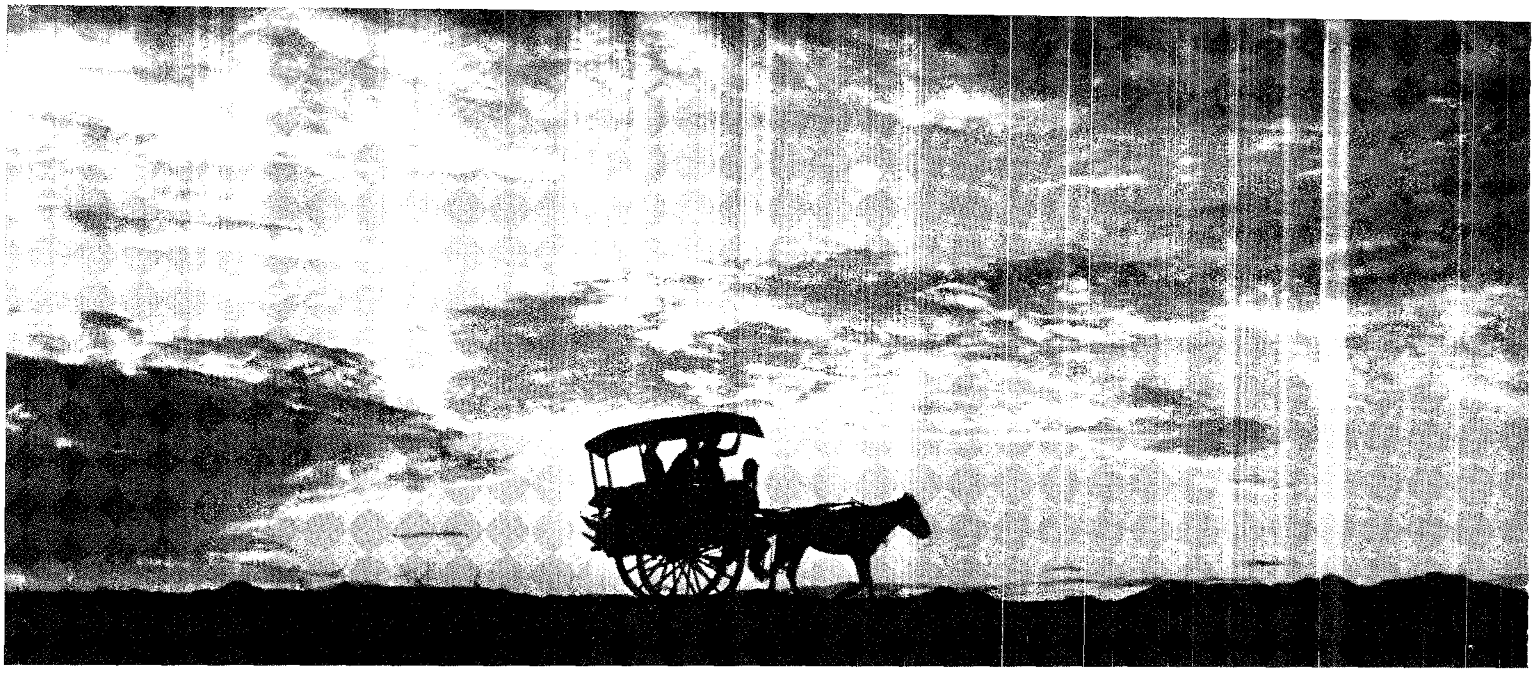

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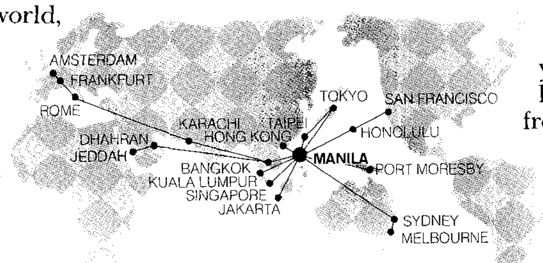
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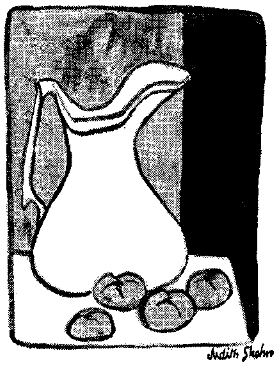
er. The horses wore special leather boots to prevent them from marking up the turf. But the building of the house seemed to take forever. At last, the architect came to the Suttons, presented them with a key, and told them to meet him in the front hall at nine o'clock the following morning. The house was ready. At nine, the Suttons put the key in the front door, opened it, and were greeted by the sight of the architect hanging by his neck in the stairwell. "Despite this rather gruesome beginning," their neighbor Gustavus Kirby wrote in his memoirs, "the Suttons lived in their home for many years."



At the end of the nineteenth century, the big houses were built in a number of styles. There was a turning away from Victorian Gothic to a Colonial simplicity, of which the Van Cortlandt house on Guard Hill Road in Bedford, a farmhouse that was expanded and rebuilt by Stanford White, is a good example. In the nineteen-twenties, "bastard Norman" Newport and Narragansett houses, half-shingle and half-stone, became popular. After 1914, people built French châteaux, and in the twenties they went in for the Tudor look. A few Regency houses went up, too, but the handsomest big houses were Georgian.

The house of Dr. and Mrs. Robert L. Patterson is a large Georgian, elegant in the purity and simplicity of its lines. It was designed by the firm of Delano & Aldrich and was built over 1905 and 1906 for William Sloane, whose father had developed a family rug-and-furniture business into an enormously successful New York department store. The house, in Mount Kisco, was put up as a surprise for his wife. The Sloanes' daughter Margaret became Mrs. Patterson. She was born in the house, and still lives there a good deal of the year. Inside the house are framed signatures of all the Presidents of the United States. Outside is one of the few grass tennis courts still maintained in Westchester. The lines are powdered with chalk, and the bounce is low, fast, and unpredictable. In a nearby coop are the Pattersons' peacocks. Every time a ball smacks the net, the peacocks let out a squawk that can be heard in the valley below. The tennis court was responsible for bringing Dr. Patterson and his wife together. He was a young doctor from Georgia doing his residency in orthopedics at Presbyterian Hospital, in New York. During a weekend visit to his uncle, who lived nearby, Patterson was asked to the Sloanes' for a game of tennis. Margaret, in a long skirt, slipped and scraped her knee. The young doctor offered to examine it. "I took one look at her knee and that was that," Dr. Patterson said.

"It was a working farm," his wife said. Her face became luminous as she spoke of her childhood. "We milked cows, kept pigs and chickens, cut ice and stored it in an ice-house. There were two root cellars—one for potatoes and the other for apples. Mrs. Hughes used to bong the gong for lunch. She hit it with a sledgehammer. Our working horses were Belgian. They were sorrel-colored, with white manes and fetlocks, and absolutely enormous. They plowed and they reaped and they hayed, and they ran away and busted down the grapes once. I used to drive my high-stepping hackneys down to the station. I had horses way into the thirties. We had a big old Pierce-Arrow, too, with isinglass windows and a canvas top you had to buckle on and off. In the beginning, there was no one here. Then the Myers and the Cooks and the Strausses came and built their houses. Eugene Myer was my father's classmate at Yale in 1895. He started the Washington *Post.* His sister married Alfred Cook. Jesse Strauss was the Ambassador to France. They were very high-calibre people, who kept to themselves. Of course, they couldn't get into the country club."

But the Tuckers had the greatest estate of all in the Bedford area. Three-quarters of a century ago, Carll and Marcia Tucker bought all the land enclosed by three roads—something like five hundred acres—and hired Frederick Law Olmsted's architectural firm to design an estate for them. The designers called upon the Tudor, Norman, Gothic, Romanesque, and several other styles to give the Tuckers Penwood—a group of weighty stone structures whose last detail, whose every crenellation and machicolation would evoke the best traditions of European culture.

Carll Tucker's family had published a magazine called *The Country Gentleman,* and he was himself what was known as a gentleman of leisure. His wife was Marcia Brady, whose father,

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Anthony Brady, was one of Thomas Edison's business partners, and left at his death one of the largest personal fortunes that had ever been accumulated. It was divided nine ways. Tucker managed his wife's money very well. Besides Penwood, they had residences on Park Avenue and at Hobe Sound, and a huge schooner called Migrant, which was one of the largest private vessels afloat until it was commandeered by the Navy in the Second World War.

Carll died a number of years ago, and Marcia died in 1976, in her nineties. The main house at Penwood has been closed and empty for about twelve years. The Tuckers' son Carll, Jr., became active in local affairs around Mount Kisco, founding a newspaper called the *Patent Trader*. Near Penwood, he built an enormous French château, on the scale of the mansions of the teens and the twenties, but the year it was finished, 1968, he died of a heart attack, at the age of forty-six. His son Carll III used to invite me to play squash in the court at Penwood until he moved into the city, where he is now the chairman and editor of the *Saturday Review*. The Tuckers are one of the few intact dynasties in Westchester, and their status is eclipsed only by that of the Rockefellers of Pocantico Hills.

Several years ago, young Carll commissioned the architect Robert Venturi to build him a new house. The Tucker house, as it is already being called, looks very much like a large birdhouse. According to the architectural historian Vincent Scully, it represents "the ultimate reaction to Frank Lloyd Wright, the reassertion of the vertical." Now that most of the level ground in Westchester has been spoken for, we are probably going to see a lot of vertical housing on the slopes—woodland dwellings with the upper story in the canopy of the forest—of which the Tucker house will be a classic example.

Shortly after the house was ready, I found Carll at home. Outside, two men with shovels were talking to each other in Italian while putting the finishing touches on what would be the front lawn. Inside, Carll was supervising the hanging of his pictures. Most of them were old prints of European landscapes, and there was an Elizabethan portrait in the dining room, where we sat and talked for a while about growing up at Penwood and what the move to a newer and smaller Tucker house represented. "Properties are smaller," he declared. "Wealth has become anonymous. When I was growing up, everybody knew my name. All the shop people. It's no longer the case,

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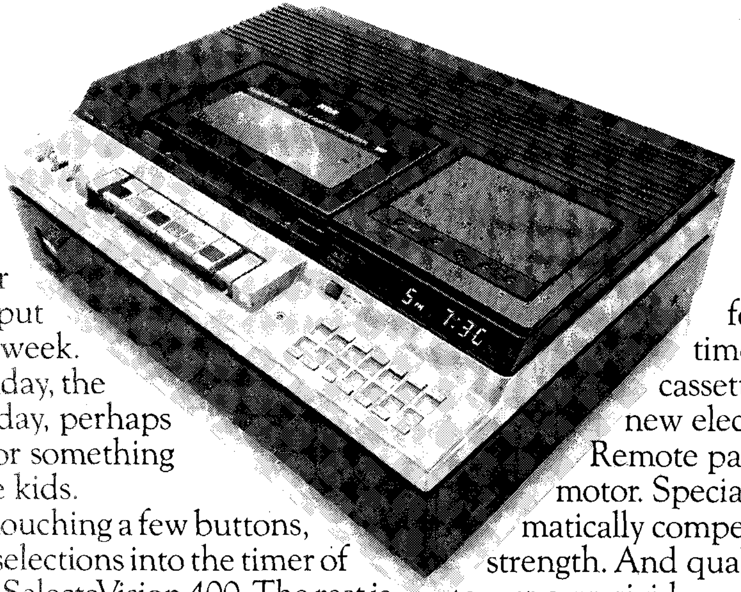

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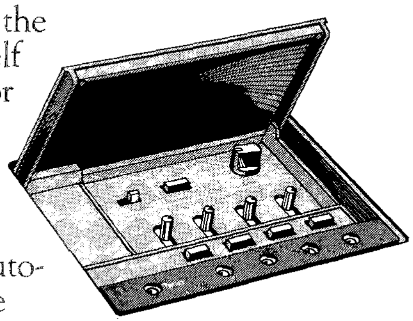

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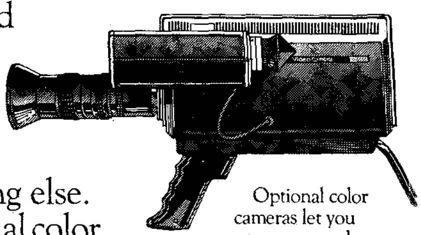

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which is fine by me. We lived on such a huge place, far away from everybody. I was alone but had lots to do. Horses and dogs were my playmates. I grew up in an adult world, surrounded by grooms and maids. At Yale, I was never much of a hail-fellow-well-met. I was clumsy socially, and didn't know how to deal with my contemporaries until they became adults themselves. My way of keeping up the family tradition was to be an achiever—writer, musician, top of the class. My father chose to start a newspaper in the town where he had grown up, which was some kind of masochism. He wanted to prove himself not one of the idle rich. Make it in your own back yard. Go to people you had regarded as servants and ask for their advertising."

Carll went into the bedroom and changed into his whites. He was off to the country club. "Tennis is an important part of my life," he said. "I try to play some racquet sport as often as I can."

A few months later, I met Carll at Penwood. He had become engaged, and his fiancée was as curious as I to see the inside of the main house. I had been only in the squash building and the greenhouse, the three long wings of which were maintained by a family of Italians who had kept Carll's grandmother supplied with flowers throughout the year. The main house had been built between 1912 and 1920, with an interruption while the First World War was being fought. Sicilian stonemasons had been imported for the job. "The inner courtyard is Tudor, the outer part is Romanesque, and the inside is Gothic," Carll said. The kitchen took up several rooms, in which only the great cast-iron ranges, with their metal hoods, and the long zinc sinks remained. In the dining room were a magnificent Delft fireplace and a dozen or so high-backed chairs with the Tucker crest (a lion's paw holding up the motto "*Nil Desperandum*"). Baroque Italian frescoes showing pastoral maidens and shepherds romping in a misty hillscape panelled the walls. Our footsteps echoed down the long dark corridor of a hallway lined with stone arches that might have come from some Gothic cathedral. "The house isn't known for its lightness," Carll said as we felt our way into the study. Several shelves were still filled with leatherbound sets of Thackeray and George Eliot.

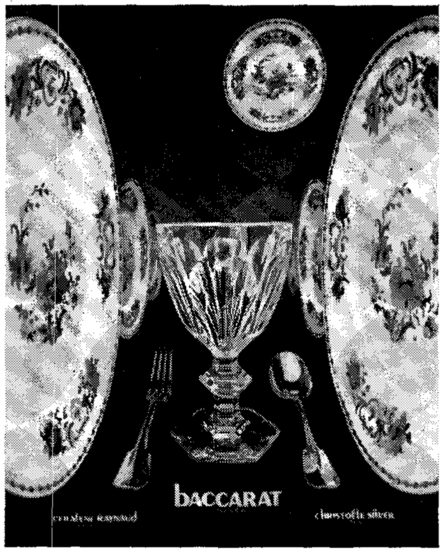
Twelve servants had been attached to the house. They were quartered over the kitchen, in small rooms whose size depended on the servant's importance. The butler had been given the biggest one.

THE extent of the Italian presence in Westchester is not generally realized. The truth is that Italian-Americans form the largest segment of the population; that almost every artifact in some way reflects their shaping hand; that they dominate not only the construction industry but most of the services, including landscaping, catering, baking, hairdressing, law, politics, and practically everything else that makes the place run on a day-to-day basis.

In some parts of Westchester, where the *paesani* of one Italian village have settled en masse, the fiesta of its patron saint is still celebrated. Elmsford has a feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel; Port Chester honors St. Anthony of Padua; and in Verplanck there is a big feast of the Madonna. The town of Cortlandt, which includes Croton, Oscawana, Verplanck, and several other Hudson River villages, has the most closely knit Italian-American communities in the county. Mamaroneck is about sixty per cent Italian. On the main street, the movie house shows pictures in the mother tongue.

The first wave came in 1880, the year there were twelve thousand Italian immigrants. Before long, the figure rose as high as three hundred thousand a year. Four-fifths of them were from Sicily and the lower part of the boot, where the soil, denuded of trees since Roman times, had long been exhausted, and the social structure offered those at the bottom little more than a life of unremitting toil and misery. During the eighteen-eighties, a series of record-breaking droughts plagued southern Italy. In 1887, an epidemic of cholera broke out. Shortly afterward, an economic crisis was precipitated by France's imposition of a high tariff on Italian wines. The economy went into deeper decline as Italy lost the major importer of her lemons and oranges—the United States, which was developing its own citrus-fruit industry. In 1906, Vesuvius erupted, leaving thousands homeless. Then, in 1914, a world war broke out. Each of these calamities sent a wave of Italians over to America. To date, five million Italians have resettled in this country—a number surpassed only by the Germans.

Many of these new arrivals were



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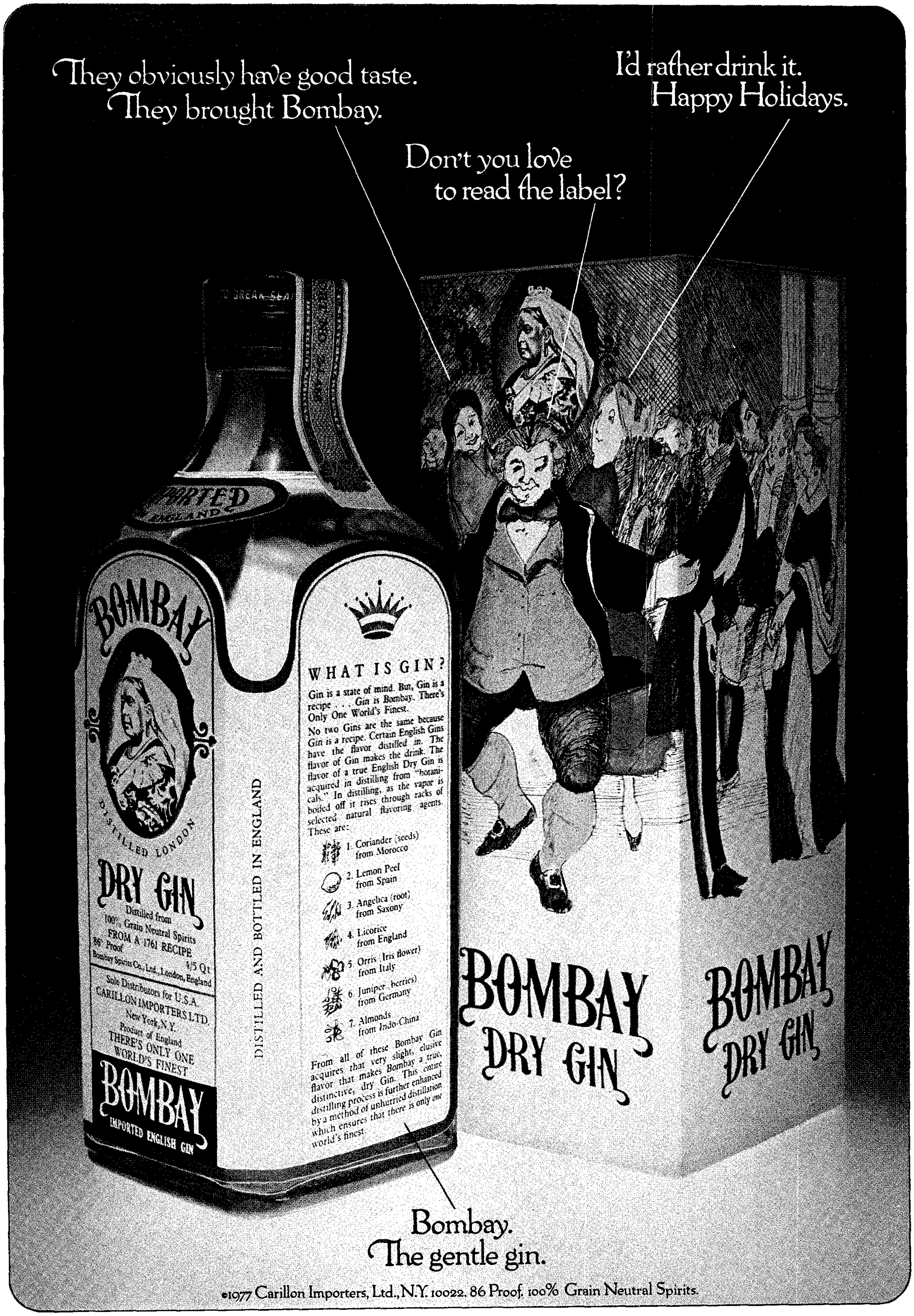
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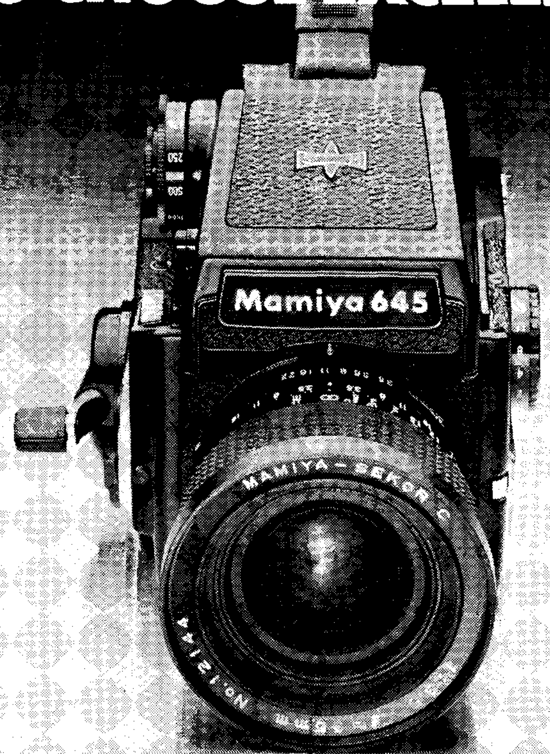
drawn to Westchester, where a variety of menial jobs beckoned. The New York reservoir system was being laid out and there were dams to build, as well as bridges, pipelines, viaducts, aqueducts, and traction systems. The railroad was extending its track up the Harlem Valley from Mount Kisco, and there were roads to build, power, telephone, and telegraph wires to string, stone and sand to quarry, houses to put up, and walls to stack. This was the kind of work the Italian laborer was used to doing, and he became a ditch-digger, hod carrier, mortar mixer, or sandhog, believing that if he worked hard and saved his money he could set himself up in a business of his own in a few years, then go back to Italy and find a wife or bring over the one he'd left behind.

The great achievement of Italian manual labor in Westchester is the New Croton Dam, in Cortlandt. It was started in 1892 and was regarded at the time of its completion, in 1907, as the eighth wonder of the world. By any standards, it is an impressive structure: huge blocks of granite taken from nearby quarries rise in a tapering curve to a height of two hundred and ninety feet on a foundation sunk a hundred and twenty-four feet below the riverbed. A decorative corniced border runs along the top layer of blocks between two of the three buttresses and under the concrete road where motorists can get out, lean on the silver-painted guardrail, and take in the view. The great dam spans twenty-five hundred feet in all, looming over the Croton Gorge and a small county park with scattered maples and evergreens far below. It holds back thirty-two billion gallons, whose overflow, released gradually over a series of steps into a thousand-foot spillway, runs under a huge steel arch and then comes thundering down into the gorge in three stages, with natural outcroppings of rock to break its fall, throwing up mist, rainbows, and a fresh organic smell.

The people who built the dam lived at its foot and in the surrounding hills, in colonies with boarding houses, saloons, shops, and chapels. Many of the men were single and played cards, *bocce*, and *amura* (two or more people shooting out their fingers and betting on the outcome). The well-to-do would titillate themselves by driving through the Italian ghettos and labor camps that had cropped up around the county. Unsolved thefts and rapes were commonly pinned on "those greasy Italians," and some communities, like Ka-



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tonah and Chappaqua, were in such mortal fear of them that they deed-restricted against Italians until only a few years ago. Sutton's Row, in Mount Kisco, was one of the seamier Italian ghettos in the county. It had no toilets or running water, and it harbored gangsters. Three-Fingered Brown and John Dillinger both hid out in cellars on Sutton's Row for a while.

Italians are still associated with crime in the popular imagination, and no account of the Italian presence in Westchester would be complete without mention of the Mafia. "You only hear about it when something bad happens," a respected member of the Italian community told me. "As soon as someone is killed, they say, 'It looks like a Mafia job.' But the Mafia is really like a close brotherhood. If something happens to a family, like sickness or death, they're known to help them out. On top of the list with the Mafia is trusting each other. If you double-cross them, you had better watch it. But as long as you keep your word they can be good people to deal with."

Westchester County District Attorney Carl A. Vergari was less charitable about what he called "the Robin Hood mythology" that surrounds the Mafia. "That's garbage," he pronounced emphatically from behind his desk in the County Center, in White Plains. "All they are is punks, gangsters, hoodlums, who have these units called families, with an infrastructure. At the same time, it's unfair that organized crime is presented as an Italian venture. Within the structure of the underworld there *is* a group that is Italian, but they are connected to a larger network, which reaches across the country. This Italian group is an important part of the total organized-crime picture in the U.S. but an infinitesimal part of the Italians in Westchester County."

An imposing and well-spoken man in his fifties, wearing a black pin-striped suit, Vergari himself represents an interesting phenomenon—that of the Italians who have entered public office within the last twenty years and come to dominate Westchester politics. Vergari is a Republican, but the County Executive is a Democrat by the name of Alfred DelBello. It is not really surprising that a great many of the elected officials in the county are of Italian descent, because the Italian vote is estimated to be between forty and forty-five per cent of the total.

According to Vergari, the two main operations in which organized crime has a hand in Westchester are gambling and loansharking. "Millions of West-

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For people who consider driving an art. Alfa Romeo chester dollars are involved in the numbers racket, and in bookmaking and sports betting," he said.

---

*East Coast P.O.E. suggested retail price. ($100 more on West Coast.) Options, inland transportation, dealer preparation, state & local taxes additional. Optional new design cast alloy wheels available at a later date

EPA mileage ratings: The Sedan rated 19 mpg city and 29 mpg highway. These are only estimates. The actual mileage you get will vary depending upon the type of driving you do, driving conditions, your driving habits, and your car's condition and optional equipment.

I told him that I'd been eating a hot dog in front of a lunchwagon the other day, and a man had pulled up in a sausage truck with New Jersey plates and placed a twenty-dollar bet with the owner of the wagon on the outcome of a horse race to be run that afternoon.

"He may have been an independent," Vergari said, "but chances are he was a 'writer,' who turns his sheet over to somebody else. The next level, the first executive, is the 'comptroller.' He can have forty or fifty writers who turn in to him. The comptroller is usually a member of a 'bank,' where the bets are reviewed. Four to eight comptrollers belong to a bank. We busted a big bank in Eastchester six or seven years ago, in a building that had formerly housed the Chamber of Commerce. The seal was still on the front door. The comptrollers would get there after midnight and work through dawn getting ready for the day's action. Subsequently, we broke up several other banks, and after that they moved out of the county. Recently, in conjunction with the State Police, we busted a big bank across the river in Rockland County. But as for the man on the street placing a bet with a bookie, there's no way in the world we can stop it. We don't even try here. The local police departments are in charge of that."

I mentioned a recent newspaper account of a Westchester drug bust in which it was reported that the operation had an "alleged Mafia connection."

"Drugs?" he said. "I don't waste my time wondering if it's Mafia. The Mafia is not a big force in drugs. Its top level has long since ceased to be an active force in narcotics except as financiers. A man might come to one of them and say, 'I have a chance to bring in a ship. It'll cost a hundred grand, but I can get six hundred grand in two weeks.' So the guy will lend him the money, at two and a half per cent a week. But it's very hard to finger a loan shark. You have to prove that he knew what the money was going for. Most of the loansharking is with legitimate business people whose credit has gone dry. It's risky if you can't pay it back."

I drew my first finger horizontally across my throat and looked at Vergari questioningly.

He nodded.

The private carting business in

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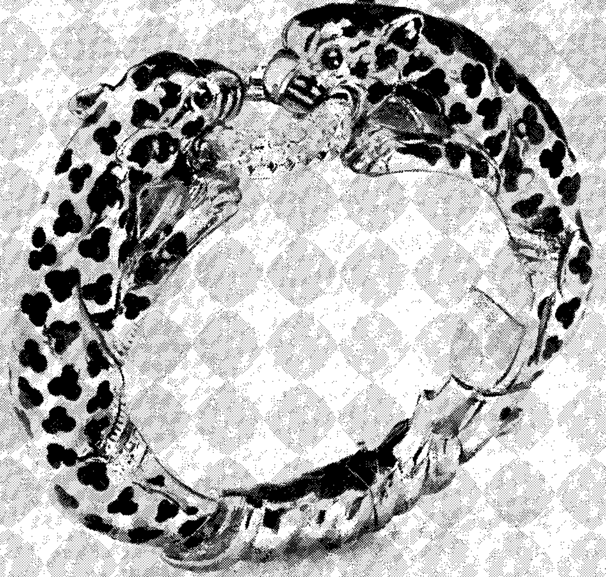

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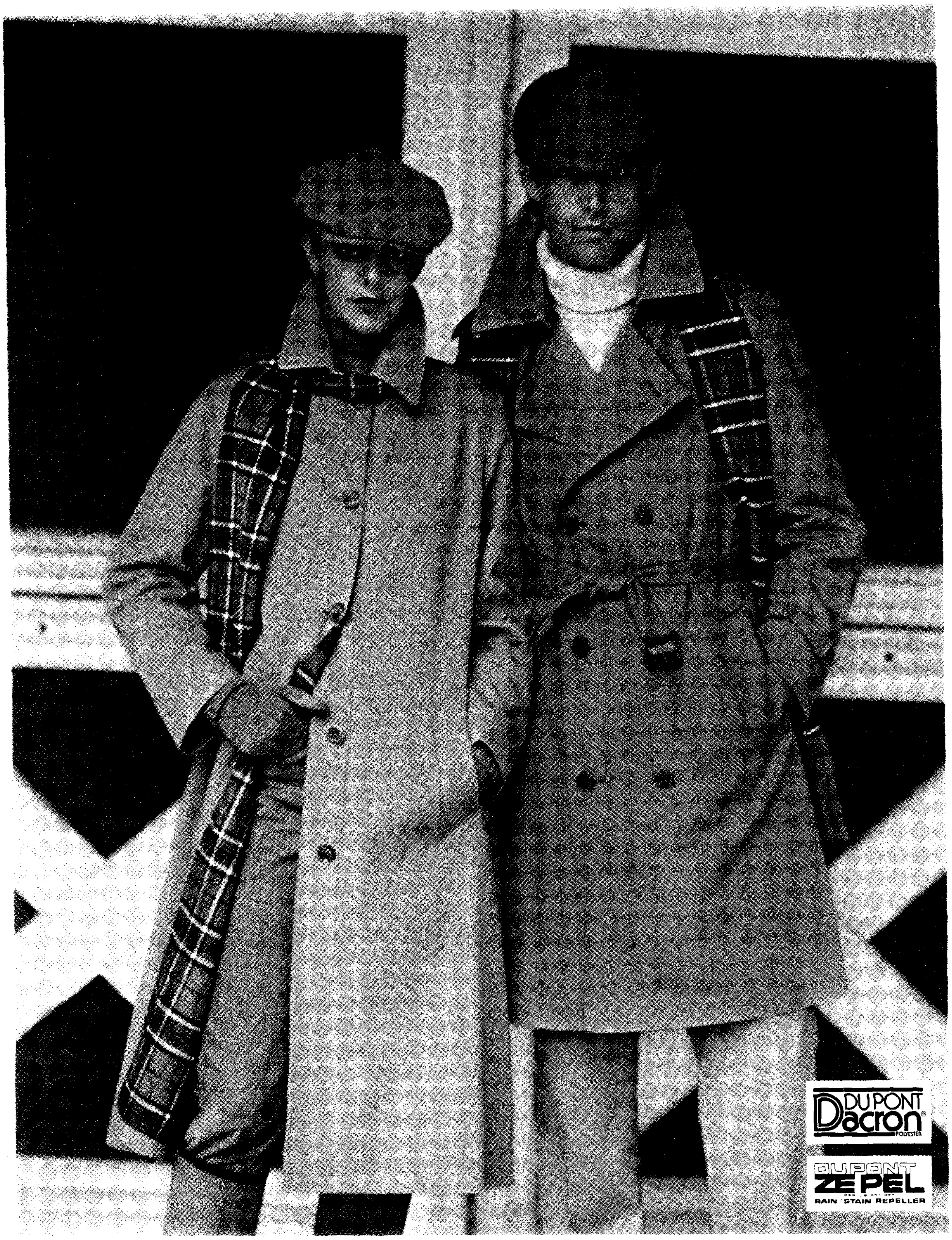

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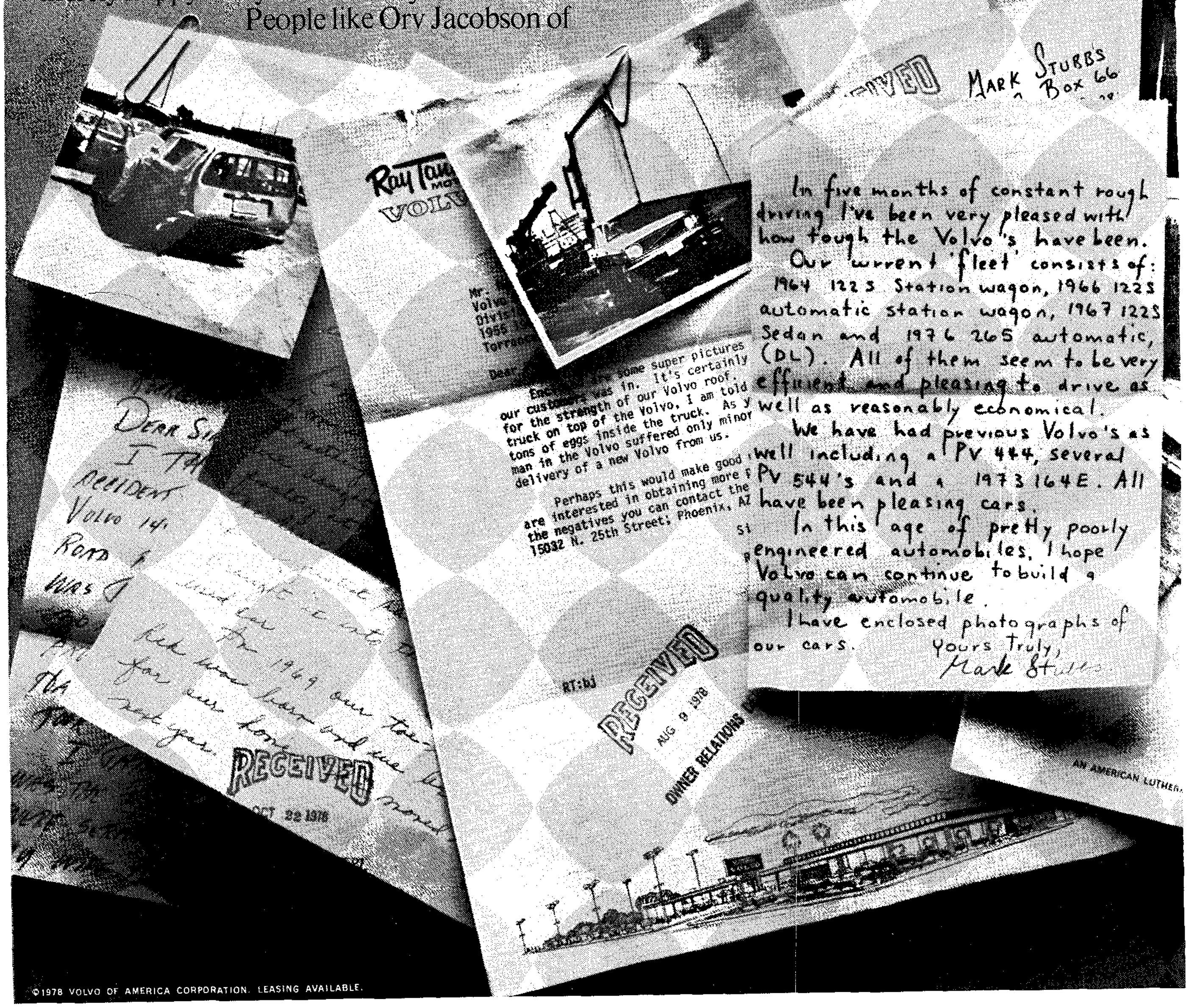

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In this age of pretty poorly engineered automobiles, I hope Volvo can continue to build a quality automobile.

I have enclosed photographs of our cars.

Yours truly,
Mark Stubbs

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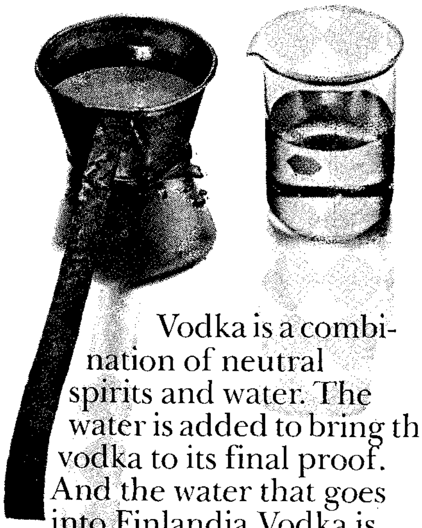

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Westchester is also widely thought to be controlled by criminal elements. In 1974, the *Times* ran a story about the A-1 Compaction Corporation, founded by Nicholas Rattenni, who has been identified on the charts of United States Senate investigations as a *soldato*, or soldier, in the Vito Genovese family and the reputed head of the Genovese carting operations in the county. Rattenni's adopted son Alfred runs the business now. It has been under intensive local investigation, but so far the District Attorney's office has been unable to find any evidence of wrongdoing. Rattenni had bought up a number of small garbage-removal services, none of whose former owners, however, would admit that they had been forced to sell out. They claimed to have been offered a good price.

In recent years, Vergari explained, the tendency has been for the second generation—the sons of known underworld figures—to go into legitimate businesses: restaurants, apartment houses, clubs, and the like. So-called Mafia-operated night clubs have the reputation of being extremely well run.

CONTRARY to popular notion, New York is not where everyone in Westchester works. In fact, less than a third of the county's labor force is employed in the city. According to a recent bulletin from the County Planning Department, there are about three hundred and seventy thousand jobs in Westchester. Only a hundred and twenty thousand residents commute out; seventy thousand non-residents commute in, and several thousand new jobs are added each year. In 1930, only a tenth of the county's work force commuted, although in bedroom communities like Chappaqua and Pleasantville the figure was as high as two-thirds.

My father has been commuting with dignity for thirty years. For many of them, he boarded his train at North White Plains. The drive along Route 22, past the shimmering Kensico Reservoir and under the great dam, was a pleasant way to start the day. It took twenty minutes. Like many commuters, my father drives to the station in an old secondhand car, leaving the more presentable rig with his wife. Over the years, he has gone through eight station cars: two Ford sedans, a Hillman Minx, a Ford station wagon, a red Studebaker sedan, a green Studebaker Lark station wagon, a Corvair that was destroyed by a flood in 1968 while parked in North White Plains, and a little brown Studebaker sedan.

He went to North White Plains because there was a greater choice of trains and because the over-all journey was shorter. If you boarded anywhere north of there, you had to wait at North White Plains for several minutes while they switched from a diesel engine to an electric for the final stretch into the city. But in the early nineteen-sixties the New York Central provided the Harlem Line with FL-9 locomotives, which can operate on both diesel and electric power. Now it's quicker for my father to get on at Bedford Hills.

While the commuting fare has multiplied by a factor of five since my father has been paying it, the commuting time has not improved since 1847. In the days of steam, when the tracks were new and the trains sleek and efficient, it was an hour's run from Forty-second Street to Mount Kisco. Now the fastest express trains make it in an hour and three minutes. There used to be a gang every five miles who walked its section daily, making sure the ballast was O.K. beneath the ties so the trains didn't bounce up and down the way they do today, and carrying long-handled wrenches to tighten any loose bolts. Now it's done with mechanical "tie-tampers" and "rail liners." There isn't the human involvement, an employee told me, or the personal satisfaction that everyone who worked for the railroad once felt. The trains aren't running as smoothly as they used to because for many years the tracks weren't kept up.

Steam engines were much more exciting—especially the 3300 series, known as "hand-fired bombers," which rushed through the night, sparks flying, passing one hamlet after another and consuming a hundred and thirty-five scoops of coal an hour. Arthur Bernhard, a retired railroad man and a longtime resident of Bedford Hills, never got over the time he was twelve and was allowed to ride in one of the last of the hand-fired bombers, sitting next to the engineer, Bill Healy, because Healy was a friend of his dad's; during the construction of Grand Central Station Arthur Bernhard's father switched tracks for trains laden with bedrock, which Healy drove in. It was just Arthur and Bill Healy, deadheading from Yonkers to Harmon. "That wail of the whistle, two long, one short, and one long," Bernhard wrote in a reminiscence of the trip which he had printed for friends, "is a sound that one never forgets." The 3300 series was replaced by the 5200 series of 1926, which had automatic stokers, deliver-

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ing coal to the firebox by means of a screw-type feeder under the floor. By 1947, the use of steam engines on the Harlem Line had been discontinued altogether. Today's whistles are electric imitations of the old steam ones.

I was a regular commuter only for several months one summer, but I have often joined the commuters' ranks. I'm on a first-name basis with Lou, a huge man who sells newspapers and coffee at the Mount Kisco station and enlivens the waiting room with foxtrot music from his radio. The station is a popular campaign stop for local politicians. In season, they can be found at the door, promising to reintroduce trust into politics and government, and handing out leaflets with pictures of themselves. Conversation is minimal. Some of the commuters are not yet awake. They stand like infantry at dawn waiting to be shipped to the front. For some, the commute is only part of a larger, savage work pattern, like the man I know who is vice-president of a big company yet continues to catch the 6:10 train each morning, arriving with striped tie, wings of collar pinned tight, and gold watch fob draped across front of vest, fully two hours ahead of everyone who works for him. For some, the commuting becomes addictive. Some even look forward to it. "Regular commuting is relaxing," my father told me. "It's the late hours that get you."

What the passengers do on the train has not changed significantly since a survey was made of their activities in 1942: "49% read, 82% of these read papers, 25% do nothing, 8% smoke regularly, 11% talk, 3% don't even remember what they do or don't do." To these activities I would add playing poker, drinking in the bar car, sleeping, looking through the dirty windows, and working. The invention of the pocket calculator enables the commuter to play with big figures on the train and has been a boon for those who want to keep working. But the big thing is reading the paper. It is understood that one doesn't talk in the morning, and the cars are silent except for the sound of the pages being turned.

After taking the train for years, one gets to know what's coming around each bend—the garden plots just into Chappaqua, the elderberry clusters at Hawthorne, the blank headstones in front of the monument dealer's at the Kensico Cemetery, the billboards in the Bronx, the ailanthus and the weeds along the tracks. The marshy expanse between Mount Kisco and Chappaqua is seldom noticed by commuters except

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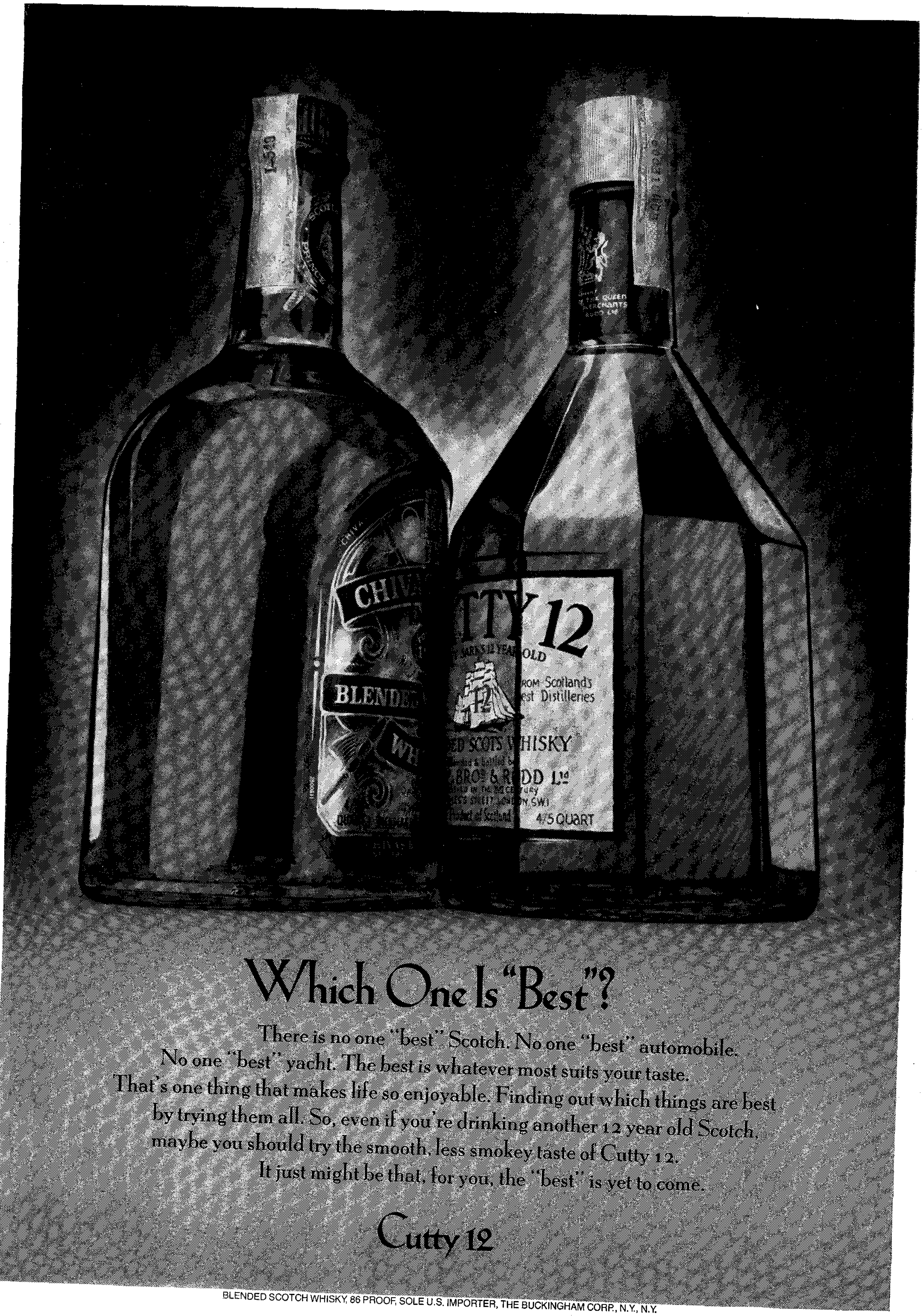
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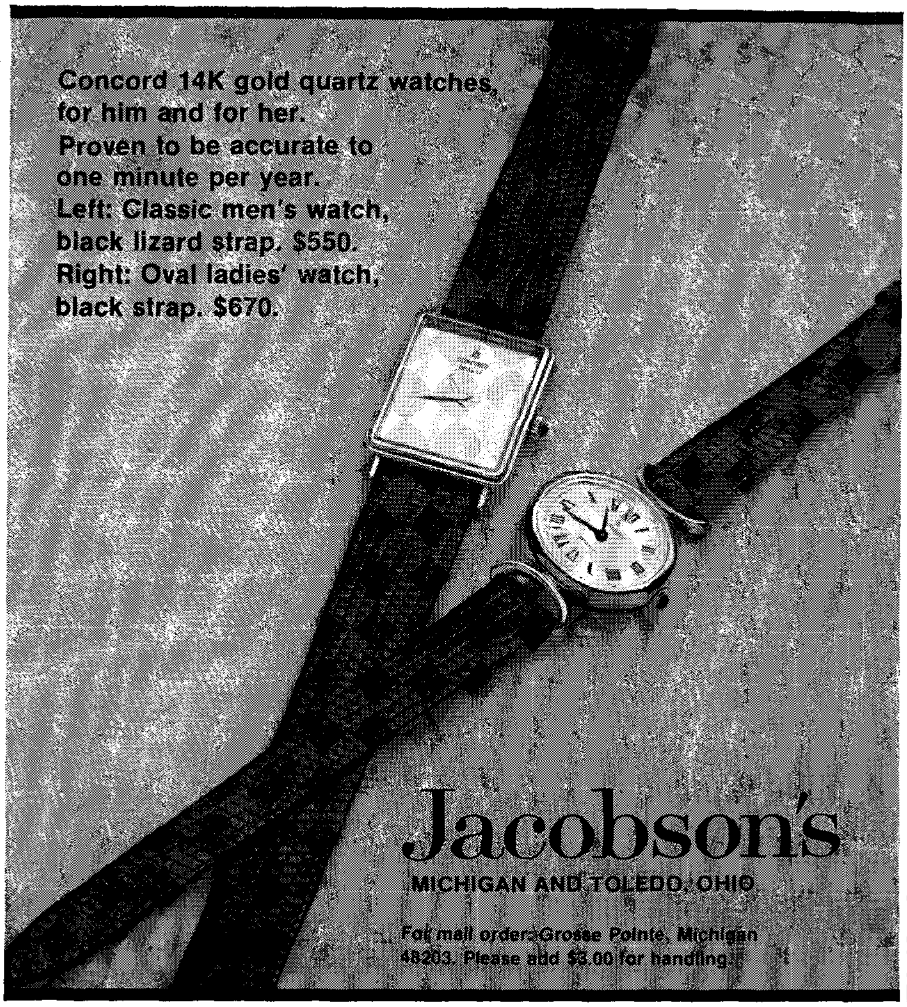
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in July and August, when it glows with thousands of spikes of purple loosestrife. Once, at dusk, I looked out there and saw the intent white form of an egret hunting among the loosestrife stalks for frogs. In winter, the journeys are made in darkness and the commuter may not see his home by daylight until the weekend.

Complaints about the rail service seem to monopolize conversation whenever two or more commuters are gathered together, and breakdowns happen regularly enough to stoke their ire. After one Friday evening fiasco, the railroad published an apology in the local paper:

> TO REGULAR PASSENGERS OF TRAIN NO. 967 (the 5:39 P.M. to Brewster):
>
> We apologize for the approximate two-and-a-half hours of delay many of you suffered last Friday evening before making your destinations between Hawthorne and Brewster. No "post-game" analysis can make that suffering easier, but you should know the separate incidents which contributed to your tribulation:
>
> Your 11-coach, two-engine train lost 7 minutes in Grand Central Terminal because the brake would not release on the rear coach; another several minutes in traffic congestion because switch trouble near Scarsdale required using only one track.
>
> Both engines failed south of the White Plains station shortly before 7 P.M. because of a burnt power cable and other electrical malfunctions.
>
> Efforts to transfer you to the 6:00 and 6:29 P.M. trains to Brewster were frustrated by both those trains being already loaded to capacity; the 7:13 P.M. to Brewster took some of you.
>
> At 7:05 P.M. a relief engine was dispatched from North White Plains yards to accommodate you; it suffered its own engine failure before leaving.
>
> Finally, our dispatchers cancelled the southbound 7:02 P.M. from Brewster at North White Plains (where its passengers could connect with other trains), and used its engines to turn and pull your disabled train. The heavy load cost you another 19 minutes. It all added up to 149 minutes late at Brewster.
>
> Admittedly, a very bad night of service to you. We are very sorry.

But the days of the gray-flannel cattle cars could be numbered. Within the next few decades, *The Economist* predicts, the volume of commuters may be down to a trickle: "Telecommunications should gradually allow an increasing number of breadwinners to live in whatever communities they wish to form and to 'telecommute' daily into their New York offices from homes in Tahiti or the Alps." The businessman will be able to conduct deals with people whose faces are projected on screens he has flicked on in his living room. If telecommuting does displace commuting, it will certainly have a drastic effect on Westchester life, on the housewife and the children who are used to the father being away most of the time, doing something down there of which they have only a vague idea.

THERE is a distinctly European aspect to White Plains. The architecture, a mixture of staid Tudor apartment buildings, large department stores, and run-down row houses, could be that of Birmingham, Le Havre, or some other provincial capital. The vegetation, planted deliberately or escaped, is mostly European. London planes, copper beeches, Norway maples, and ginkgoes, all capable of withstanding the fumes, line the boulevards. The old people who sit on the public benches, gather wild onions and dandelion greens along the river parkways, and search the last shreds of woods for mushrooms are European—Eastern European, for the most part.

How White Plains got its name is not immediately apparent. I have stopped a number of inhabitants on the street and asked them what the name refers to, but none could come up with an answer. A man named John Rosch once set to work to find out just how White Plains did get its name, and his monograph, which appeared in 1939, is still the most extensive treatment of the subject. But Rosch is forced to concede, "I think the first settlers were not wholly felicitous in christening their hamlet," and he notes that "the prevalence of white balsam shrubs hereabouts" was offered to him as one explanation. For my part, I had a lot of trouble running down what white-balsam shrubs were—whether they were saplings of a kind of poplar known as tacamahac or balm of Gilead or were not shrubs at all but an everlasting herb in the composite family called sweet white balsam and more commonly referred to as cat's-foot. Having seen both the silver undersides of the leaves in a vast stand of poplar fluttering up in the breeze and hillsides in the summer smothered with inflorescences of pearly everlasting like a blanket of frost, I can visualize either explanation. Now that most of White Plains is tarred over, we'll never know. By the late nineteenth century, the meadows and pastures around White Plains were reportedly filled with daisies until they looked snow-covered even in the month of June. But there were no daisies, which are alien, in Westchester at the time the deed was purchased from the Indians, in 1683. The Algonquian name

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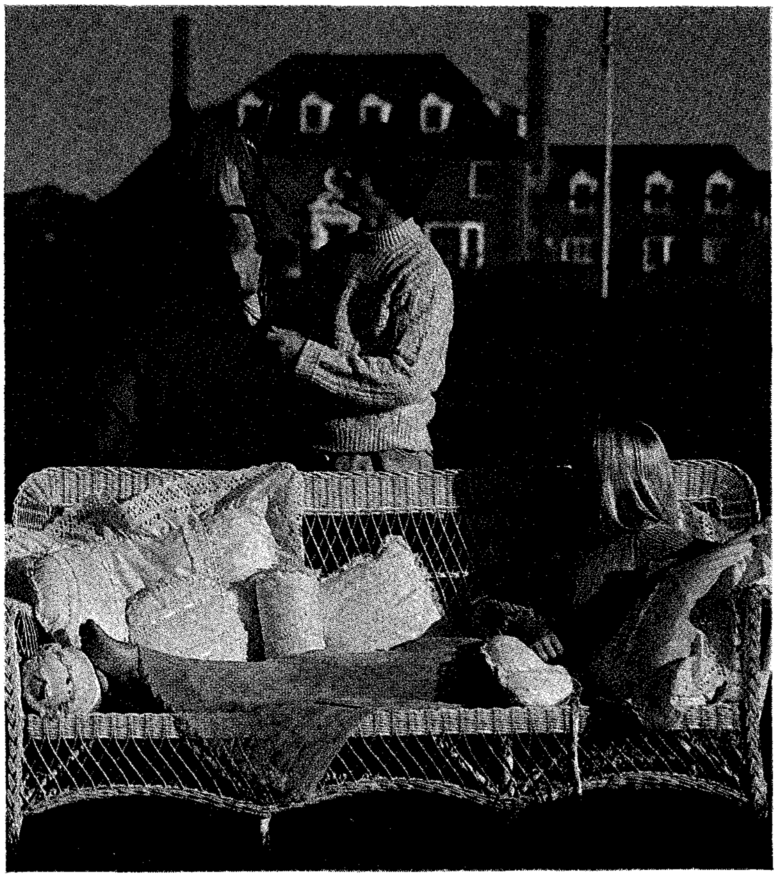

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for the area was Qua-rop-pas, a word meaning "white marshes." Maybe the explanation is that when the Indians first got there, there was a lot of snow on the ground. Or maybe there was an outcrop of some pale mineral, like the chalk that gave rise to the White Cliffs of Dover. Rosch's own theory had to do with a low-lying fog. "I've seen mist and fog rising from the swamplands in enveloping clouds that remained suspended in mid-air for days at a time," he wrote. It's possible, but there are not enough undeveloped swamps around anymore to verify it, and no gases now except those emitted by cars and the city incinerator. The plains may have been white once, but the only word for them now is gray. It is the pervasive, grubby grayness that lies like a film over the entire lower county, so palpable that the old people on the public benches customarily sit on sections of the *Reporter Dispatch*.

The last time I was in White Plains, it was Christmastime. Santa Claus in effigy was everywhere. Slick chicks, black and white, in boots and bandannas, hurried in and out of the department stores. White Plains is the place where career-minded Westchester girls flock. The tallest office buildings between New York and Albany are in White Plains. No other city its size in America—fifty thousand, tripling on a workday—boasts so many well-known retail stores: B. Altman, Bergdorf Goodman, Saks, Sears, Alexander's, Wallach's, Brentano's, Bloomingdale's, Macy's, and Abraham & Straus. In all, some eight hundred retail outlets generated four hundred million dollars in volume for White Plains last year. The only comparable volume is in Stamford, Connecticut, another satellite city of New York. What is even more important about White Plains than its being the county seat is that it is the shopping capital of Westchester. It sets the tone for ambitious smaller centers, like Mount Kisco. Members of the Mount Kisco Chamber of Commerce dream of having big-name department stores and four-story municipal parking garages like those in White Plains.

WHITE PLAINS is considered part of the so-called Lower Tier of Westchester. The Lower Tier is made up of the southernmost communities, which border either the Bronx (Yonkers, Mount Vernon, and Pelham) or Long Island Sound (New Rochelle, Larchmont, Mamaroneck, Rye, and Port Chester). Seventy per cent of Westchester's people live here on thirty per cent of its land. Urban decay rages unchecked in some of the communities. Municipalities sprawl into each other, losing their integrity. You can't tell, for example, where Mount Vernon ends and Yonkers begins. Most of Westchester's blacks and Hispanics live in the Lower Tier.

It is hard to feel a sense of historical continuity in the Lower Tier, since most of the landscape has been built over three or four times. It is hard to realize that the immense Cross County Shopping Center, for instance, was once deep woods, or that there used to be secret lakes in Yonkers only a few neighborhood kids knew about. One place that has resisted change in recent decades is the Sacred Heart Monastery, which gives its name to the Monastery section of North Yonkers. I have always admired the view of the Monastery section from the Saw Mill River Parkway, particularly at night: thousands of lighted windows on the hillsides, thin slits shimmering from the people's closely packed houses. Above the factories down in the valley, the red brick bell tower of the monastery dominates the hilltop.

For years, I knew it only that way—as a distant tableau. Then, one cold Saturday, I decided to go closer. I got off at the Palmer Road exit of the Saw Mill, drove down Stratton Street, and parked. The street consisted of a group of detached houses of varying vintage. Some of them were still decorated with multicolored bulbs, though it was already February. Behind the houses were garden plots, goat sheds, and grape arbors. Halfway down the street, I came upon a man standing in front of a partly constructed frosted-brick house with a brown shingled mansard roof, not unlike the roof on a McDonald's restaurant. He was a stocky man, and was wearing a three-piece beige suit woven in a pattern that was hard to look at for very long. His hands were in his pockets, jingling keys or change, and he was whistling briskly. He had a big, broad chest that stuck out, as if expecting medals, and his thick accent was Slavic. The hill we were on, he said, was part of a neighborhood known as Bryn Mawr. It was mainly a Slavic neighborhood—Polish, Russian, and Rumanian, with some Hungarians. Monastery, which he pointed to across the valley, was Irish working-class.

I went partway down into the valley and stopped at a pizzeria called the Capri, where I had a calzone. Two boys on skateboards were slaloming down the steeply graded sidewalk, maneuvering deftly through a

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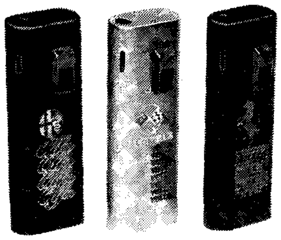

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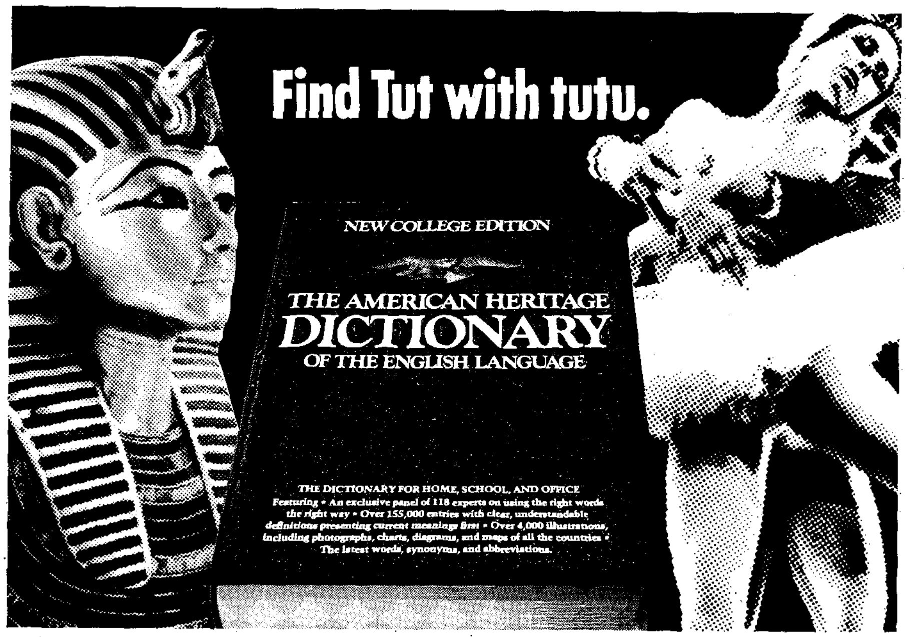
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course of parking meters. A number of unusually good-looking teen-age girls walked by. Yonkers has produced two Miss New Yorks and one Miss America.

I reached the monastery in time for five-o'clock Mass. All over the hill, people were streaming out of houses, walking through yards that had Madonna shrines and lines of laundry, and heading toward the sound of the bells. I went up to a man who stood at the head of the center aisle clasping a black rosary. "Are you a member of this church?" I asked.

"Yeah. You wanna buy it?" he answered, looking at me with sad, kind, watery, bloodshot eyes. He was an usher. I told him I just wanted to look around. He handed me a program and recommended the view from the balcony.

Upstairs, a handsome young man with a brown mustache who had a plaid scarf wrapped around his neck was seating himself at the organ. After adjusting his cuffs, he picked up a phone that was connected to the side of his instrument and told someone on the other end that he was ready. Then he pressed his fingers down on the keyboard, and the vaulted ceiling of the church began to resound with the strains of Handel's Hallelujah Chorus.

In the refectory, after the service, I spoke with a priest dressed in sandals and a brown habit. The hood that draped over his back is called a *cappuccio* in Italian and is the emblem of the Capuchin-Franciscan Order, to which he belonged. "Yonkers became a parish of the Capuchin Order in the late eighteen-hundreds, when it was still farmland," he told me. There are now twenty Capuchin-Franciscan priests and brothers at the monastery, nineteen Christian brothers, twenty-eight Agnesian sisters, five Sisters of Charity, sixty lay teachers, twelve hundred children in the high school, and nine hundred children in the elementary school. I asked if any of the students entered seminary after high school. He lowered his eyes behind his gold-rimmed glasses and said that most of them went on to community colleges. "The celibate life doesn't appeal to everyone," he said.

AT the beginning of the century, there were only a few blacks in Mount Vernon, and they lived in the area around South Eighth Avenue. The Italian district was around North Seventh. West Lincoln Avenue and High Street were predominantly Ger-

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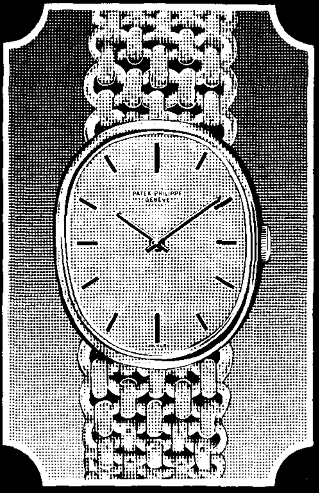
man. The rich part of town was Chester Hill, where P. T. Barnum had had an estate. At the Bronx border, the old St. Paul's Church, built in 1764, still stands, with tombs of Hessians in its graveyard. It was after the Second World War that Mount Vernon started to fill up. The old Italian neighborhoods became black ghettos, with the Italians retaining the property and the political control. Today, with almost eighty thousand people jammed into four square miles, Mount Vernon is the fifth most densely populated city in the United States. Until recently, it was tensely polarized, with the blacks on the south side of town and the whites on the north. The tension erupted into violence in the summer of 1968, after Martin Luther King's assassination. Today, however, the situation has cooled. Mount Vernon is more integrated. Blacks now live on the north side, but the south side is still a turbulent ghetto, with its epicenter at Third Avenue and Third Street. Much of the current friction is between American blacks and new arrivals from Jamaica.

Mount Vernon is the welfare dumping ground of Westchester County. One-fifth of the citizens are on some form of relief, and the streets are always full of people with time on their hands—hanging out. In the vacant lots, a couple of young men are always gathered, dribbling a basketball on the broken glass. Others are out souping up hot rods, soaping up GTOs, or simonizing old Cadillacs; unable to put together a down payment on a house, the ghetto black makes his car the focus of his self-respect.

I had a short talk, one Monday afternoon a couple of years ago, with a middle-aged black woman leaning against the door of Johnson's Country Store, on the sunny side of West Sanford Boulevard. She'd come up from Pennsylvania fifteen years before and was working on a bottle of Wild Irish Rose wine that had set her back fifty cents. "It's pretty lousy here and pretty nice," she said cryptically. "You gotta make of it what you think of it. If you lousy, your community's lousy. I think everybody gets along with me 'cause I gets along with them. If you be your own self, be your own thing, you be somebody." Johnson's Country Store stocked fresh chitterlings, liver pudding, cornmeal, sage sausages, and souse meat, only it was closed. So was the billiards academy across the street. Many storefronts had their windows filled in with opaque collages of color and were now selling



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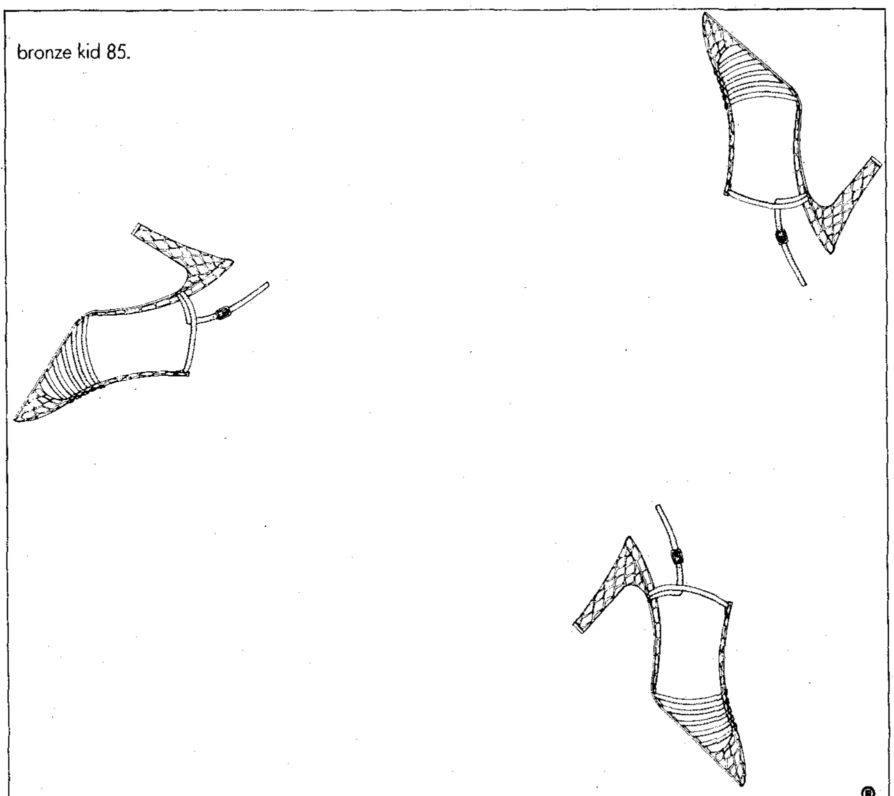

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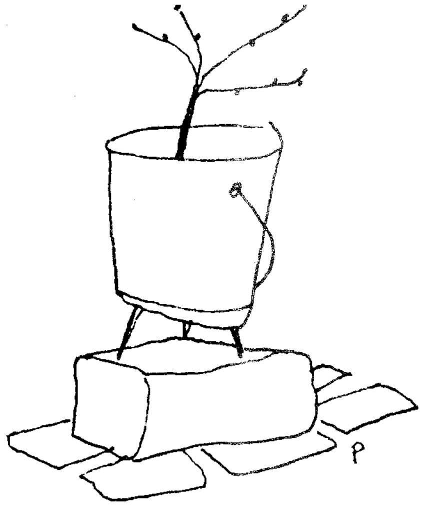
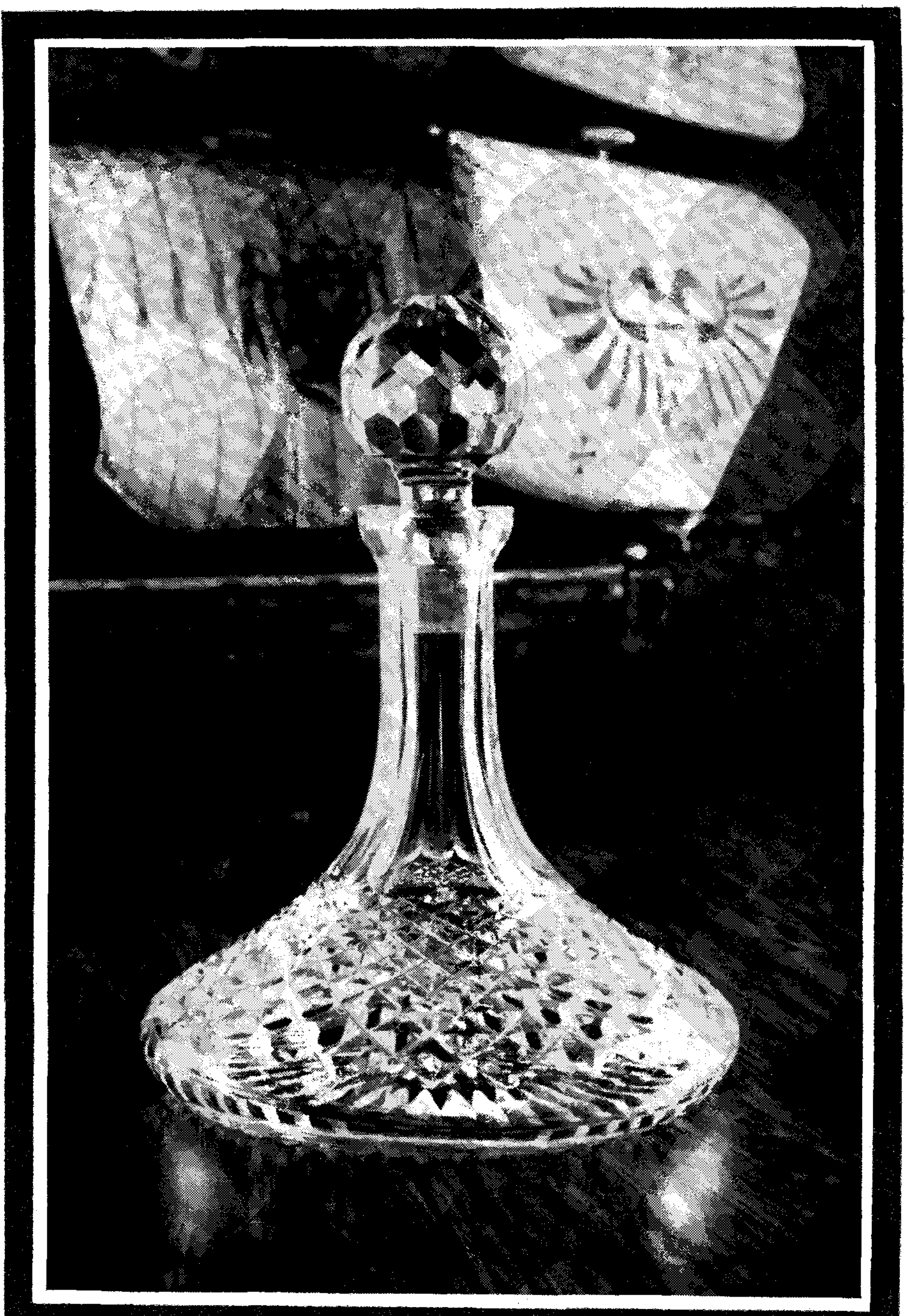
Jesus. Interspersed among a liquor store, a thrift shop, a soul-food take-out, J. C. Peace & Son Records, and J. & J. Refrigerators, I made note of the following storefront churches in a single block: Faith Tabernacle U.H.C. Inc. Church; Gethsemane Baptist Inc.; True Born Miracle Restoration Temple; and the Holy Temple Jesus Christ Penecosil Church. The only whites who come to this neighborhood, the woman with the wine bottle told me, are addicts, undercover agents, and Italian slumlords after the rent.

The police aren't popular. They have set up a community-relations bureau on Fourth Street to improve their rapport with the people and to handle problems like drugs, child abuse, and prostitution. But nobody takes his problems to the police unless he's at the very end of his rope. Mount Vernon ranks first in crime in the county. "It's the hellhole of Westchester," I was told by a man I got into a conversation with outside the community-relations bureau. "But most of the trouble now comes from the Jamaicans. You have some Jamaicans feel they're more highly intelligent than the American blacks. They got a bad attitude. They think they're above the law. 'You can't tell me anything.' They're anti-everything. When a fight breaks out between American blacks and Jamaicans in the big cafeteria at Mount Vernon High, they don't let nobody in there to stop it."

WHEN Rome was at the height of its power, wealthy patricians had gracious villas and shady groves to which they could escape from the pressures and the pollution of city life. These early suburbs set the tone for the ones that followed in Europe, and by the end of the nineteenth century the pattern was ready to establish itself in Westchester. By that time, New





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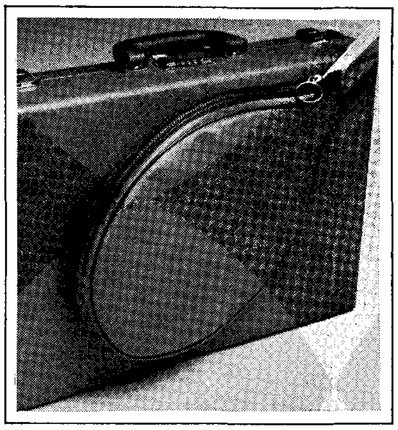

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York was well on the way to realizing its metropolitan destiny. A number of people had grown very rich, and impressive villas began to crop up in the still-green outskirts of the city.

In those days, lower Westchester was sparsely populated, and from White Plains north it was still mostly farms. Land was more expensive upcounty than down, because it had more value as farmland. In Bronxville, just north of the city, there were a few old families with big houses. One of them was the Prescotts. They had a good-sized estate with a stone house that still stands. About 1890, a man named William Van Duzer Lawrence, who had been in the pharmaceutical business in Montreal, came out to Bronxville and, thinking he would more or less retire, bought the old Prescott place. Gradually, he got the idea of subdividing it into an exclusive community for prominent artists and illustrators of the period.

"I don't remember exactly, but it was forty-seven, fifty acres," Dudley Lawrence, William's grandson, told me. We were sitting in what had once been the gatehouse of the Prescott estate and was now the offices of Lawrence Properties. The interior of the building was old-fashioned and rather Dickensian, with steep stairs and small, low rooms, in one of which, behind a swinging picket gate, several secretaries sat at their desks. Lawrence was a well-spoken, conservatively dressed man who appeared to be in his sixties. "Lawrence Park began in the late eighteen-nineties," he continued. "The houses were built of stucco and stone, with a lot of round towers and peaked roofs. We built an inn—the Gramatan—and town houses. Little by little, we established a business district. The apartments came—the old English country type of apartment house that is exclusive to Bronxville. By 1920, it was a well-established suburban village."

In 1905, seventeen artists were at work in Lawrence Park, and William Lawrence proudly published a booklet showing "the retreat at which Will H. Low wields his brush far from the turmoil of the outside world" and other Jacobean cottages with leaded windows, inhabited by an assortment of landscape painters, fashionable muralists, and authors of romantic fiction. The best-known artist was William T. Smedley, who illustrated Henry James's books and later painted portraits that fetched as much as three thousand dollars. He lived in the Owl House, which William Lawrence had built for his

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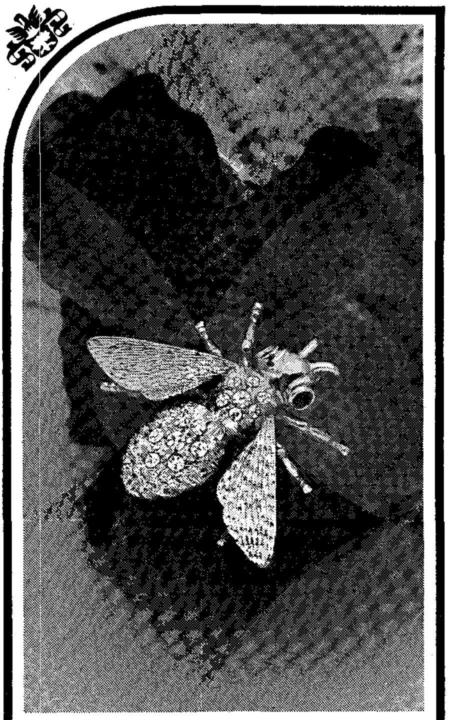

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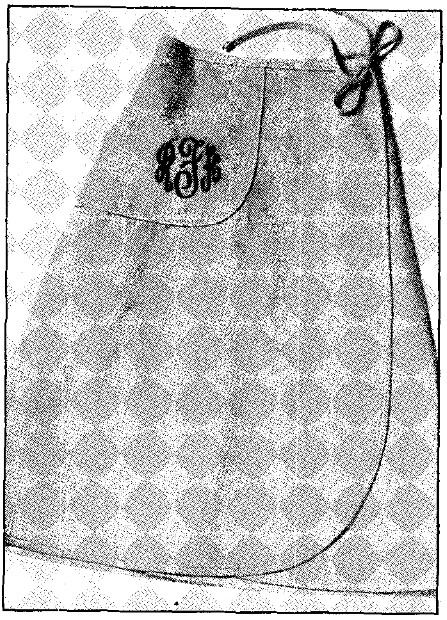
own son. In 1946, the Owl House was bought by Brendan Gill, who lived in it, with his large family, for the next thirty years. "The feeling of the Lawrence Park hilltop—a suburban retreat—was something new," Gill told me one afternoon. "In the eighteen-nineties, the idea of a designed park was almost unprecedented. Llewellyn Park, New Jersey, in the eighteen-sixties, was the first, and Tuxedo Park had also been started. But Lawrence was taking a big speculative risk. Bronxville then was a trifling town, planted in what was still largely open country. The community that developed was linked to the station. It was an invention of the railroad. It's made up of the middle-class prosperous, rather than the rich-rich, who move out of Bronxville. It's not as rich as Scarsdale, where it's permissible for the rich to remain."

Scarsdale developed along similar lines, but a little later. Like Bronxville, it has an attractive, homogeneous Tudor business district surrounded by beautiful private residences. Gill's description of the grand residential boulevard of Rochester, New York, could serve equally well for Scarsdale: "The big houses sat ranged in self-congratulatory propinquity on their level green lawns, like so many stout matrons seated elbow to elbow, implacably chaperoning a ball." With each mini-estate an island unto itself, Scarsdale has probably more captains of industry per square mile than anywhere else in the world.

Scarsdale—the word means "dale of scars," or rocks—was granted in 1701 to Caleb Heathcote as one of the nine manors in New York State, of which six were in Westchester. During the Revolution, according to a historical booklet, it "knew well the tread of armies." In the eighteen-nineties, Heathcote Park, a community of spacious and well-landscaped properties, was laid out by James G. Cannon. By 1922, the booklet continues, "threatened by an invasion of manufacturing, the village passed a zoning ordinance which was intended to keep Scarsdale a village largely of one-family houses." It was during the twenties that the building of large homes on small plots began in earnest. "But most of all, perhaps, the community has plumed itself on the architectural quality of its homes," the historical booklet concludes. "Few if any towns in the United States have sustained a higher standard."

Another Scarsdale development was Berkeley Park—sixty-one acres of roll-



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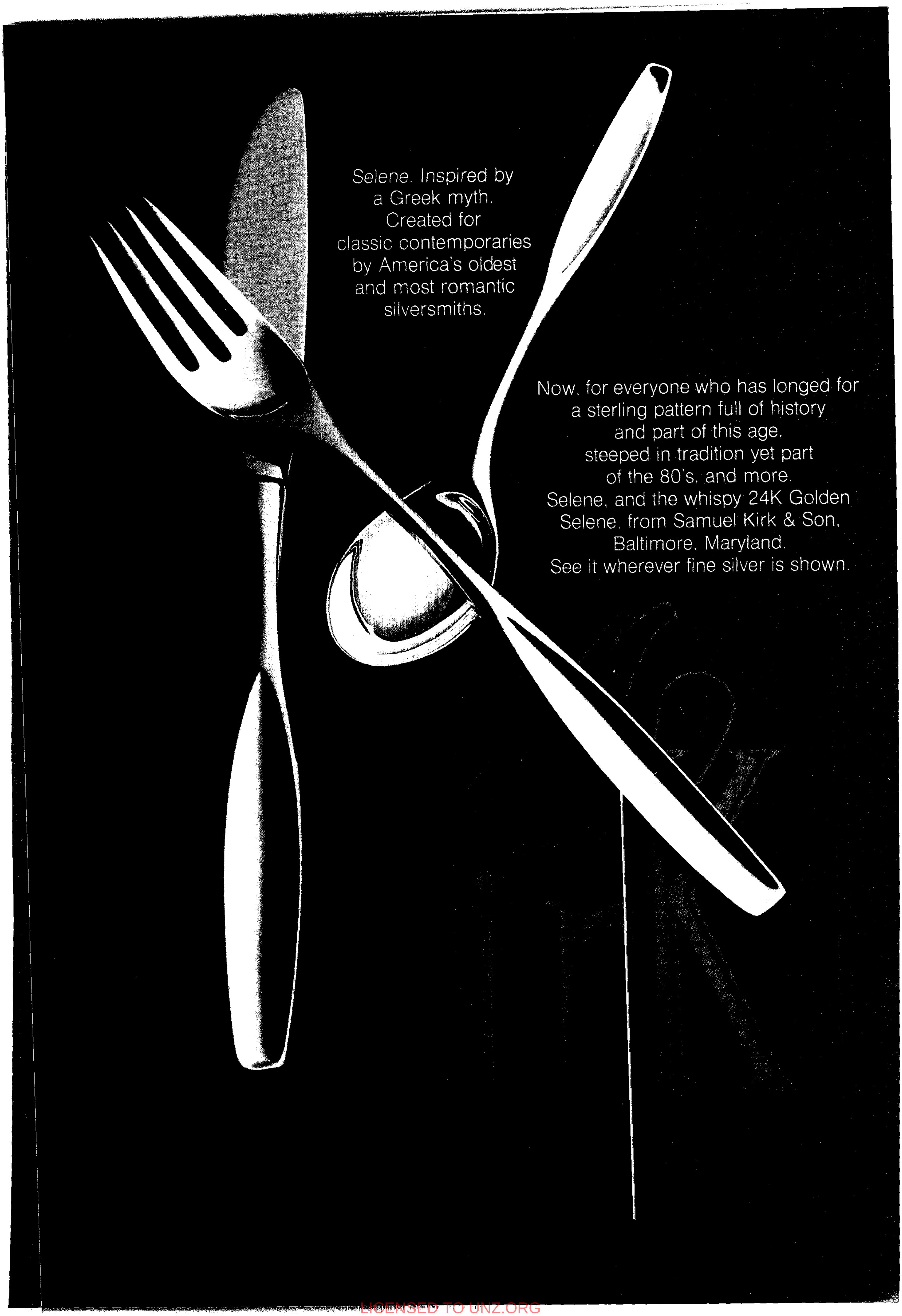

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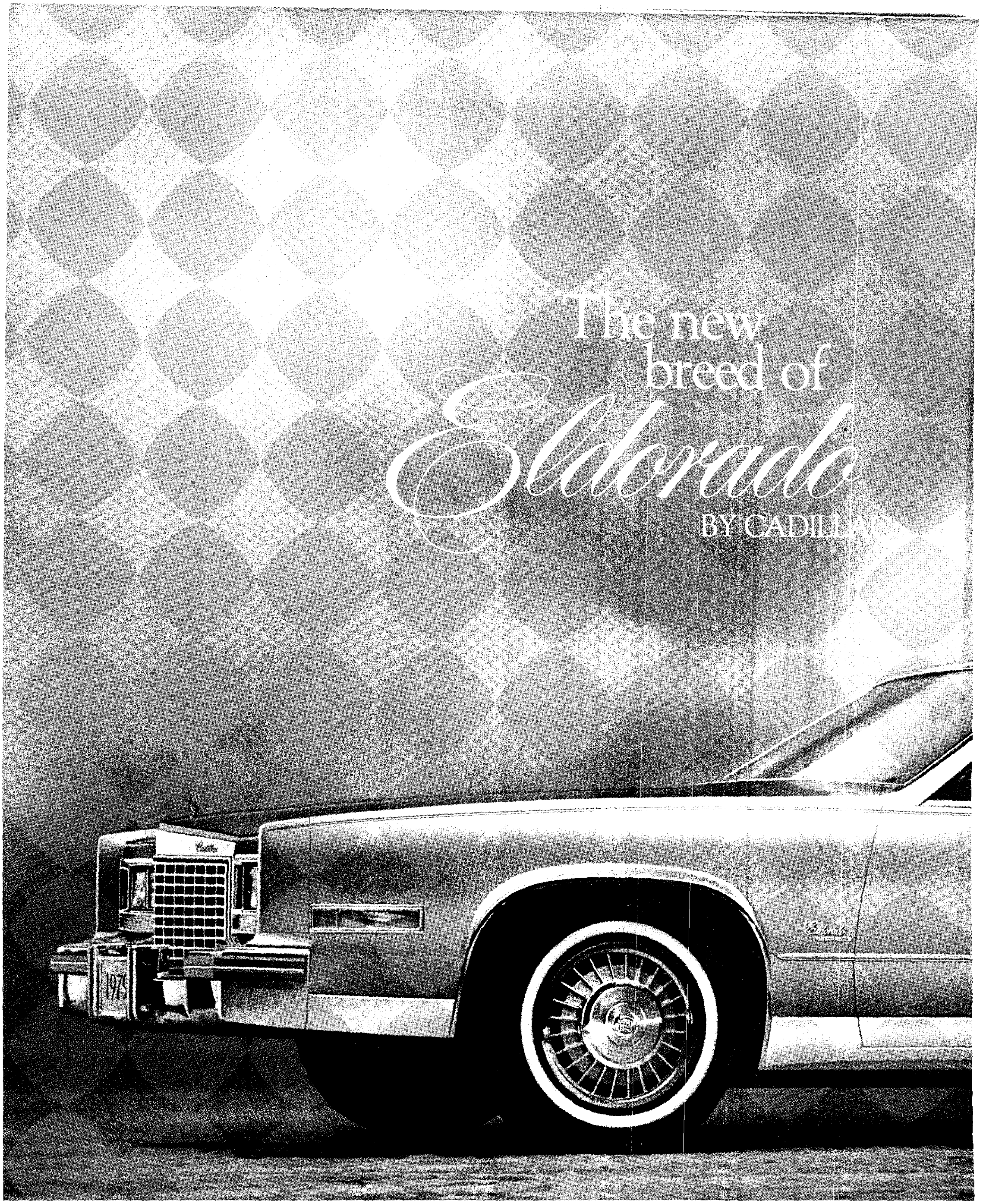
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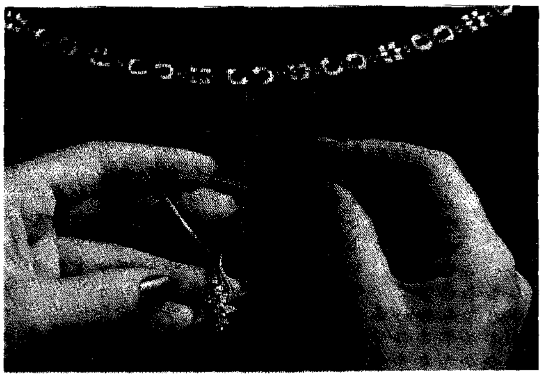

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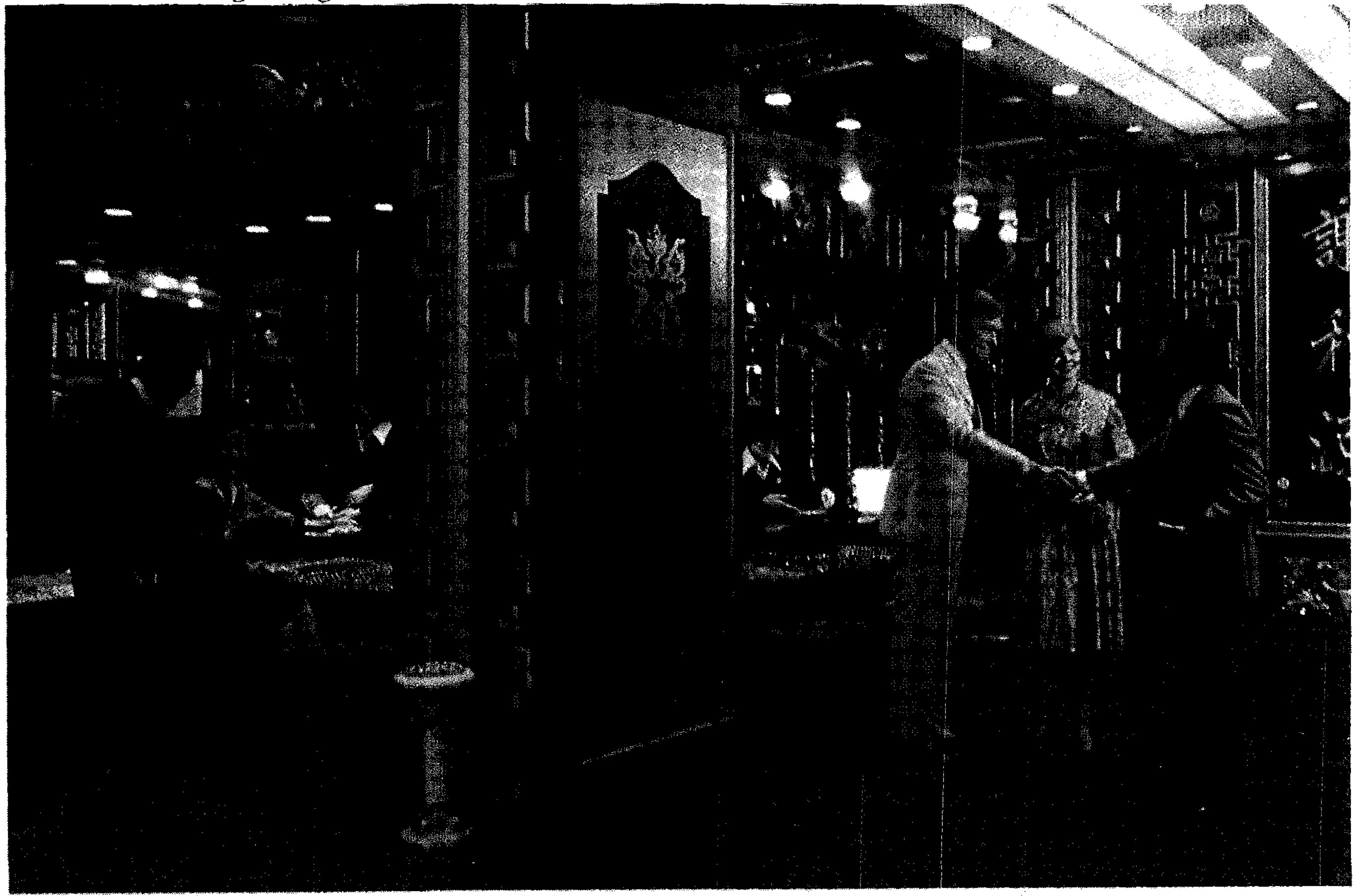

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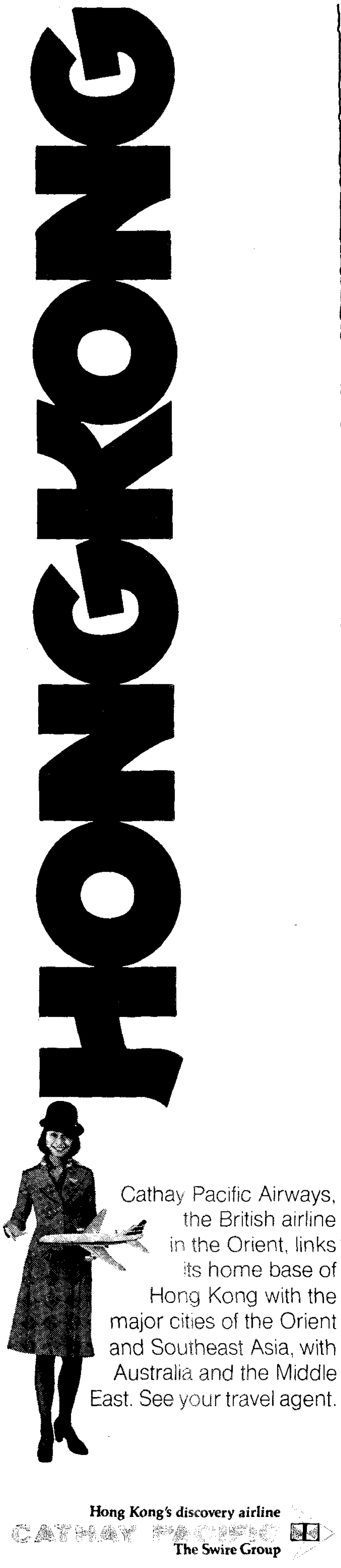
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ing farmland commanding extensive views over the valley of the winding Bronx River and kept intact by their owner, Colonel Alexander Crane, who had, according to a sales brochure, "the vision and foresight to develop Berkeley as a private community of spacious homesites." The streets wound tortuously, to discourage through traffic. "This careful planning is an important safety factor for children at play," the prospectus boasted. All service connections—water, sewer, gas, electricity—were underground, eliminating the need for unsightly poles and wires that would have marred the rural atmosphere. Footpaths crossed and recrossed, in a series of picturesque footbridges, a brook that had been dammed in two places to create ponds, and on whose banks weeping willows had been planted. Only thirty-four minutes from Grand Central Station, Berkeley Park offered "distinctive architecture landscaped harmoniously to the surrounding countryside" and "assured privacy by rigid, permanent restrictions." A brick Colonial house in Berkeley sold for twenty-seven thousand five hundred in 1936, while a distinguished French-type model with limestone walls and a Ludovici tile roof went for forty-three thousand. They would now fetch more than two hundred thousand.

Many of the houses that managed to get built in Scarsdale during the Depression were smaller. In Fort Hill Estates, the no-nonsense house was already evolving. "The modern home combines charm and beauty of design with comfort and convenience at LOW COST," a prospectus proclaimed. "Our 1936 house outmodes in convenience the house or apartment built six years ago as completely as the latest model car surpasses the 1929 automobile." Among its amenities were "compact cheerful kitchens with their time and labor saving devices . . . garages with overhead doors . . . open fireplaces . . . large liveable rooms scientifically designed to obtain cross-ventilation as well as a maximum of light and air . . . a mechanical heating system which automatically keeps the entire house at an even temperature adjusted to individual taste . . . concealed radiation . . . two or three modern tile bathrooms . . . large cedar closets . . . innumerable electric outlets and many new construction features which make for efficient and economical maintenance."

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All this was available for $13,500, and, furthermore, was "situated in the heart of that part of Westchester selected by New York's wealthiest and most discriminating families as the most desirable section of the metropolitan area."

Scarsdale isn't the kind of place where you can just barge in. Nearly every house is equipped with an automatic alarm system. My introduction to the village came at a cocktail party. Most of the guests were Jewish. Scarsdale is supposed to be running sixty-forty Jewish-Gentile these days. The *New York Social Register* has no clout in Scarsdale; it is the *Who's Who* sort of prestige that is operative here. What you do was the main subject of conversation at the opening.

"How do you do? And what do *you* do?" I learned to say while shaking hands.

"I sculpt." This from a sensuous-looking woman of about forty.

"I counsel high-school dropouts in White Plains. That and home, and that's it," a pretty young wife told me somewhat apologetically.

Women in Scarsdale feel a great pressure to be involved in something. "They're all getting Ph.D.s or have a job in psychiatric or paralegal work. Every woman's ambition is to overpower her husband," one resident told me.

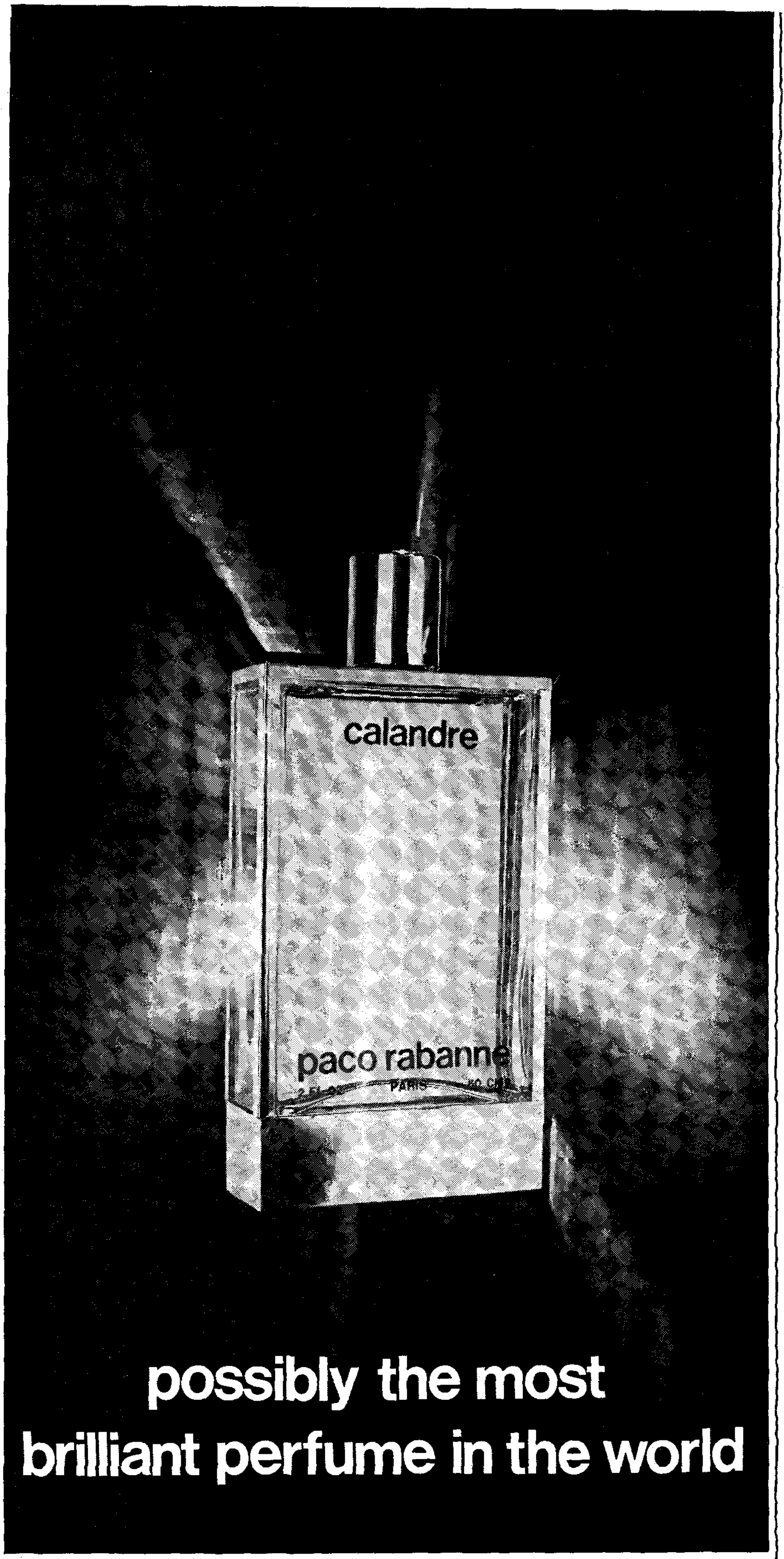
This isn't going to be easy, judging by the men I encountered. One was a poet who had composed what he called a fugue, a hundred and six sonnets long, and who also worked for a company, he informed me, "which makes enough carbon paper to go back and forth to the moon each year ten times," adding, "We also make inks in up to one million colors. We can match to the eye's discrimination. We have fifty factories that make ink."

The house where the party took place had fourteen large rooms with leaded windows and frieze moldings. Outside, it was stucco over brick with a tile roof: "eclectic Mediterranean," as the host described it. It had been built in 1913 and in its heyday it had an orchard, a greenhouse, and a staff of domestics whose quarters had been on the third floor and for whom buzzers had been installed in every room.

I was given a quick rundown on the neighbors: "Let's start at the bottom of the street. On the right, we have a man who has been very successful in the mail-order business. He's also president of the Friends of the Library. His wife is a sportswoman and is active in the P.-T.A. and coaches sports at several local schools. Next, we have the senior executive of a New York corporation. We don't see him often, but he has obviously done well, because he's put in a swimming pool and added two wings. Moving up to the next couple on that side of the street, he's a senior partner of a Wall Street firm. He comes to Scarsdale only on weekends and only for part of the year. He has four other homes—one in town, one across the river, one in Miami, and one in Europe, I think. His living-room wall is *lined* with Boehm birds. He's got a lot of alarms, which are going off all the time. His wife shows dogs. The couple on the corner are never here. It's a two-hundred-and-fifty-thousand-dollar house. She lives in New York. "Back to the bottom left. A doctor, and then a senior executive—buyer for a major retail store. His wife is a biochemist who has done original research in hereditary diseases. The next man is president of a management-consulting firm. They're an older couple. His wife is president of the Garden Club. In the next place, the man is a senior partner in a New York law firm. His wife is the administrator of a day-care center in White Plains. The last man is president of a New York textile company. The woman works in a travel agency and is an outstanding golfer."

"That's quite a lineup," I said.

"They may not be the most relaxing people to be with," my informant said, "but they're stimulating and they're all high achievers. These are people who have made it and continue to make it. Nobody cuts his own grass or shovels snow. It's not done. Your 'landscape architect' sends someone over to do it for you. As far as I've been able to tell—and we've been here nine years—there are *no* blue-collar people in Scarsdale. Everybody's in business or is a professional. They've come out from New York, and, perhaps more than in any other suburb, New York is still the major force in their lives—economically, of course, but culturally, too. Everybody's a heavy patron of the arts. Money and culture are the touchstones. The money here is newer and more Jewish than in the Wasp communities, where it's been in the family for years and is more decadent. It is not ostentatious, but it is not always in good taste. One appears in one's Bogner ski pants to play paddle tennis at the Fox Meadow Tennis Club, where the game was invented. On weekends, everybody



LORD & TAYLOR ALL STORES

plays tennis, and it's very competitive. The last thing it's for is laughs and fun."

ONE afternoon, I went to have a talk with the County Executive, Alfred DelBello. Like District Attorney Vergari, he was born into an Italian-American family in Yonkers. He was elected County Executive in 1973, at the age of thirty-nine, and is the first Democrat to have held the office. With glasses and a strong, handsome face, he struck me immediately as a relaxed, down-to-earth man who had the situation under control. I asked him what he thought was going to happen to Westchester County, and he asked me how long a period of time I was talking about. Thirty years, I said.

"In the next thirty years, you are not going to see much change," he began. "It will still be spread out as a county—not be a City of Westchester. In the last few years, there has actually been a gradual decline in population. But in order to remain static we need to build about four thousand new housing units a year. Every year, we lose two thousand units to fire or dilapidation, and every year, too, the number of people in each unit goes down. In the last twenty years, the size of the average household has dropped from three-point-two to two-point-nine. We are losing people. They are very identifiable—the young marrieds who can't afford it here, so they move to outlying counties, like Putnam, Dutchess, Orange, and Rockland. The number of jobs in Westchester is increasing, but many of the people who take those jobs can't afford to live here, so we have more and more commuters coming *into* the county. Everything indicates that Westchester is going to become older and poorer—and the minorities will grow, because they're usually the poor ones. This spiralling effect will tend to drive urban centers into a substandard state, which tends to feed on itself—to attract more poor and more minorities. In the first half of the next thirty years, you will see urban centers become more run-down. After fifteen years of this cycle, I think some of the initiatives that we're working on will start paying off. Our redevelopment program, calling for new housing and housing rehabilitation—I think that will start taking hold."

DelBello continued, "Seventy per cent of the population lives south of Route 287, on thirty per cent of the land, and that balance is going to remain. Most of the ailing municipali-

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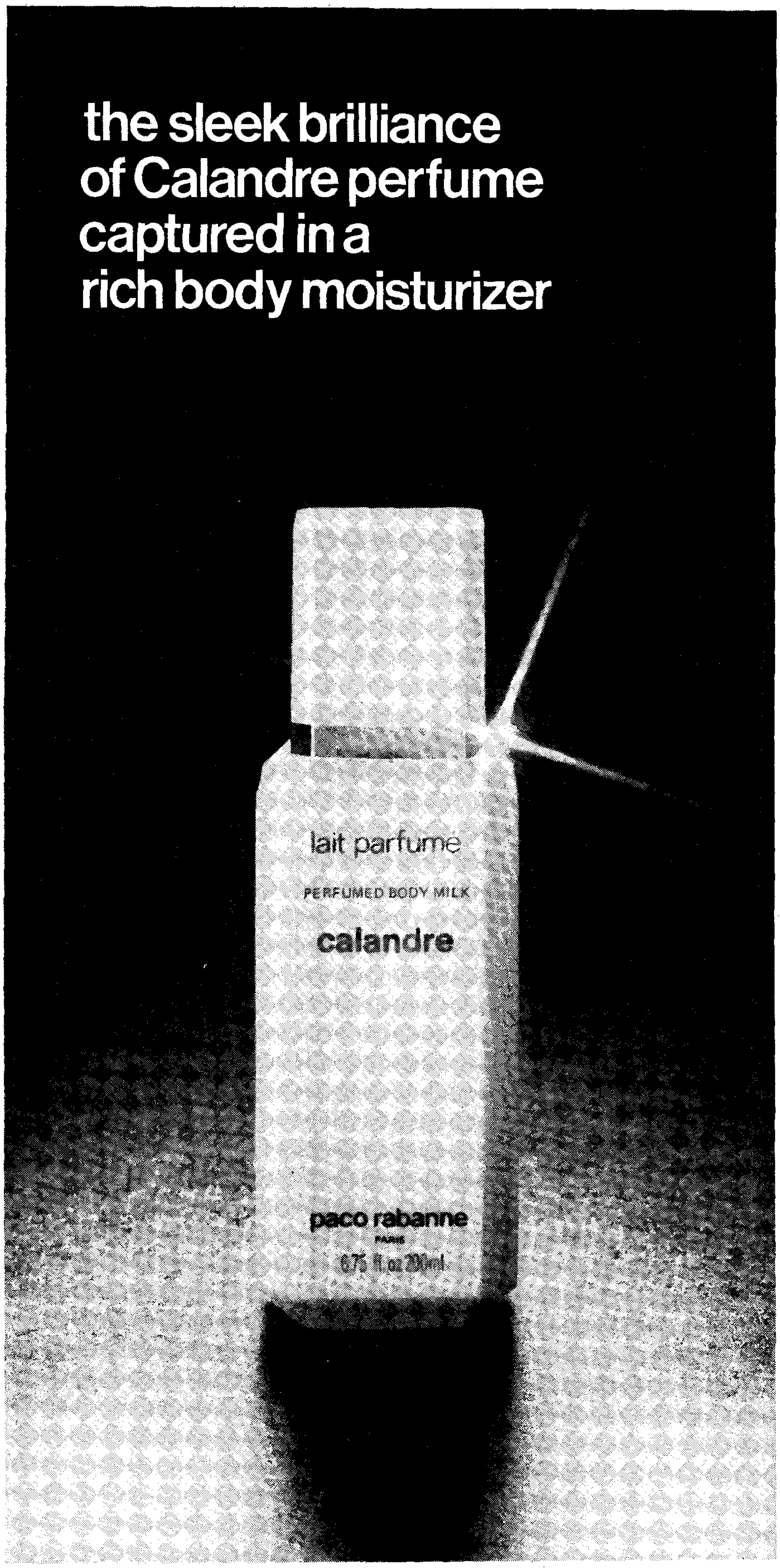
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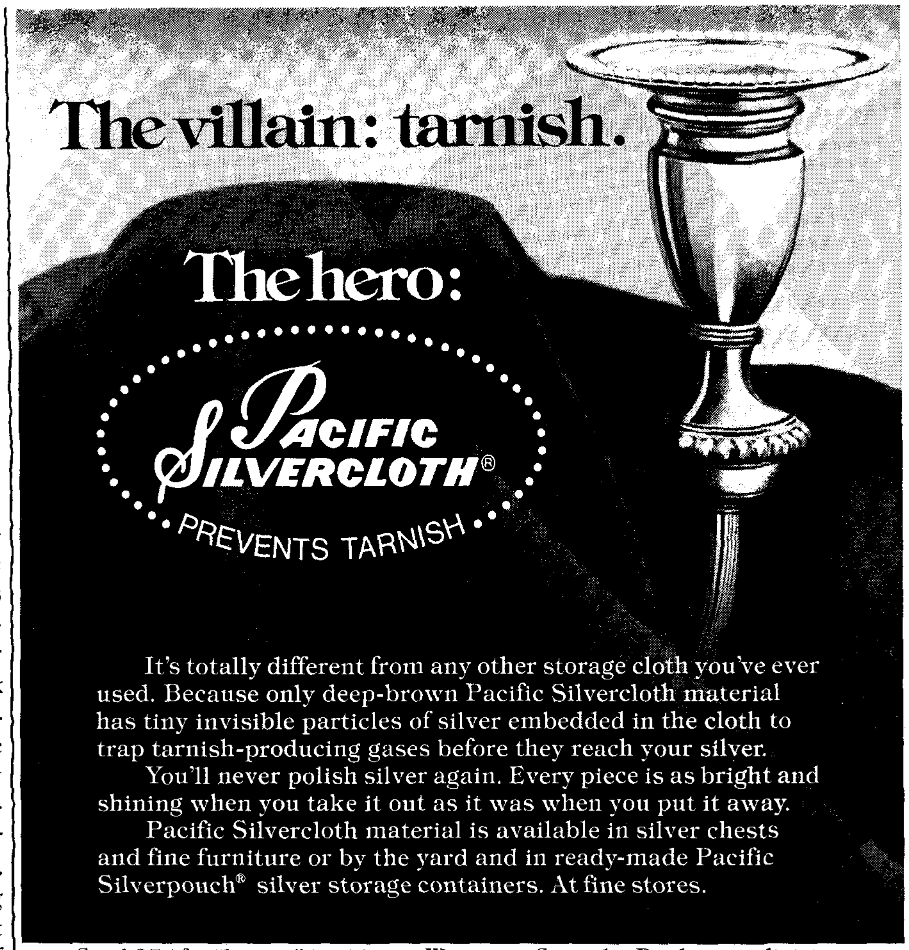
ties—Yonkers, Mount Vernon, New Rochelle, Port Chester—are south of Route 287. Some of the river towns, like Peekskill, North Tarrytown, and Ossining, also exhibit symptoms of urban decay. But that's pretty good for four hundred and fifty square miles of land. Peekskill, which has been receiving more money per capita than any other community in the county, is well on its way to recovery. And what's nice is that our problem areas are all separated, except for the two cities to the very south. Mount Vernon and Yonkers compound each other's problems. I believe they need major redevelopment. The old centers have to be torn down and rebuilt according to a design that will lead to a better way of life. As for the north county, I don't think its character will ever change. It will always be open and residential. You might see a few more industrial parks, corporate headquarters, and condominiums, but there will be no big growth in the north county. No more great subdivisions. The zoning, the high cost of construction, and social attitudes are making it hard on the developer. We're reinforcing this no-growth trend with our master plan, declaring areas that are 'forever rural.' We will not be investing our capital dollars in the development of these areas."

I CANNOT agree completely with DelBello's prediction that nothing much is going to change in northern Westchester. It seems that every time I look, there's another house furtively wedged in some corner of the landscape or another new shopping mall. It seems inevitable that the faceless suburbia of Hartsdale, Elmsford, and New Rochelle will eventually creep up into these parts. And while it is true that the northern communities haven't yet experienced a great deal of physical change, psychological forces are at work transforming villages and hamlets into movie sets and caricatures of themselves. This has already happened to Bedford Village, Pound Ridge, and, to some extent, Chappaqua. Mount Kisco, Katonah, and Bedford Hills continue to hold out, but as a general rule, it seems to me, you can get an idea of what any given Westchester town will be like in ten years simply by driving ten miles south.

The road I live on, only a few hundred yards from the hospital in which I was born, is called South Bedford Road, or Route 172. It starts in Mount Kisco, at the light in front of the Northern Westchester Hospital, and ends about four miles later at the light in front of Walter Ragonese's Shell station, in Bedford Village. As you start up South Bedford Road from the hospital, the first thing on your right is the Finast supermarket. I spend a lot of my life in there, pushing my cart up and down the aisles and picking up gossip. There are other supermarkets around, but the Finast is the one nearest me and I feel a loyalty to it. I wouldn't think of shopping anywhere else unless the Finast was closed. I'm on good terms with the girls at the registers and with the woman behind the grille who cashes my checks. We kid around.

The parking lot is usually filled, and cars constantly pull in and out. The average shopper takes forty-five minutes to an hour, depending on the size of his family and on how familiar he is with the store. Sometimes people approach you as you walk from your car to the doors of the supermarket to ask for a donation for underprivileged children or give you a free sample of some new product. I am still using my complimentary cannister of an antiperspirant. As you step on the rubber mat, an electric eye releases the door. You walk up to a string of shopping carts, shake one loose, and proceed, past the pink-veined caladiums—a bit of the Amazon—in the houseplant and garden-supply section, to the fresh fruit and vegetables. Two short, wide women in head scarves are chattering to each other in Italian, examining each cucumber carefully before making their final decision. In front of the celery case, a little come-on sign says, "Stalk no further—meet the best bunch around." Sale items are usually displayed at the end of the aisles. Market research has proved that anything put on an end display will sell better, even if it is kept at the same price.

The music at the Finast is rented from a service. It is chosen for its mood. It must be cheerful. "You don't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want to depress people," an assistant manager once told me. "Keep 'em happy. Light Broadway shows, things like that. It's kind of dingy without it. It keeps the help in a good mood, too. There are more than fifty employees in all. A lot of them are part-time. High-school students who start work after school lets out and are home in time for supper. It's an excellent place for them to learn a little fiscal responsibility and how to deal courteously with the public. You get to meet a lot of people. There is, of course, a lot of pressure on you. High above the aisles there's a little booth, and somebody's always up there, watching you. He's up there not only to keep an eye out for shoplifters but also to make sure the employees aren't goofing off."

In Westchester, small jars and cans don't move as fast as medium-sized and big ones, because it's a family-type population. Milk moves faster by the gallon than by the quart. In the cities, people buy the six- and seven-ounce cans of peeled tomatoes; here there is more turnover of the sixteen-ounce cans of *pomodori pelati* (of which, in recognition of Mount Kisco's large Italian segment, the Finast stocks eight different brands). And, because this is an affluent area, the store sells more of the national brands than of its own—more Maxwell House than Finast coffee, even though the Finast is cheaper. It also moves a lot of beer and club soda. At the end of Aisle 4, a small soul-food section caters to Mount Kisco's black population.

Soon after the Finast, South Bedford Road leaves the world of commerce to spend the rest of its existence winding through beautiful, rolling country. After two miles, the road goes under Interstate 684, a six-lane superhighway pushed up from Harrison a few years ago. Interstate 684 cost more than a million and a half dollars a mile, and though the need for it was indisputable, it went through some of the best land around and got a lot of people upset. The most expensive stretch was probably just south of South Bedford Road, where the Interstate was blasted through Chestnut Ridge. Chestnut Ridge, as I have mentioned, is a great crystalline mass of Fordham gneiss, which is just about indestructible. Somehow, though, a great chunk of the hill was removed and bulldozed into a hollow just north of it. I remember that hollow very well. South Bedford Road used to go down into it, and the descent was so steep that in icy conditions cars would often go out of control, and there were a lot of ac-

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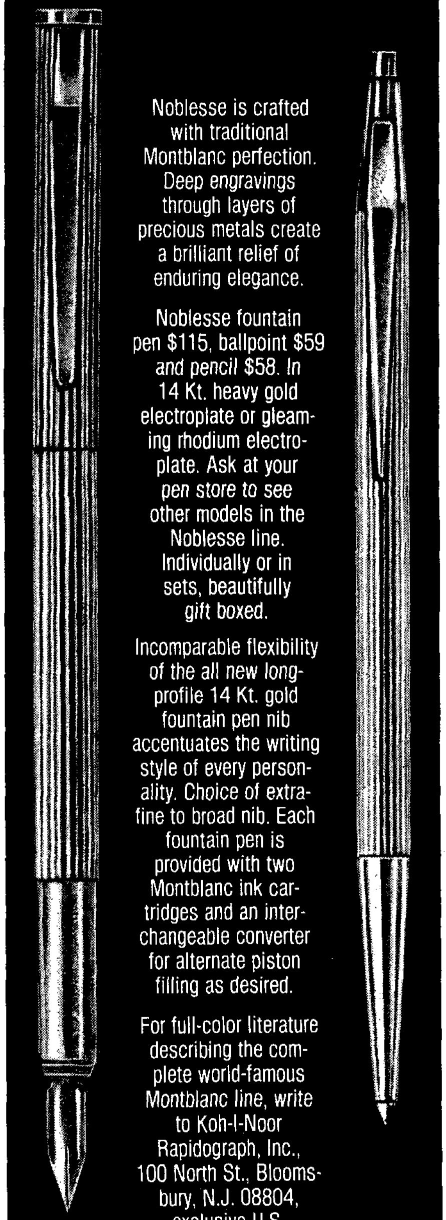

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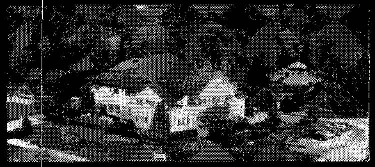

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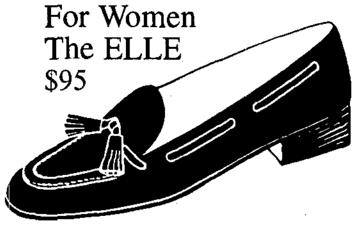

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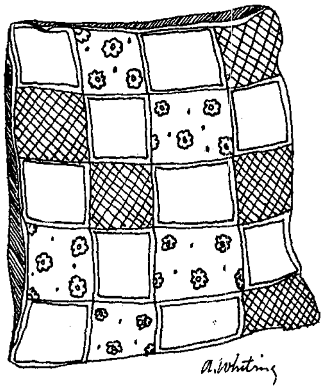
We fly the world Swiss Class. SWISSAIR cidents. Down in the hollow there was an imposing white-columned house and a pond with a little island that had a Japanese pagoda on it.

Interstate 684's impact on the region was dramatic. South Bedford Road became its fourth exit, and, in no time at all, changed from a quiet country road into a heavily travelled truck route. Fifty years ago, it was an event for the people on the road when five cars went by in one morning. Not long ago, I took out my pocket watch and listened to the whooshes that went by my house in one minute, and I counted twenty of them between 10:26 and 10:27 A.M. South Bedford Road probably carries about fifteen thousand vehicles a day. One could learn much about what is happening to Westchester just from studying this road.



Every minute or so, a tractor-trailer runs by the house. The windows shake; the whole house shakes. It was built, like many of the old houses, not more than five feet from the road. The road was dirt then. The internal-combustion engine was seventy years from being envisioned. During the Revolution, a detachment of redcoats led by Lieutenant-Colonel Banastre Tarleton, the dashing "Green Dragoon," who left dozens of women brokenhearted in his wake, is said to have marched up this road on the way to burn Bedford. Recently, a large black mudguard with the word "THEURER" stamped on it detached itself from one of the trucks and landed in the pachysandra a few feet from my front door. I also have in my possession a red flag from the Wheatland Pipe Company and a collection of hubcaps.

One icy February morning, an eighteen-wheel diesel, headed for the Grand Union warehouse on the other side of Mount Kisco, jackknifed in the straightaway just below the house, careened into the embankment, sideswiped a passing car, flattened the guardrail, snapped a telephone pole in two, and finally came to rest on its side, wheels spinning. The driver, who was thrown fifty feet through the windshield, was miraculously "more shook up than anything." Dozens of sides of beef that had been hanging from hooks inside the box were ejected onto the pavement. Within minutes, the police had set up flares and were directing traffic. Then two fire trucks and an ambulance came screaming up the road. The travelling salesman in the car that had been sideswiped was extricated in time to see his rented car and all his samples burst into flame. Three firemen attacked the blaze with their extinguishers. Then Walter Ragonese came, with one of his elaborately decorated Holmes tow trucks, extended the hydraulic boom, retracted it, and towed the wrecked car away. Someone came from McDonald's, and everybody stood around drinking coffee and discussing between mouthfuls of Big Mac what they were going to do about the overturned truck. It wasn't till nightfall that they succeeded in righting it and getting it out of the road—first the box, then the cab.

Starting at about six on weekday mornings, the trucks are joined by legions of commuters hurrying to their trains into the city. I can see their tight faces behind the windshields, already set upon the day before them. A bit later, the school buses canvass the street corners of Mount Kisco and come lumbering up the road headed for the Fox Lane High School. The men who perform essential services—plumbers, carpenters, electricians, tree men, landscape-maintenance men—pass in pickup trucks whose doors are inscribed with their names, services, and telephone numbers. And by midmorning housewives have done their hair, donned their pants suits and dark glasses, and are ready to face the world. All day long, the road belongs to their big ranch wagons, to the mailman's jeep, and to the brown van of the United Parcel Service. And up and down the road high-school students and dropouts lope along the shoulders, wheeling to stick out their thumbs at you.

The plant life along the shoulders is interesting. Almost every member of the community is an immigrant: the velvetleaf mullein, which sends up late in the summer a stalk higher than any other non-woody plant in Westchester except the wild lettuces; escaped day lilies and pachysandra; bittersweet, smothering the well-made Italian walls, running wild into the woods and climbing up the trees; and all the sun-loving composites, like the dandelion and the black-eyed Susan. These ruderal plants followed the migrations of man. It is this kind of mar-

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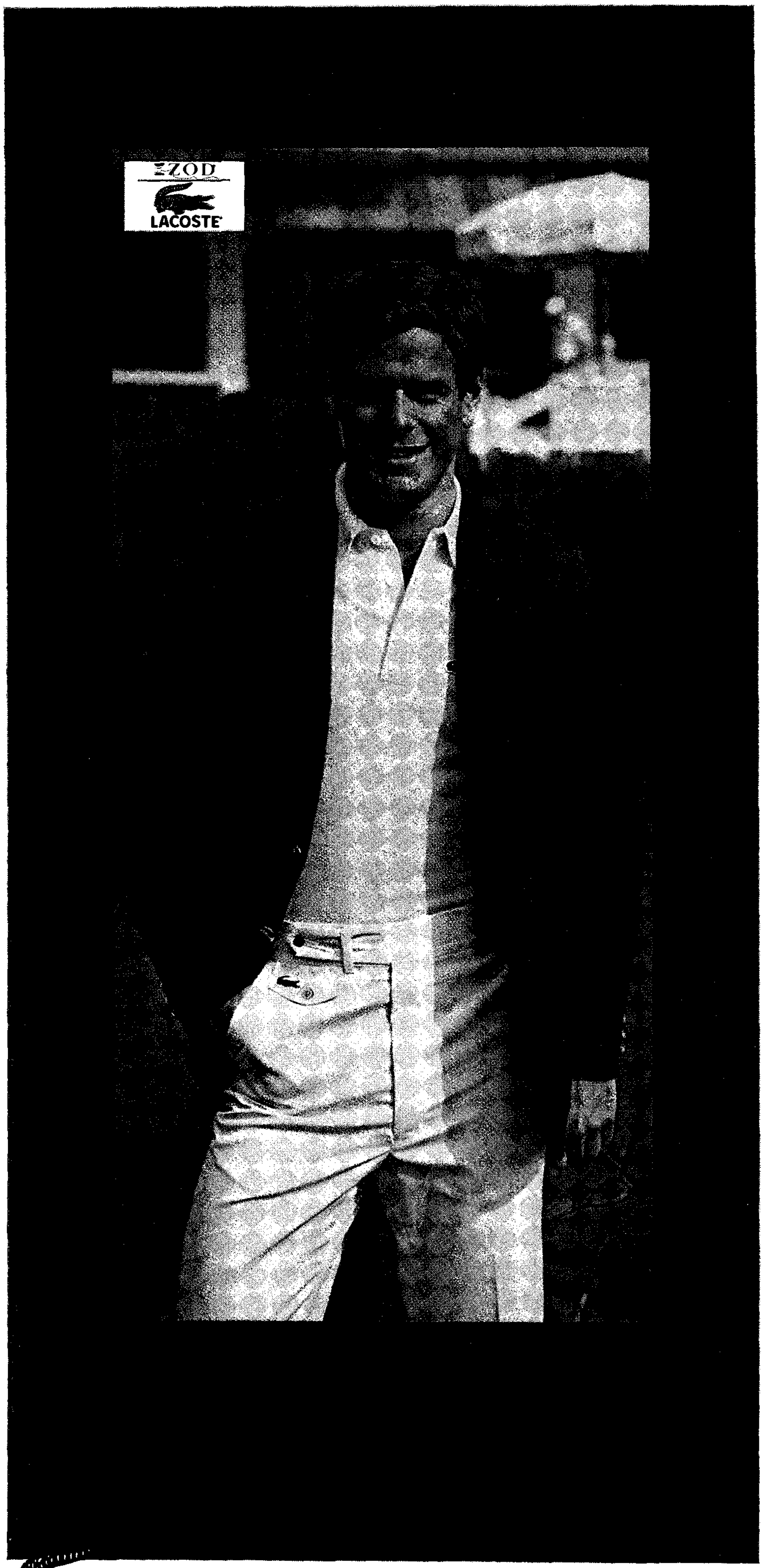
ginal habitat—neither woods nor open field—where the sparrow hawk hunts, hovering in place some twenty feet above the ground. Red-tailed hawks also keep close watch on movements below them, from their posts in tall trees.

In summer, there is heavy blooming in the fields. Wild flowers litter the meadows like handfuls of confetti. The woods have had their turn. Now it is time for the forbs and grasses to come forth. In the brightest fields, the competition for pollinators is most intense. It's all really for the bugs. And, because all fields in Westchester except for a few natural meadows are disturbed sites, half of the flowers are alien—the Queen Anne's laces, purple loosestrifes, and butter-and-eggs of this world. Their colors, smells, and other strategies multiply the bees' choices.

The most diverse fields are mowed only once or twice—often enough to keep the woody plants down, and seldom enough to let whatever seeds are in them make it into flowers. But land worth developing doesn't stay clear around here for long. The taxes are too high. The only open fields left either belong to very rich people or are tied up in legal complications, like the seven fields behind me. Here's a partial catalogue of what was out in and around the second field on a day in July: New Jersey tea, enchanter's nightshade, feverfew, cow vetch, hop clover, chickweed, field milkwort, black raspberry, rose campion (mullein pink), spotted Saint-John's-wort, onion grass, whorled loosestrife, fringed loosestrife, one blunt-leaved milkweed with curled and clasping leaves (a bee had got its legs stuck in the crevices between the tight flower petals and died there), butterfly weed, pale-spike lobelia, bog orchis (a small orchid, easily overlooked, with inconspicuous green flowers), Canada lily, wood lily (an arresting trumpet whose narrow, blood-red, black-flecked petals face up), the berries of the Tartarian honeysuckle, spreading dogbane. I have followed with fascination the growth of several poisonous water hemlock plants on the field's southern fringe. That July day, they were almost four feet high. The wet new leaves grew out from the purple-streaked stalks in fearfully symmetrical groups of three.

That same afternoon, my father and I tried to count as many butterflies as we could. Neither the swallowtails nor the monarchs were out in force yet, but we found one monarch larva savaging a milkweed leaf, whose lactic juices make the butterfly unpalatable to birds,



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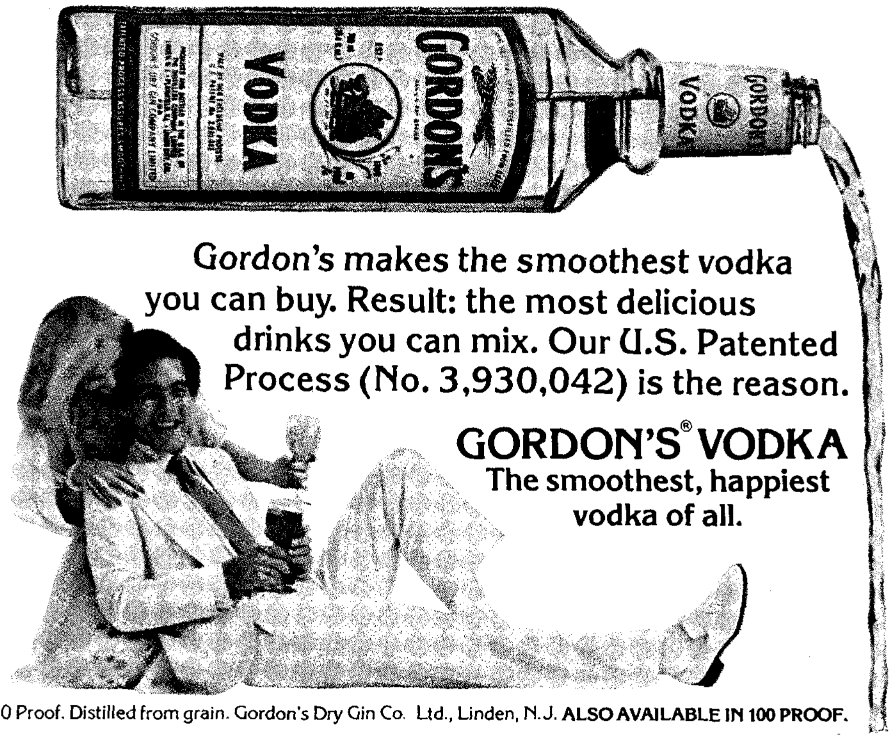

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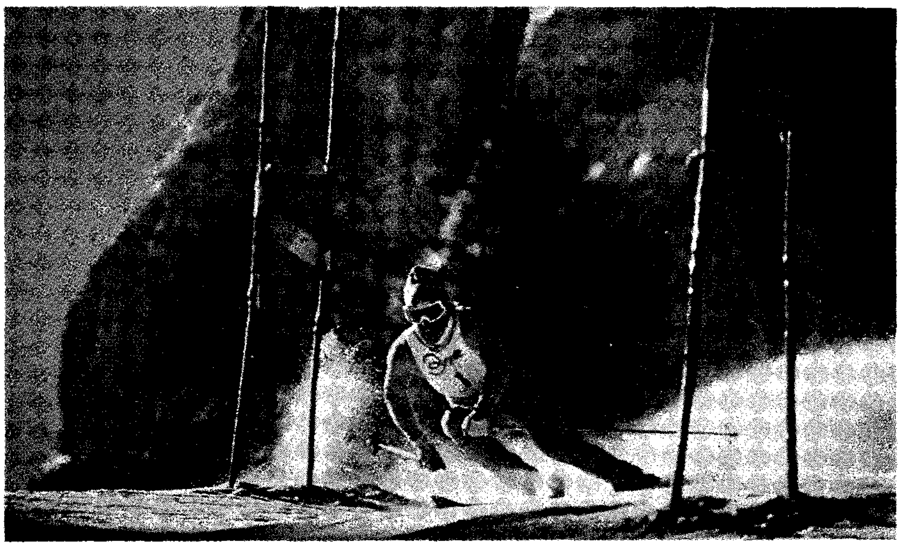

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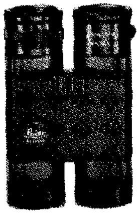

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enabling the tasty viceroy, in turn, to escape being eaten by mimicking it. There is very little butterfly habitat in Westchester, in any event, and conclusions were hard to draw from the exercise. Although butterfly numbers are down from the mid-nineteen-fifties, they are up from the sixties, when the pernicious effects of DDT were having their greatest impact on the environment. But the return of fully forested conditions is offsetting to some degree the discontinuation of DDT. Nymphalids (fritillaries, anglewings, hunters, red admirals) and satyrids (wood nymphs and little wood satyrs) are just about the only butterflies in the county that will go into the woods. We counted mostly in that second field, and probably spotted no more than a fraction of the butterflies in it. There were more than fifty of the following species: great spangled fritillary, aphrodite, little wood satyr, American copper, pearl crescent, northern cloudy wing, and silver-spotted skipper. Not having nets to catch them, we found the various species of *Polites* skippers and hairstreaks really hard to tell apart. But my father sifted through the field guide and picked out the minute markings that separate one species from the other. My father, who at one time considered entomology as a profession, has a rare subspecies of Jamaican hairstreak, found only in a few high sunny clearings of the rain forest, named after him—Shoumatoff's hairstreak. So he felt more confident about the hairstreaks than he did about the *Polites* skippers. Just after he had decided that two we were looking at were *gray* hairstreaks, a pair of men came riding up through the field—one on a bay, the other on a strawberry roan. "And what are we looking for today?" one of them said condescendingly. My father didn't even bother looking up. We counted two red admirals, one question mark, two species of geometrid moth, a couple of dozen cabbage butterflies, a few Pocahontas skippers, and a coral hairstreak. In a verge of tall bracken, we came upon a swarm of Alcestis hairstreaks, ten of them fluttering around in frenzied little balls, landing on the bracken and resting with their folded-up wings held not vertically but, in the peculiar manner of hairstreaks, to one side. "That was quite a find, wasn't it?" my father said. "Ten hairstreaks all at once!"

There are two swamps along South Bedford Road. Skunks, raccoons, opossums, and deer are often hit as they are crossing the road at night to drink in one of the swamps and are blinded by headlights. A lot of dogs get killed on South Bedford Road, too. The other morning, I heard someone hit the brakes, and I looked out and there was a young German shepherd lying on the road. The pup lived another minute. His tail was wagging in his own blood. Then it stopped. I called the police, and they took the carcass away in a green plastic bag. I've lost two cats on the road. Cats aren't very smart about cars. They'll walk out on a quiet moonlit night and—bam! Crows know about cars, and so do mourning doves. I've never seen a dead crow or a dead mourning dove on the road, although both birds spend a lot of time flying up from traffic. Chipmunks are worse than cats. Squirrels aren't much better. They'll misjudge a leap from one branch to another, fall onto the road, scramble to their feet, see a car coming at them, scamper frantically one way and then the other, and finally stand directly in the face of death, paralyzed by indecision. According to a recent survey conducted by the United States Department of Transportation, about one million "pieces" of wildlife are killed on the road each year. Cars are now the No. 1 predator of many carnivores and ungulates. The traffic on South Bedford contributes its share. The animals learn respect for moving metal objects or they die. —ALEX SHOUMATOFF

•

Mr. Melby's songs were skillful, dry, academic manipulations, which Bethany Beardslee imbued with an expressive intensity, not to mention awesome international security, that far transcended the material.—*Peter G. Davis in the Times.*

Anything like Lawrence Welk?

•

Several new books have been received at the Rolling Hills Library according to Melissa Middleswart, librarian of the Savannah branch.

"Cheesecake" is the newest book by James Michener, author of "Centennial" and "Hawaii."

—*Savannah (Mo.) Reporter & Andrew County Democrat.*

It's in the photography section.

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MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Raleigh (N.C.) News & Observer*]

CHIASSO, Switzerland (AP)—Frontier guards at this Italian border town in southeast Switzerland became suspicious when they noticed that a young Italian crossing into his homeland walked with an unusually heavy step.

Don't let the low price scare you.

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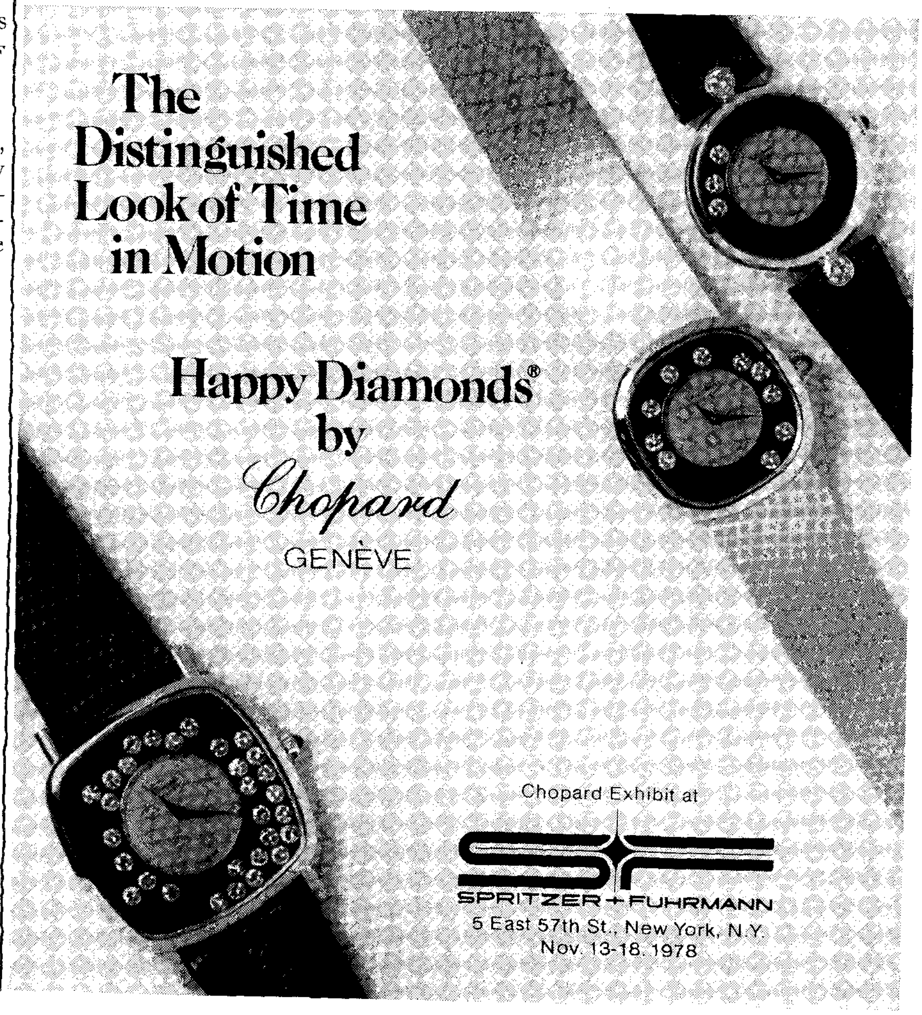
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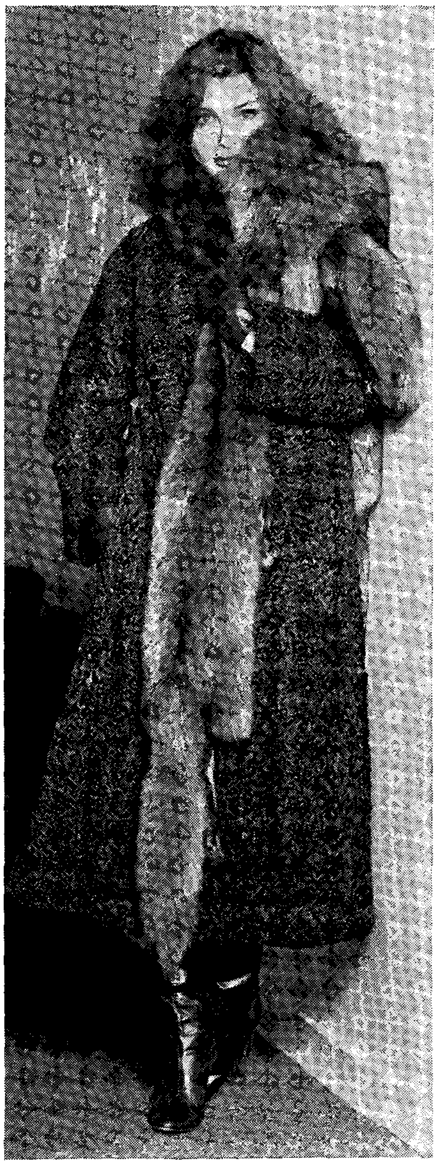

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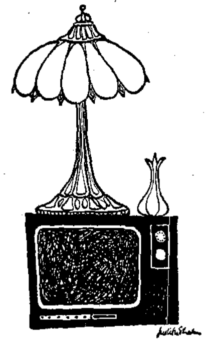
THE AIR

ABC Visits the P.L.O.; the Sponsors Stay Home



TELEVISION has been mainly horrible this fall, when not either silly or boring (or all three of the above), and, among the several purveyors of media junk food, the ABC network has certainly purveyed its share: space trash, the ever-speaking unspeakable Cosell, cutesyporn, and so forth. But last Monday night ABC News presented a documentary on the Palestinians and the P.L.O., "Terror in the Promised Land," which seemed altogether first-rate—an all too rare example of broadcast journalism employing its considerable strengths on something more ambitious and rewarding than chasing fire engines, or recording the airport arrivals and departures of heads of state, or using hidden cameras to blow the lid off some adulterated-mayonnaise scandal. I thought the ABC documentary showed us more about the Palestinians in fifty-seven minutes than most American news organizations, large or small, have printed or televised in the past dozen years—and showed it with an uncommon mixture of judgment and perspective. That is, though there were plenty of rough scenes in the film—blood and corpses and gunfire—the violence never seemed to be shown pruriently or for cheap effect. Nor was the narration cursed with the recent "people" approach to hard news, wherein the content of a tough story is waffled by a bogus "humanistic" approach—one of those "features," say, on the SALT talks, done from the point of view of old Igor, the kindly washroom attendant in the Soviet Foreign Office. Nor did the filmmakers allow their journalistic interest in the P.L.O. to undermine their revulsion at the P.L.O.'s tactics of murder and terror; the final sense I had of the Palestinian activists was one of near-total alienation from everyone—even from much of the Arab world. In short, the ABC program went after a difficult and controversial subject and communicated it with clarity and a respect for history as well as for human feelings.

That's one reason it seems worth mentioning here. Another reason is this: Guess who sponsored "Terror in the Promised Land." Gulf? Mobil? Preparation H? Xerox? I.B.M.? No, sirree, bob. The commercials that accompanied "Terror in the Promised Land" seemed to have been hauled in from another part of the forest, from a different (and distant) province of the great advertising community: the American Lung Association, the National Cancer Institute, the Soil Conservation Service, the United Way. All of these, assuredly, are worthy organizations, deserving of our interest and support, but as their commercials appeared on the screen at regular intervals—well-meaning, somehow irrelevant, and inescapably safe—the only thing that seemed to be missing from the over-all effect of non-sponsorship was "Compliments of a Friend." In other words, where were the real sponsors? Where were the great public-spirited advertisers, usually not too shy to tell us of their gallant struggles to save the environment or to preach to us at election time about our obligation to vote? Where were all the high-profile, high-minded corporations when the subject of sponsoring this documentary came up—a type of program that surely needs and deserves as much support as the latest Welsh Television dramatization of "Middlemarch"? Off fishing? Or hiding in the garage? Or edging to the back of the room, murmuring vague excuses: Sorry, can't make it this time, wonderful show, must tell Millicent to watch it—have you thought of trying those nice Leprosy Foundation people down the street? Well, good for ABC News anyway. They turned out something fine and stuck with it. They even played the thing right out there where people (not only night watchmen) might actually see it, using it as a lead-in to the unspeakable Cosell and "Monday Night Football." So maybe ABC—or at least ABC News, or at least some part of ABC News—is going straight at last. In which case, lots of luck to them as needs it.

—MICHAEL J. ARLEN

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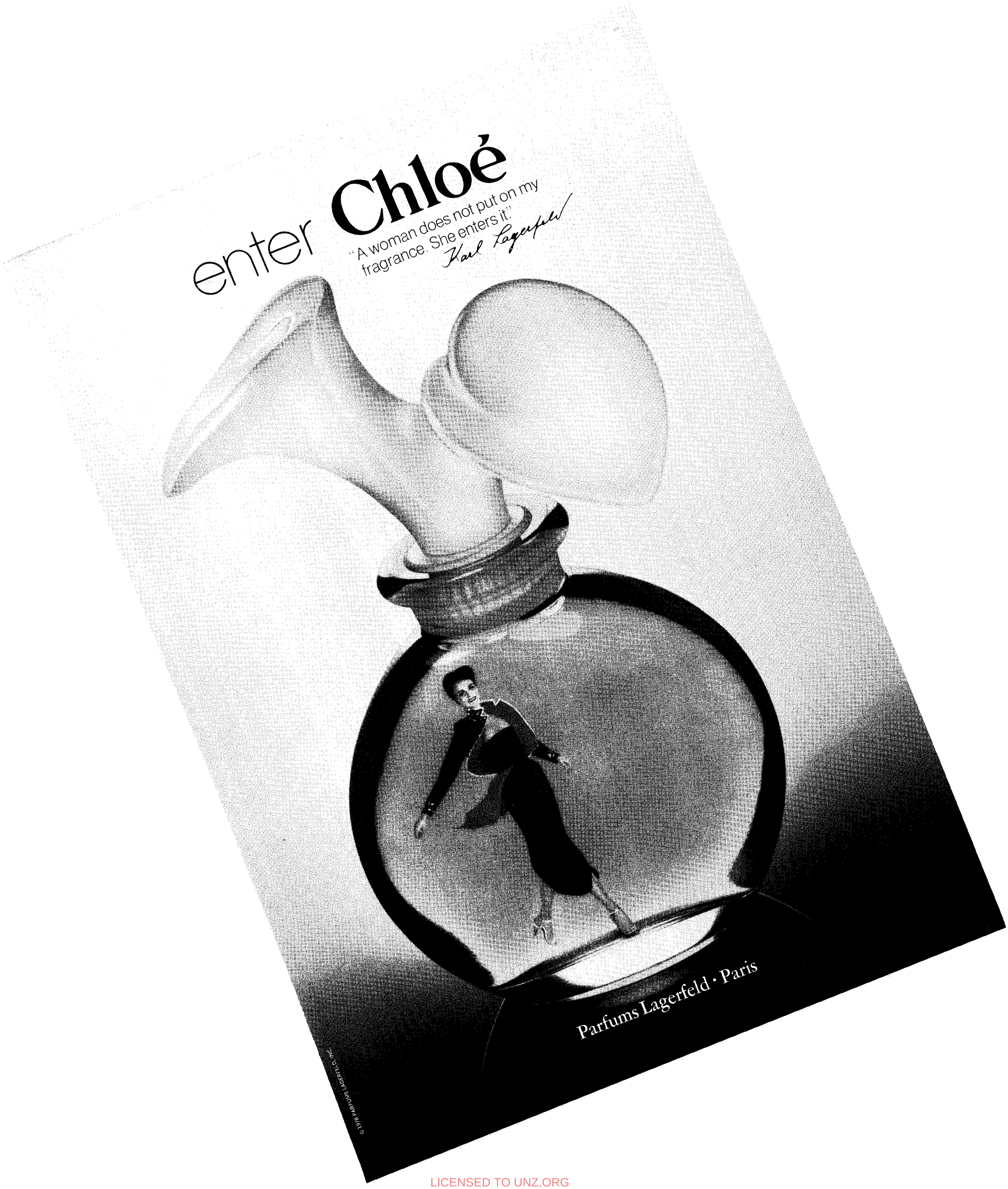
—*University of Washington Bulletin.*

You know, the ones that are scared to go out into the world.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RADIATION ROUTE

UNTIL about three years ago, highly radioactive material—specifically, lead-shielded uranium from atomic reactors—was regularly shipped by truck on a winding route through some of the most crowded neighborhoods of New York City. The shippers of the radioactive material maintained that the shipments posed no appreciable danger to bystanders on the streets or to residents of the neighborhoods. However, many of these residents regarded the shipments as hideously unsafe. On January 15, 1976, after hearing both points of view, the New York City Board of Health voted unanimously to prohibit the shipments. Subsequently, the ban was challenged, and there is now a possibility that it will be overturned.

Last November, at a public hearing that lasted two days and sometimes grew emotional, scores of New Yorkers expressed to senior officials of the United States Department of Transportation their views on the hazards of the shipments. The hearing, at Building One of the World Trade Center, was on the technical issue of whether the city ban was inconsistent with—and therefore preëmpted by—the federal Hazardous Materials Transportation Act, which specifies shielding and other safety requirements for transporting radioactive materials in commerce. The New York City measure effectively bars from the streets significant quantities of plutonium, enriched uranium, and "spent reactor-fuel elements which would present a great hazard to public health in this densely and highly populated City." A Certificate of Emergency Transport can be granted to shippers of materials needed for "national security purposes" and to shippers of isotopes used in medical treatment and research. In the case of spent elements, however, it is intended, in the language of the resolution, "that such Certificate will be issued for the most compelling reasons involving urgent public policy or national security interests transcending public health and safety concerns and that economic consideration alone will not be acceptable as justification."

The specific question of consistency with federal law was decided in favor of the city last April 4th. However, the fourteen-page ruling of the Transportation Department also contained an announcement that its Materials Transportation Bureau would soon issue "an advance notice of proposed rulemaking, to aid in a decision as to whether some form of federal routing requirement is needed." The eventual result of this rulemaking, which is expected to take place next year, could be to overturn the ban and permit the shipments after all. "This is like having a judge rule that you have the law on your side, only to announce that he'll have to change the law so he can convict you anyway," a disheartened supporter of the ban said subsequently. The Materials Transportation Bureau's acting director, Leon Santman, held that it might not be "prudent" for such a "far-reaching" safety decision as New York's ban to be made by a local government: "It is unfair, and possibly not conducive to over-all safety, to ask other locations to accept and handle additional commerce in materials which a jurisdiction such as New York City decides it will not accept."

"It's five o'clock, Bertram. Time to head for home."

So far, the only shipper of spent reactor-fuel elements through the city—and the unsuccessful petitioner for the inconsistency ruling—is an institution not noted for unconcern about matters of public health and safety. It is Brookhaven National Laboratory, a scientific-research facility occupying the eight square miles of Upton, in Suffolk County, Long Island, about seventy miles east of Manhattan. Once occupied by a United States Army base, Camp Upton (it was celebrated by Irving Berlin in the First World War soldier show "Yip Yip Yaphank"), Brookhaven's site was acquired in 1946 by the Atomic Energy Commission, which set it aside for research purposes at the request of nine Eastern universities—Columbia, Cornell, Harvard, Johns Hopkins, the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Princeton, the University of Pennsylvania, the University of Rochester, and Yale. These institutions each designate two trustees for an entity called Associated Universities, Inc., which operates the laboratory under contract to the federal Department of Energy.

A university itself in all but one respect—its charter bars the awarding of degrees—Brookhaven maintains a staff of six hundred and fifty scientists, working on physical, chemical, biological, medical, mathematical, and applied-science projects, which were budgeted last year at a total of a hundred and fifteen million dollars. Approximately four per cent of this figure, or something like four and a half million dollars, was allocated to projects conducted at the laboratory's two functioning nuclear reactors. The institution's original reactor—an old-fashioned graphite model, which went into operation in 1950—has been retired and converted into an exhibition hall.

One of the two reactors now functioning at Brookhaven is a low-powered medical-research device, used primarily for the calibration of atomic-ray-emission-measuring devices and for the production of medical isotopes; the other is a fifteen-million-dollar (at 1965 prices) high-flux beam reactor with the capacity for supporting sixteen atomic experiments simultaneously. In the relatively recent past, some of these Brookhaven experiments led to the development of many of the radioactive tracers that are now staples of diagnostic medicine. Current medical research includes studies on hypertension and on inhalation toxicology—the effects of pollutants. In the field of physics, the neutron-scattering ability of the high-flux beam reactor has led to advances in the understanding of molecular structure. Laboratory physicists are also developing safety programs and standards for the growing number of commercial atomic reactors in America.

The high-flux beam reactor is fuelled with 9,828 grams of highly enriched uranium that has been alloyed with aluminum, overlaid with more aluminum, and formed into rectangular, slightly curved slats; these slats are assembled, with a water-flow box on each end, into units called "elements," which are approximately two feet long and three inches square. Each element is made up of eighteen slats. Newly manufactured (at a cost of thirty-eight hundred dollars apiece), these elements are just barely radioactive, so their shipment *to* Brookhaven is not hindered by the New York City ban. However, they must be replaced at regular intervals, and when the spent elements are packed for shipment, in groups of fourteen, they contain together up to four hundred and fifty thousand curies of radiation. The curie is the unit of measure for the rate of radiation emission; a single curie is equal to thirty-seven billion atomic disintegrations per second.

A mechanical engineer named Gerald Kinne, who is assistant to the director of Brookhaven, is one of the few members of the institution's faculty who do not hold advanced degrees; his academic education ended with a bachelor's degree from Cornell. However, he helped design and construct the high-flux beam reactor, and was at the startup, at the end of October, 1965. He formerly supervised a panel of sixteen operators who monitor the

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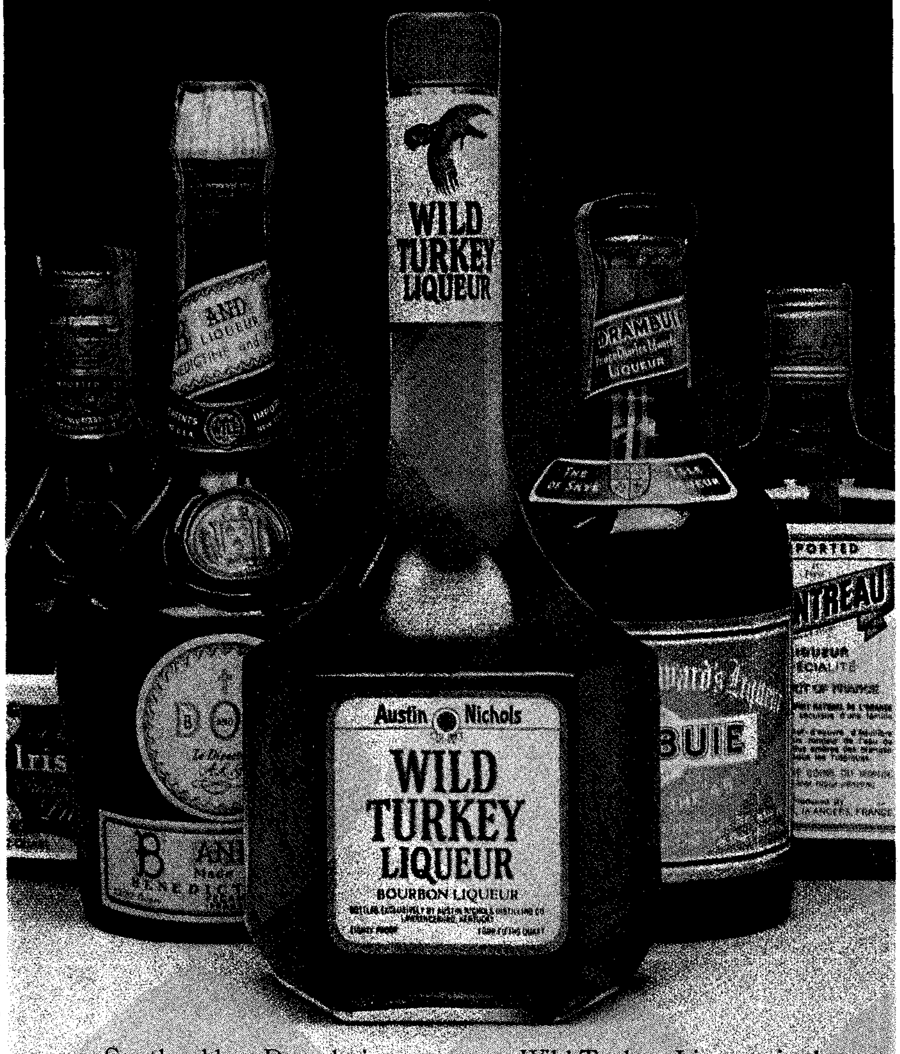

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flow of atomic particles into the laboratory's experiments, and he is one of the people responsible for the Brookhaven safety programs and for operational-safety liaison with the Department of Energy. One recent afternoon, he showed me around the high-flux beam reactor and took me down to a pool beneath it, which is forty-three feet long, eight feet wide, and twenty feet deep, and in which the reactor's spent radioactive elements are now piling up—temporarily, Kinne hopes. "We shut down for five or six days after each eighteen days of running time," the engineer said as he led me around the four-story building that houses the reactor. The reactor is shielded by a three-story concrete structure that is seven feet thick and has nine sides, on each of which is an experiment station. "Each shutdown, we discharge seven elements down into the canal," Kinne told me. At the bottom of the pool stood three racks of stacked spent elements; those most recently discharged from the reactor were emitting a blue fluorescence. "The radiation still given off ends up as both light and heat," Kinne explained. "The water in the pool gets hot, but it shields the radiation."

After nine months—the length of time that the elements are normally held in the pool—they have ceased to glow. They are, however, still lethally radioactive when they are packed, under water, by remote-control machinery, into thirteen-ton rectangular casks of stainless steel lined with lead ten inches thick, which were designed at Brookhaven itself, and each of which can carry as many as fourteen elements to a reprocessing facility. (Unlike the elements fuelling commercial reactors, the uranium from the high-flux beam reactor has been sufficiently enriched to be designated for what the laboratory refers to only as "recovery" at a federal installation at Aiken, South Carolina. Presumably, "recovery" includes the manufacture of atomic weapons.)

One of these casks—with a one-ton cap lying beside it—was standing empty beside the pool, and Kinne encouraged me to examine it. It was about four feet high and five feet long, and inside it was a rack designed to hold the elements in place during shipment. On its exterior was a plate bearing a permit number from the Department of Transportation's Bureau of Explosives (although the elements are in no possible way explosive, Kinne assured me) and a warning that if the cask was open it was dangerous within two hundred feet. According to literature that

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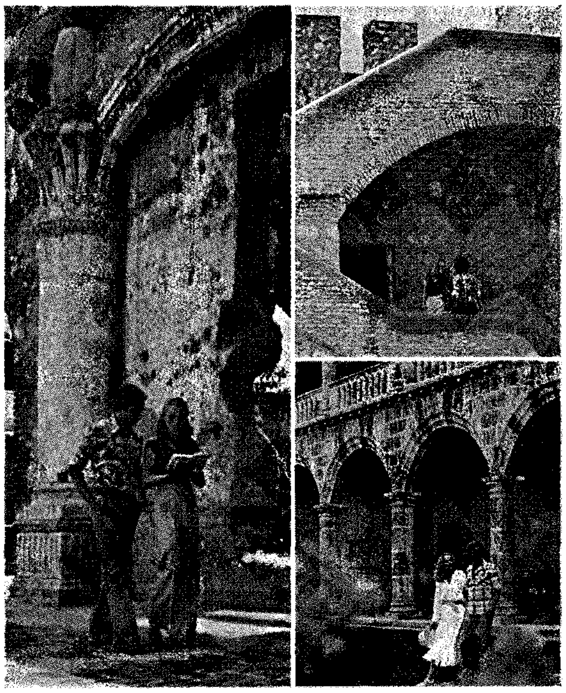

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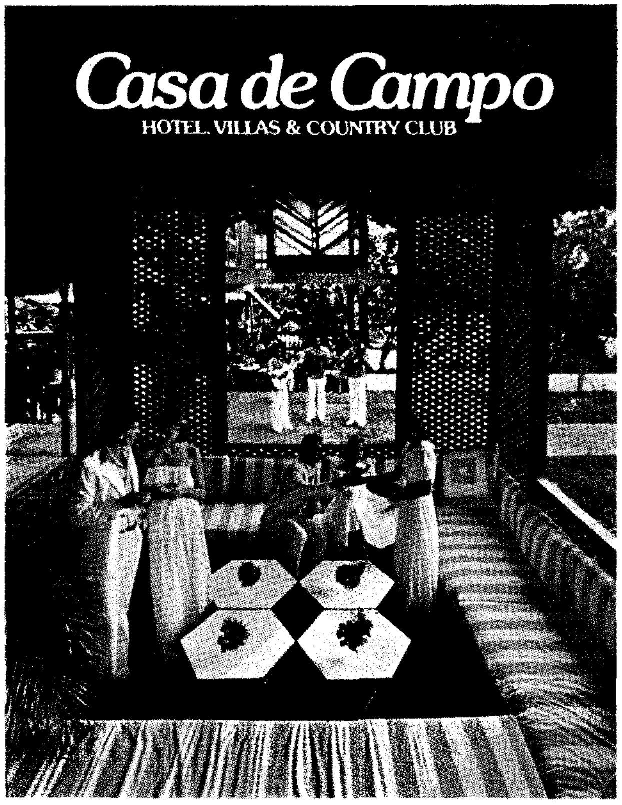
Brookhaven representatives had distributed at the Department of Transportation hearing, these shipping containers were designed to withstand "the worst possible highway accident the truck carrying the cask would be exposed to." Even though the casks meet these structural criteria, however, they are not capable of absorbing the entire quantity of radiation from the spent nuclear elements. The amount of radiation that a cask does absorb from the four hundred and fifty thousand curies of radioactivity within it heats the exterior surface of the cask to a temperature of about a hundred degrees Fahrenheit, and the small amount that is not absorbed escapes as radiation.

The unit of measure for the interaction of emitted X-radiation with air molecules is the roentgen (named for the discoverer of X rays, the German physicist Wilhelm Conrad Roentgen). A roentgen can be defined as the quantity of X-radiation necessary to produce ionization equal to a single electrostatic unit of charge in one cubic centimetre of dry air at zero degrees Celsius under controlled conditions. The several forms of radiation register differing effects on tissues, however, and these effects are diminished by factors of distance and shielding from the radioactive source. When it comes to measuring the potential biological effect in man of all kinds of ionizing radiation, including X rays, scientists speak in terms of another unit of measurement, the rem; the word is an acronym for "roentgen equivalent in man." The current Nuclear Regulatory Commission maximum permissible dosage for members of the general population (that is, those who are not workers in the nuclear industry) is five hundred millirems per year. The radiation levels of the Brookhaven casks during shipment have been measured at three millirems per hour at a cask's surface and three-fifths of a millirem per hour three feet away from its surface. The first of these millirem levels, the laboratory points out, is about one-seventieth of the surface maximum permitted in shipping by Department of Transportation regulations, and the second is only one one-hundred-and-sixtieth of the federally permissible standard at a distance of three feet.

To describe the exposure to radiation of groups of people, scientists use the term "person-rem;" for instance, if fifty people are exposed to a radiation level of two rems, that dose is one hundred person-rems. The N.R.C. has calculated that the shipment of radioactive materials in all forms of transport gave



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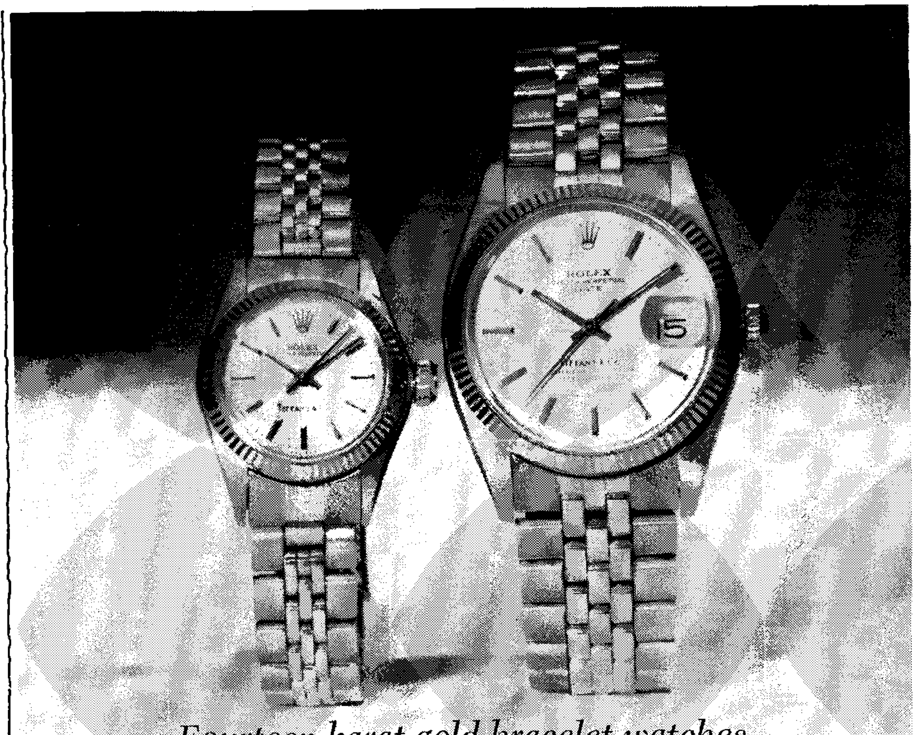
the American population, in aggregate, a dose of 9,790 person-rems in 1975, and it predicts that this figure will increase to 25,400 by 1985. According to a draft of a 1977 report of the commission's Office of Standards Development, "the predicted result of public exposure to this radiation is approximately 1.19 latent cancer fatalities and 1.7 genetic effects in 1975 and 3.08 latent cancer fatalities and 4.4 genetic effects in 1985." Significantly for New Yorkers and the inhabitants of other cities, these projections specifically did not "consider facets unique to the urban environment such as high population densities."

Earlier this year, when it did get around to considering urban environmental characteristics, the N.R.C. published figures that differed in some respects from its previous projections. In the first draft of an impact statement on the transportation of radioactive materials near or through large, densely populated areas, the agency counted in 1975 in New York City approximately 280,000 radioactive shipments—including twelve shipments of the Brookhaven spent elements—or thirteen per cent of the national total. Thirteen per cent of the previously estimated national figure of 9,790 person-rems would amount to 1,272 person-rems as a local dose; however, the projections of the company that made the study for the commission, Sandia Laboratories, a scientific installation in Albuquerque, New Mexico, were confined to only a hundred-square-kilometre section of this more than seven-hundred-square-kilometre city, and counted only 786 person-rems, which, under accident-free conditions, could be expected to account for only a single cancer fatality in fifty years. An additional risk, of about the same magnitude, was also conceded "for certain conditions resulting from human errors in packaging or deviations from quality assurance practices," as well as lesser degrees of risk resulting from vehicular accidents that might damage shielding or delay the passage of the shipments and thus expose the affected area to larger radiation doses.

Also included in the Sandia study was a "worst case" projection that a massive accident or act of sabotage that succeeded in breaching the cask of a shipment of elements carried by truck in mid-city could afflict more than 3,300 New Yorkers with fatal radiation doses or radiation-induced fatal cancers. (An even worse worst-case projection would involve rail shipments: spent nuclear-fuel elements are not now normally transported in New York by rail; however, according to the Sandia study, such a shipment breached at a critical rail terminal could conceivably result in 1,200 early fatalities, 7,600 early morbidities, and 10,000 latent cancer deaths.)

The Sandia report's assumptions are expected to undergo at least two more revisions before the N.R.C. drafts its final urban-impact statement on the transport of nuclear materials, by the end of next year. Already, however, at a recent review (July 24th and 25th) of the preliminary findings, supporters and opponents of the city's ban on shipments attacked the report's projections from differing viewpoints. Those who would continue the ban protested the assumption of 1975 as the survey year, since the N.R.C. has already projected an almost threefold increase in person-rems (and consequently in latent fatal cancers and genetic effects) resulting from nuclear shipments across the nation between 1975 and 1985—an increase certain to be reflected in New York City should its ban be reversed, because of the current construction by the Long Island Lighting Company of one nuclear-power reactor, and its announced intention (over the objection of Governor Hugh Carey) to begin work on two more. Also open to question was the study's assumption—specifically, in a discussion of police reaction times—that nuclear shipments could be expected to be limited to controlled-access expressways, which is not always true in New York City. From the other side, Professor Charles Bonilla, professor emeritus of chemical engineering and of nuclear engineering at Columbia University—which is suing to overturn a similar Health Code ban on operation of the federally licensed reactor it has constructed on its Manhattan campus—complained that in making public Sandia's worst-case estimates the N.R.C. "has put nuclear power back twenty years. All over the world, people are being needlessly scared."

FROM 1961 to 1964, in accord with instructions from the Atomic Energy Commission, Brookhaven's spent elements were shipped by rail to a government nuclear facility at Idaho Falls, Idaho. Then, for two reasons—increasing resistance by railroads to the handling of radioactive cargoes, and a requirement (categorized as "excessive" by Brookhaven officials) that laboratory personnel supervise each step of the shipping process—a switch was made to trucks. Brookhaven's administrators



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felt that they had no better alternative than to truck their spent elements the twenty-two hundred miles to the Idaho Falls facility. Then, in the autumn of 1965, the A.E.C. directed that Brookhaven begin shipping the spent elements to the Savannah River Reprocessing Plant, in Aiken, South Carolina, which was fifteen hundred miles closer. Since then, many states have imposed restrictions of varying severity on the transport of radioactive materials over turnpikes, highways, and bridges (nearly all states now bar such materials entirely from tunnels), and these limitations have made long-haul transport increasingly cumbersome and expensive. However, it remained feasible even after the New York City ban was imposed in 1976. Although there is no overland route from Long Island which does not pass through the city, the laboratory was able for more than a year to send its trucks east on the island to Orient Point, at the tip of the North Fork, from which they were ferried across Long Island Sound to New London, Connecticut, to travel from there to Aiken by highway.

But early last year, in the face of warnings by officials in both New London and Long Island that they were considering bans much like New York City's, Brookhaven suspended its shipment of spent elements and petitioned for the inconsistency hearing that brought three officials from the Department of Transportation—Mr. Santman, at that time the Materials Transportation Bureau's head counsel; John Fearnsides, the department's chief scientist; and John Reistrup, its assistant director for consumer affairs—to an auditorium at the World Trade Center last November. The federal law, Dr. Fearnsides explained at the outset, "should override or preëmpt state and local law whenever state or local law is inconsistent with it."

The New York City Health Department was represented at the proceedings by Leonard Solon, the director of the department's Bureau for Radiation Control and the author of the Health Code regulation under challenge. It was his position that the city ban on the transport of radioactive materials *was* consistent with federal transportation law—specifically, with a provision requiring trucks that contain hazardous materials to "operate over routes that avoid heavily populated areas unless there is not any other practicable alternative (where the motor carrier's operating convenience is not a basis for determining practicable-

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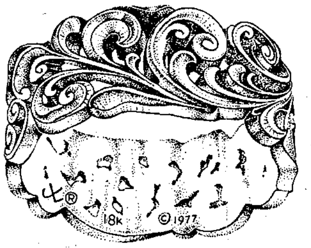

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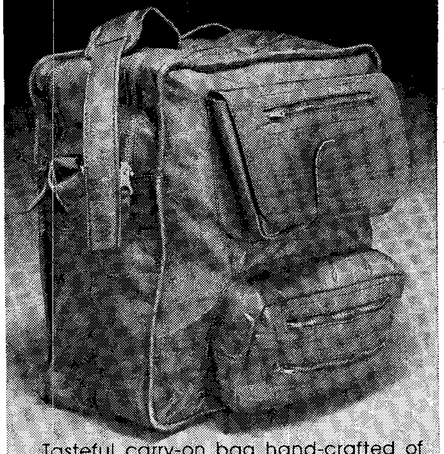

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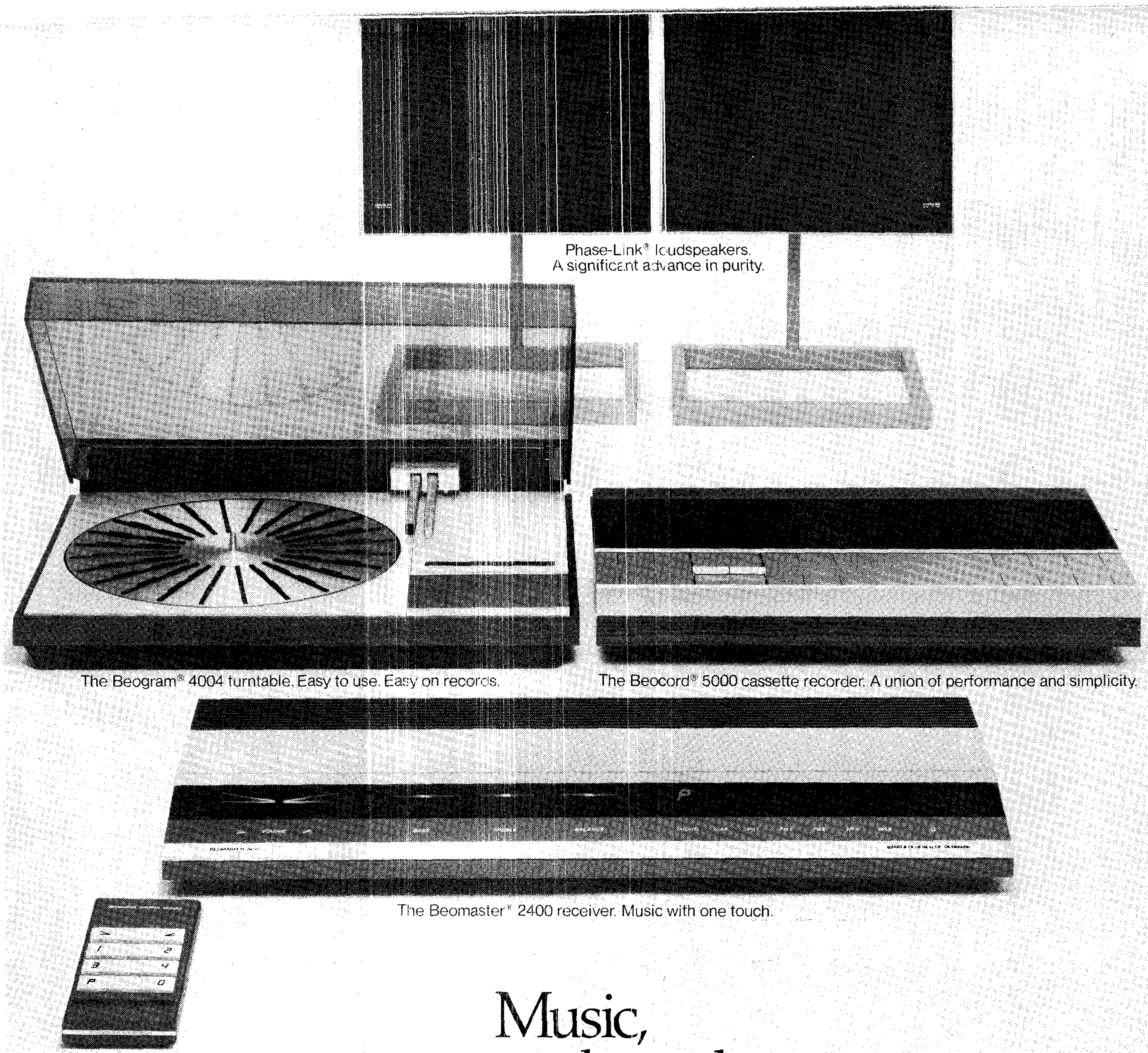

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ness).” Dr. Solon maintained that the rail and ferry routes given up by Brookhaven both constituted “practicable alternatives” to a truck route that added radiation to the hazards of the streets of New York City.

For Brookhaven, N. Peter Rathvon, Jr., the general counsel of Associated Universities, cited both the careful shielding of the transported elements and a number of security restrictions that had been imposed on the shipments in New York over a period of time, on the recommendation of the mayor’s Advisory Committee on Radiological Health. “Under these circumstances,” he said, “danger to the health and safety of any member of the public, including the truck driver, is essentially zero. The risks publicized by Dr. Solon simply do not exist.”

It is not often that officials and policies of New York City are applauded at public hearings, but Dr. Solon and his Health Code regulation banning the shipment of nuclear materials through the city were certainly crowd favorites at this one. Over the two days, the number of spectators at the Department of Transportation proceedings ranged from fifty to a hundred, most of whom clearly identified themselves as supporters of environmental or anti-nuclear-power organizations. One such organization, the New York Public Interest Research Group, also staged a demonstration outside the building.

The witnesses before the panel were allotted ten minutes apiece, and eventually the panel heard all those who waited for their turn. They testified into microphones on a rostrum facing the three transportation officials, who were seated at a table at the head of the auditorium. On the first day of the hearings, twenty-eight speakers supported the city’s ban, seven opposed it, and one—Jeanette Eng, a spokeswoman for the federal Environmental Protection Agency—neutrally proposed delaying any finding. I didn’t keep a count on the second day, but of a total of forty-nine people who signed applications to testify that day only two recorded themselves as opposing the ban.

As is not uncommon at public hearings of this sort, several television-news cameras were set up at the first session but were kept going long enough to record the testimony of only the first few witnesses—three of whom, in this case, were congressmen from New York City districts. After the cameras were removed, two more New York congressmen made appearances, and so

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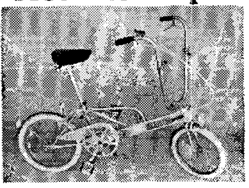

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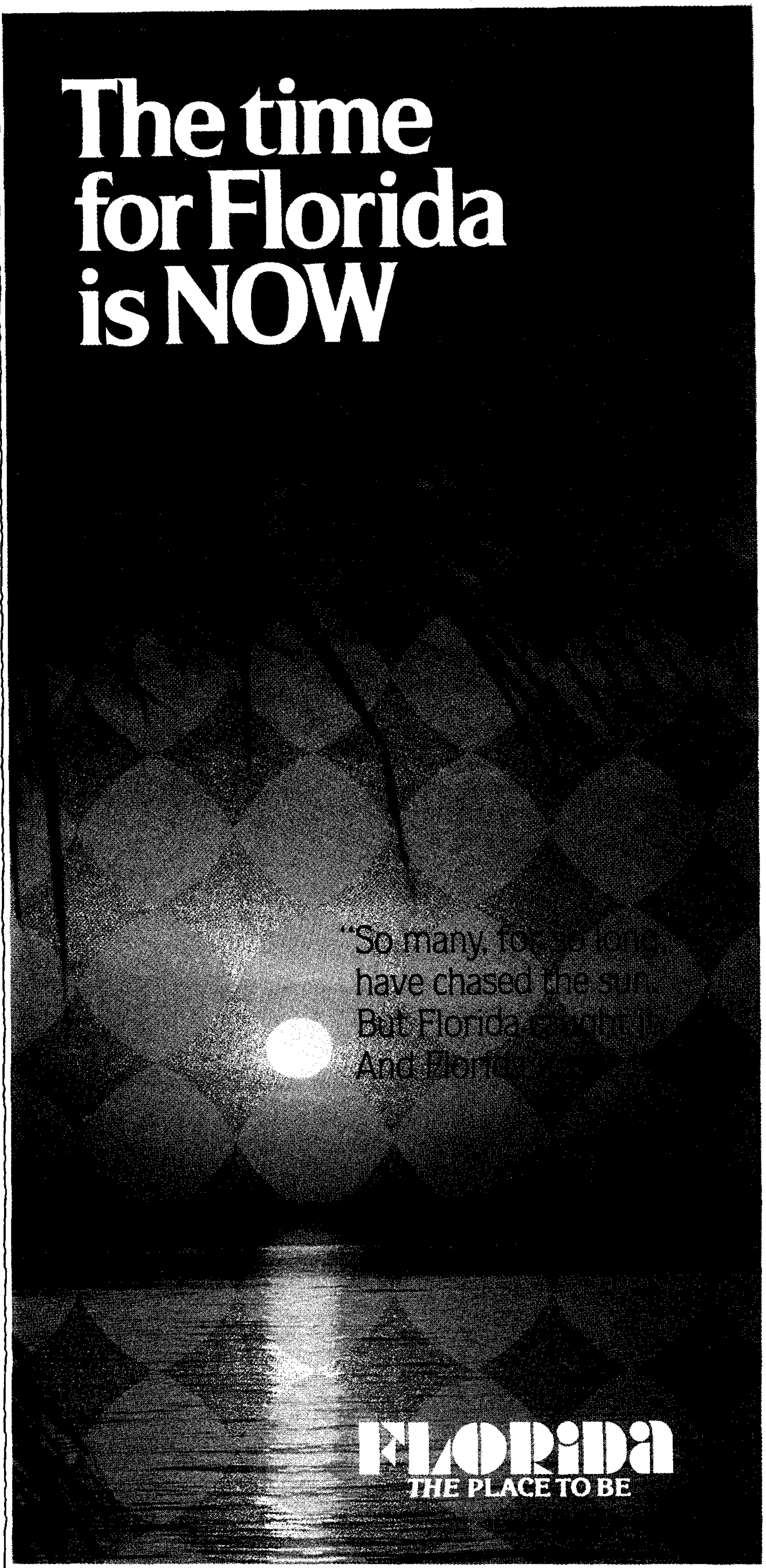
did a number of state senators, state assemblymen, and city councilmen. All the elected officials supported the Health Code ban, but in general the fervor of the support seemed to diminish after the television lights were turned off.

Despite a number of requests by the three Transportation Department panelists, few witnesses, whether they presented themselves as political spokesmen or simply testified in their own behalf, confined themselves to the question of the city's ban; many seized the opportunity to express opposition to all forms of nuclear energy. Dr. Fearnsides attempted to stem the rhetoric of one such speaker by saying, "Your points are eloquent. Could you give some thought to the question we're addressing?"

Prominent among the environmental organizations represented by speakers were the Sierra Club, Friends of the Earth, the Citizens Committee for Protection of the Environment, and the Critical Mass Energy Project, which is a branch of Ralph Nader's organization Public Citizen. The representative of Critical Mass, a black-bearded young man named Richard Pollock, spoke unemotionally, citing the occurrence over a four-year period of thirty-eight transport accidents that involved the release of radiation or radioactive substances. None of these examples involved a shipment of reactor elements, but he said, "We believe the case is not *will* there be an accident involving nuclear materials but *when* will the accident happen?" Pollock didn't touch specifically on them, but there have also been accidents that released radiation from American nuclear plants (for example, one near New London, Connecticut, last December), and in Great Britain a recent Royal Commission study entitled "Nuclear Power and the Environment" has pointed out that each cask of spent elements "is, in effect, a small-scale nuclear installation."

A substantial question posed at the hearing was: What would be the consequences of an accident involving nuclear fuels which might take place within New York City? In studies for the N.R.C. on the possible effects of either accident or sabotage involving nuclear materials, researchers have theorized that a one-per-cent release from a container transporting ten megacuries of fission product might produce two early deaths and anywhere from forty to two hundred and sixty latent fatalities. Ten megacuries is more than twenty times the radiation strength of



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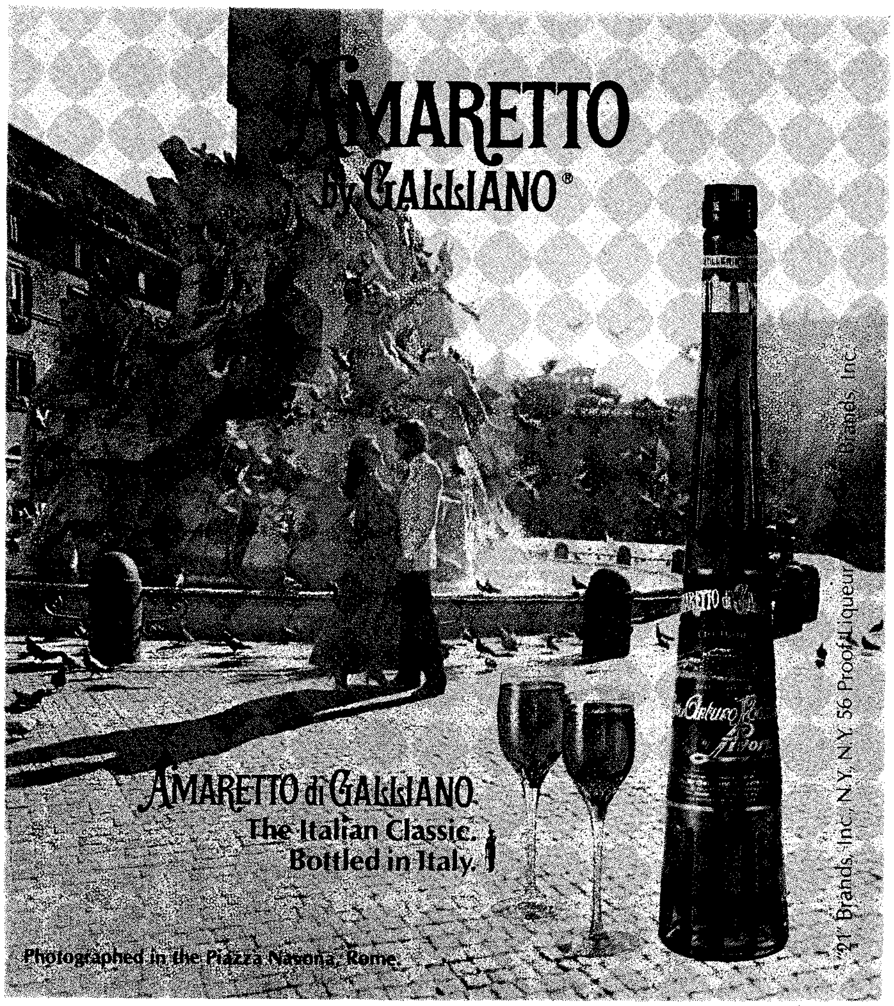

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the Brookhaven shipments; however, the N.R.C.'s studies were based on population densities of only a hundred people per square mile, and New York City's average density is sixty-five thousand people per square mile. Projecting these figures to the highest population densities of New York City neighborhoods—five hundred thousand people per square mile—Dr. Solon had warned originally of the possibility of as many as "ten thousand early deaths and from two hundred thousand to one million three hundred thousand latent cancer fatalities."

However, some of the numbers relied upon by both sides to support their respective technical projections appeared subject to challenge and subsequent revision. For instance, a fact sheet distributed to reporters by Brookhaven officials before the hearing described the radioactivity of the laboratory's shipments as "approximately two hundred and fifty thousand curies." Some time after that, by contrast, Gerald Kinne, the assistant to Brookhaven's director, after checking his data, stated that the radioactivity levels of shipments had often ranged as high as the four hundred and fifty thousand curies the casks are licensed to contain. On the other hand, Dr. Solon's population-density projections were challenged at the hearing both by the Brookhaven representative and by Robert Barker, who is chief of the N.R.C.'s Transportation and Product Standards Branch. "To obtain such consequences," Barker said, "would require exposure of a population of billions, an inappropriate figure for any city." He added that when the N.R.C. researchers' figures are projected upon a "realistic" urban density, "the consequences are found to be several orders of magnitude smaller." In the face of these arguments, Dr. Solon later revised his projections downward, to thirteen hundred early deaths and a hundred and sixty-nine thousand latent fatalities, and then accepted the Sandia worst-case estimate of thirty-three hundred fatalities, and a total decontamination cost of more than two billion dollars.

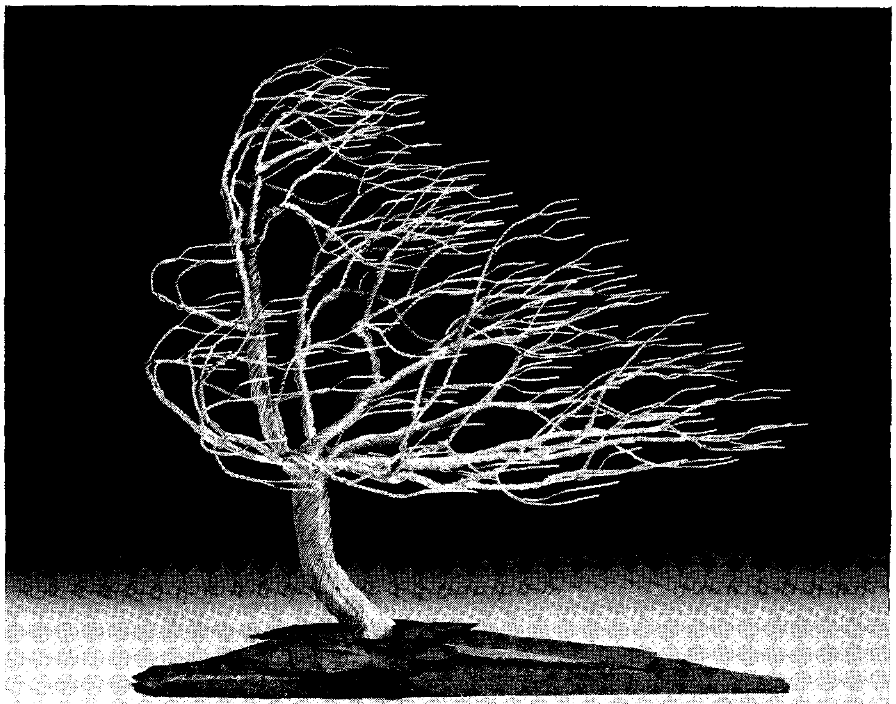
"Are these, then, acceptable risks for New York City?" he asked when I spoke to him recently. "In a public-health sense, these risks are completely unacceptable. Besides, it's based on just a one-per-cent release from the container, and I suggest that a carefully planned sabotage event on a fuel cask could release a lot more than one per cent."

At the hearing, it was the contention of Brookhaven's counsel, Mr.

Rathvon, that "terrorists could cause more damage more simply, and with less risk, by other means, such as explosives, poisons, or bacteria." This was supported at the hearings by Dr. Matthew C. Cordaro, a representative of the Long Island Lighting Company. Since Long Island Lighting, like Brookhaven, hopes to send its spent elements through the city on trucks, it was also an interested party in the effort to overturn the municipal ban on the shipment of fuel elements. Dr. Cordaro, at that time the manager of environmental engineering for the utility and now a vice-president, asked rhetorically why the city sought to exercise stringent controls on the shipment of radioactive substances while allowing transport of other materials considered far more hazardous. According to Dr. Cordaro, "at least ten chemicals of a very hazardous nature are probably travelling through the city on a routine basis," and a projection made according to a Transportation Department guide, he said, showed that eighteen thousand city residents could be killed by an accident involving just one tanker of chlorine.

"Good point," Dr. Solon conceded later. (It became an even better point shortly afterward, when chlorine gas erupting from a derailed tank car in a rural area in Florida killed eight persons and injured sixty-seven. This followed by just two days an explosion that killed nine persons and injured fifty-one—the result of a derailment of a tanker of liquid propane in a Tennessee town.) "It may well be that chlorine gas and other dangerous substances do deserve extra security," he continued, "but there is at least this difference between levels: those other chemicals don't have genetic side effects."

It was the projection of genetic side effects, and also of latent cancer fatalities, that would inevitably result from the emission of radioactivity even during accident-free and sabotage-free transport which many of the witnesses who spoke in their own behalf at the hearing appeared to find especially disturbing. In my view, the most moving testimony on this subject was offered by Suki Ports, the mother of three children, who lives on Riverside Drive, not far from the route that had been followed by the atomic wastes as they were trucked toward the George Washington Bridge. Brookhaven's representatives had categorized the annual 9,790-person-rem dose from normal transport of radioactive materials as a minimal risk compared with the forty million person-rems received each year



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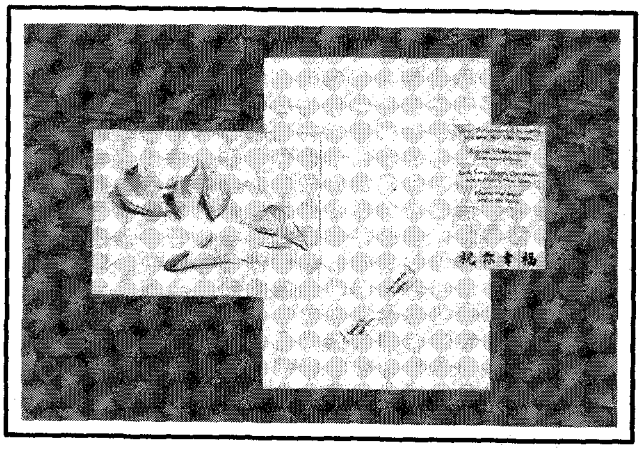

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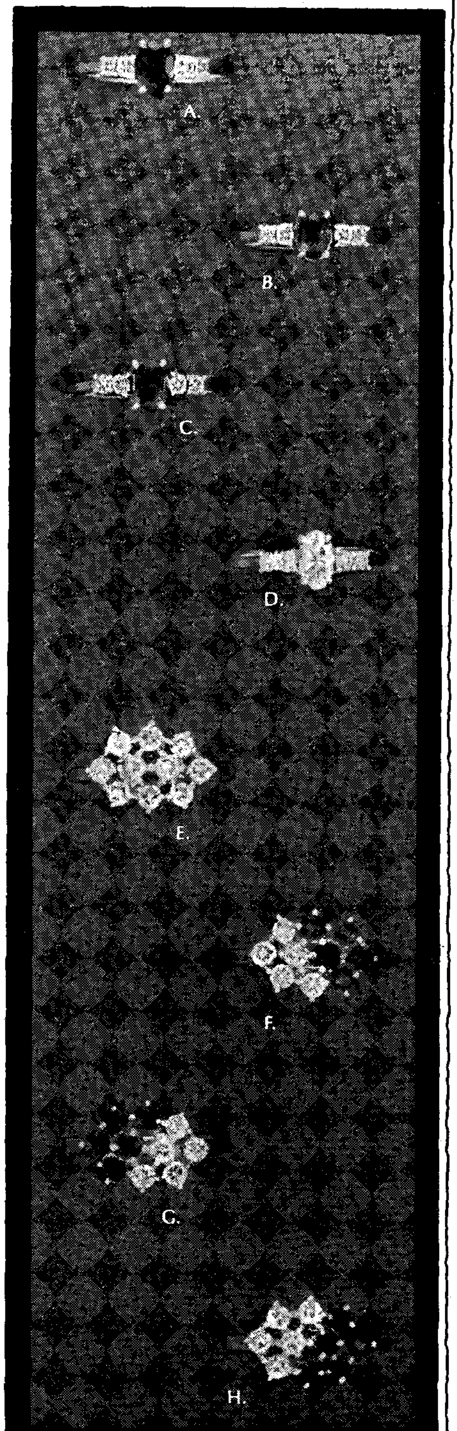

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by the total population from background radiation (that is, radiation that exists naturally in the environment), medical X rays, and weapons-testing fallout. "Your probability statistics don't interest me," Mrs. Ports responded. "I recently lost both my husband and my mother to cancer, and I lost relatives in Hiroshima, and now I am a resident of an area where you are proposing to introduce what you say is an infinitesimal possibility of cancer or leukemia. I don't think one mother in my neighborhood is willing to take a chance that it could be her child who is hit by that infinitesimal possibility."

It is difficult to judge which evidence and which testimony weighed most heavily when the consistency issue was decided at the Department of Transportation in Washington in April. However, the three panelists conducting the hearing appeared, from the extent of their questions, to have been surprised—and impressed—by the positions of two supporters of the city ban. One was Thomas S. Zawyrucha, representing the Marine Environmental Council of Long Island. "You're in favor of it even though the alternative would be a water route?" he was asked.

"I'd rather see the wastes taken off to Connecticut by barge," Zawyrucha said firmly, and to applause, and then, to louder applause, he continued, "Although if I had my way there wouldn't be any nuclear waste at all."

Also questioned with interest was an assistant state attorney general, John F. Shea III, who read a statement in behalf of Attorney General Louis J. Lefkowitz. It included the assertion that "factors of population and traffic make New York City possibly the least desirable conduit for highly radioactive materials in the United States." Since it is no secret that the city and its suburbs have sometimes failed to see eye to eye, Mr. Reistrup, the chairman of the panel, may have had such failures in mind when he posed one question to the state's legal representative: Would his department "support a similar ordinance from a place like Hempstead, or a thinly populated town"?

"At this time, we would not," the assistant attorney general said. "We believe New York City has special population considerations." For sound political reasons, state officials do not often acknowledge that the city is entitled to any considerations not shared equally by other jurisdictions.

ONE question that was left unanswered when the Transportation Department panel packed up its tran-

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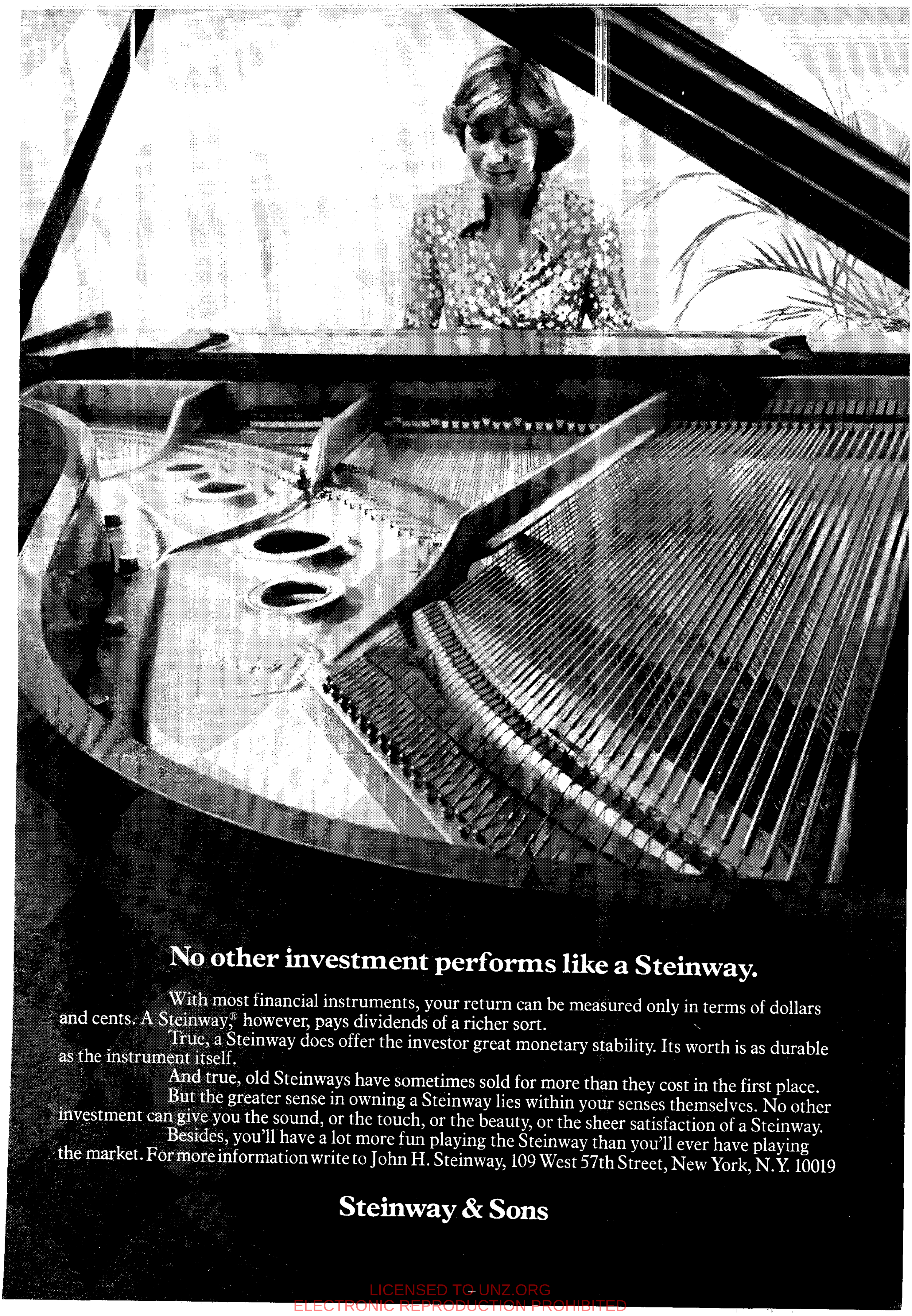

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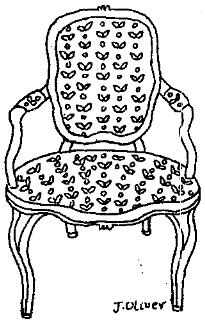
script and returned to Washington was why nuclear wastes, if they had to be brought through New York City at all, had to follow a circuitous route: they had regularly been taken six miles out of the way, on what amounted to a tour of some of the most crowded streets of midtown Manhattan. Prominently displayed on a wall of the hearing room had been a map of the route that had been designated for the shipments to follow through the city—the route that they had, in fact, followed for ten years before they were banned—and a federal official not on the panel had remarked, "It looks like the route of a crooked taxi-driver taking a tourist on an expensive ride." Instead of a relatively direct course from the Long Island Expressway across the Throgs Neck Bridge to the Cross Bronx Expressway and on to the George Washington Bridge, a truck carrying a Brookhaven cask was escorted by police down the Long Island Expressway to Long Island City and the Queensboro Bridge, and, once it was in Manhattan, down Second Avenue to Fifty-seventh Street, up Third Avenue to the Third Avenue Bridge, across the Harlem River to the Major Deegan Expressway in the Bronx, and along the Major Deegan to the George Washington Bridge entrance. Fortunately, these trips were restricted to the hours between twelve-thirty and six in the morning.

The officials on the panel had questioned several witnesses unsuccessfully about the necessity for this circuitous and difficult passage through the city. Among those unable to suggest an explanation was Brookhaven's counsel. Normally, Mr. Rathvon stated, selection of a route is "our carrier's prerogative." The carrier of the laboratory's spent elements is Tri-State Motor Transit, a company whose headquarters are in Joplin, Missouri. I suspected, however, that an answer to the route question might be found closer at hand, and shortly after the hearings I sought—and found—it at the office of the Triborough Bridge and Tunnel Authority, which operates nine city toll facilities, including the Throgs Neck Bridge.

The Triborough Authority's records showed that it had banned any form of radioactive transport over any of its facilities back in 1961, after its insurance carrier limited indemnities for nuclear accidents and raised premiums for the coverage. (An internal Triborough Authority memorandum filed some time later noted that the Port Authority of New York and New Jersey, which operates the crossings between New York City and New Jersey, paid an additional premium of forty-two thousand dollars annually for fifteen million dollars' coverage and continued to allow passage of radioactive cargoes over the upper level of the George Washington Bridge, but at double the normal toll and with a special five-dollar inspection fee.) The Triborough ban was relaxed to some extent in 1974, in response to a request from a pharmaceutical house that trucks carrying radioactive medical isotopes be permitted to cross the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge. But my search of the Authority files showed no communications from Brookhaven or its carrier, Tri-State, during the entire decade that the laboratory shipped its elements by truck; in all that time, apparently, no one either at the laboratory or in Joplin had taken the initiative even to the extent of inquiring why shipments barred as unsafe for passage over a modern steel-and-concrete toll bridge should be routinely detoured far out of their way to a seventy-year-old free city bridge and then routed through the dense population of mid-Manhattan.



THE truck route was one of the questions I raised when I visited Brookhaven's high-flux beam reactor and examined its shipping cask. "In retrospect, I agree we should have fought the Throgs Neck ban from the beginning," W. Robert Casey, a young health physicist who was with the Atomic Energy Commission, and who heads the laboratory's operational-safety section, told me. "I wasn't here at the time, but I can imagine that it must have seemed easier not to test the ban, and simply detour around the bridge." I spoke to Casey at the office of his supervisor, Charles Meinhold, who is the head of Brookhaven's Safety and Environmental Protection Division.

On the basic question of whether spent reactor elements should be trucked through New York City at all, both men contended—and cited federal accident studies in support of their contention—that highway shipment, requiring loading and unloading of the cask, was less vulnerable to accident or sabotage than shipment by barge. "You know," Casey said, "if somebody

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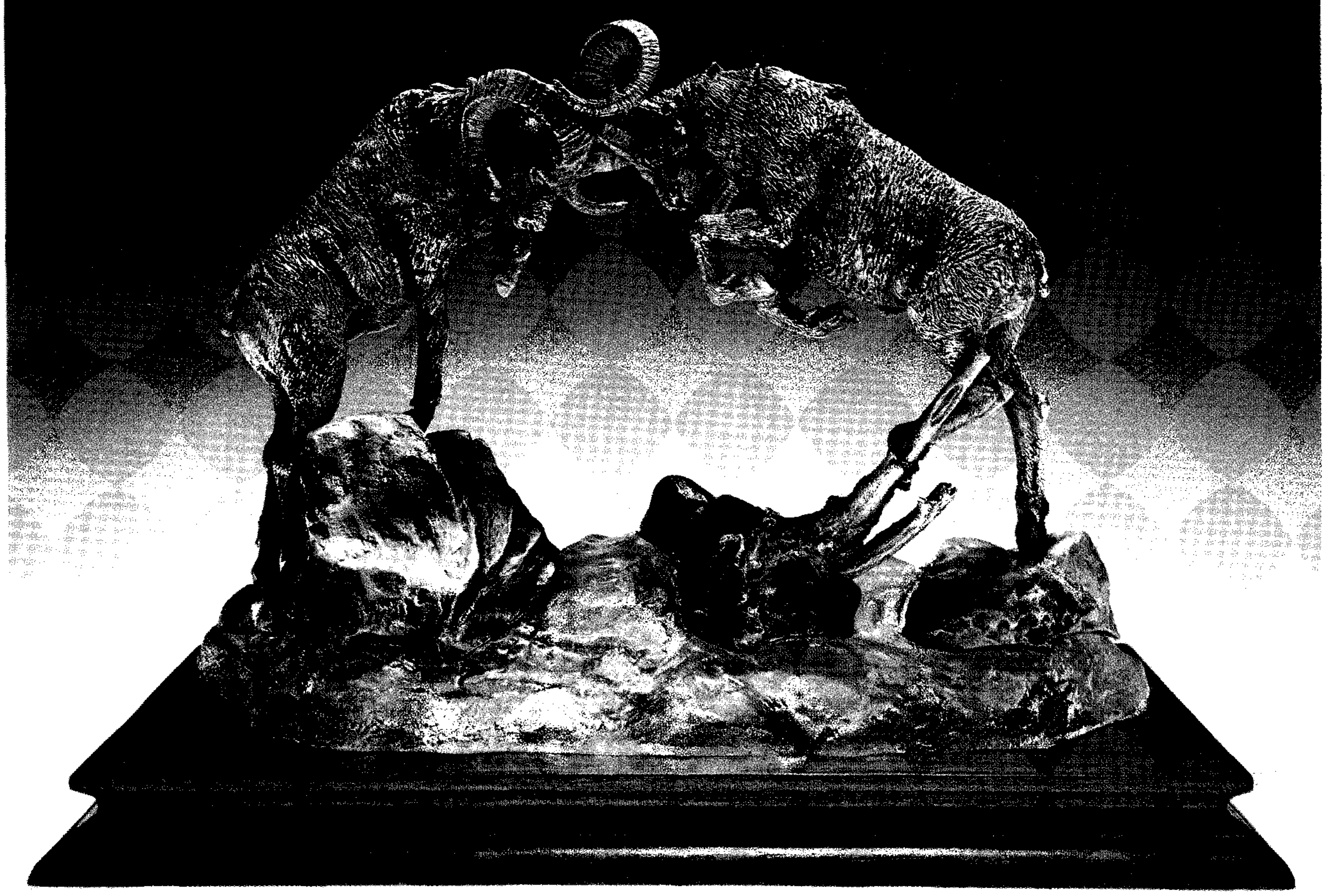

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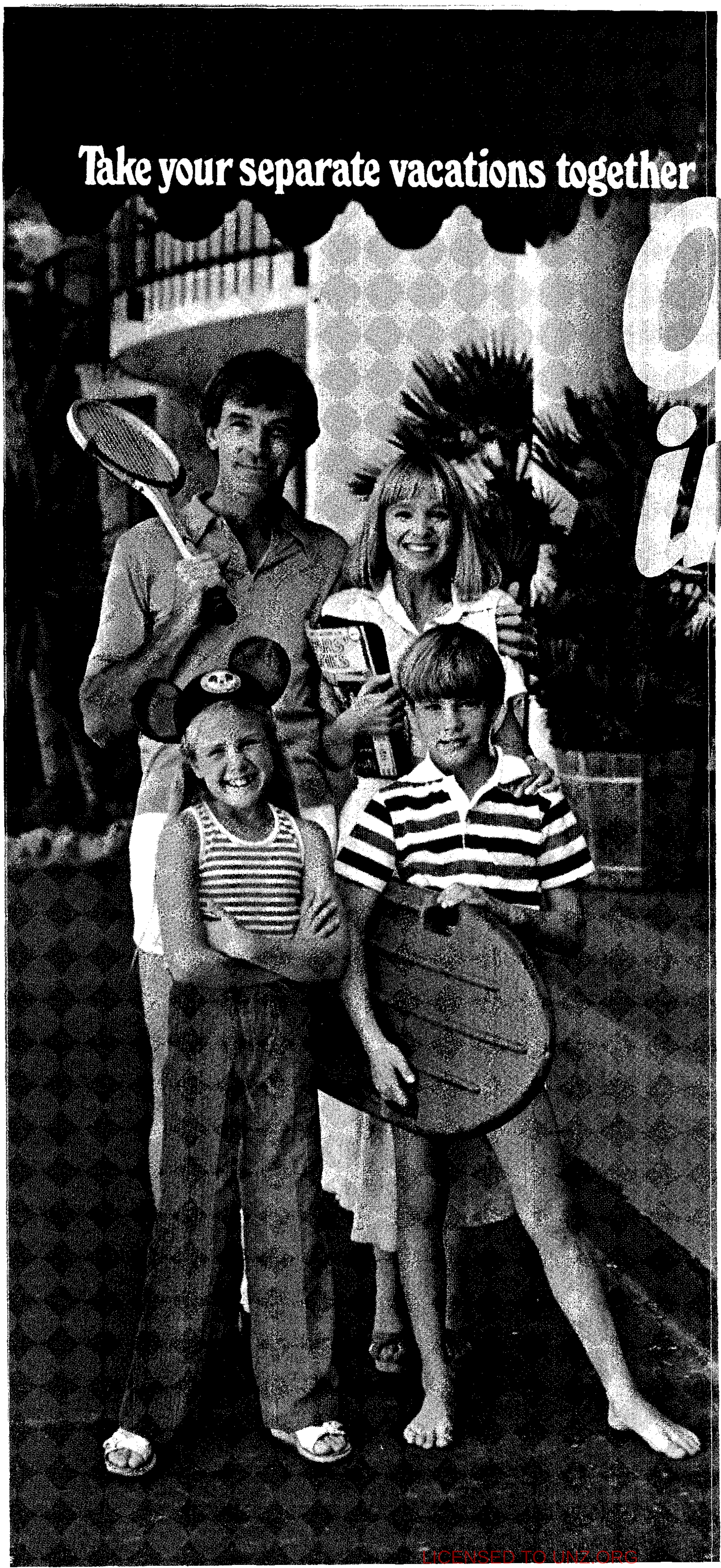

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would say once and for all, 'These are the risks we consider feasible to accept'—one in a million, one in ten million, one in a billion, if necessary—then we'd say 'O.K.' and set about meeting that standard, but we can't keep refining the standard over and over again."

A short distance away, as it happened, in one of a number of converted Army barracks that are still scattered across Brookhaven's compound, was the office of a scientist whose research is instrumental in doing just that. Walter Y. Kato, a white-haired research physicist, is associate chairman for reactor safety in the laboratory's Department of Nuclear Energy. He was not amused by the irony of the possibility that the present pileup of spent elements could lead to the closing of the reactor that furnishes him with data for studies dealing with, among other questions, the safe disposal of spent elements. Brookhaven officials had said at the hearing that unless some way could be agreed upon within the next year for shipping out elements for disposal, the reactor would have to be shut down. (After the denial of the inconsistency ruling, however, the laboratory conceded that it would be able to double the storage capacity of its pool simply by adding another layer of racks for the spent elements. A spokesman said this would allow the high-flux beam reactor to operate at least through 1980—with the possibility of a further expansion that would carry the work through to 1990. Still, as he pointed out, "ultimately, we have to ship.")

"I just came here after twenty-three years of working on reactor development at Argonne National Laboratory, in Illinois, and I'll admit that I don't understand all the aspects of this argument, but I think some of them must be political," Dr. Kato told me, with a trace of a sigh. "Really, you have to realize that a shipment of spent fuel elements is not a hazardous thing."

I asked about the Nuclear Regulatory Commission draft study that projected figures on annual latent cancer fatalities and genetic effects resulting from radioactive shipments, and Dr. Kato expressed doubt that such estimates had been published. Several days later, however, he verified the source, and, in a letter to me, made these points: that the 1.19 latent cancer fatalities estimated for 1975 (and the 3.08 forecast for 1985) should be compared with the annual cancer death rate of 336,000 nationwide; and that twenty-

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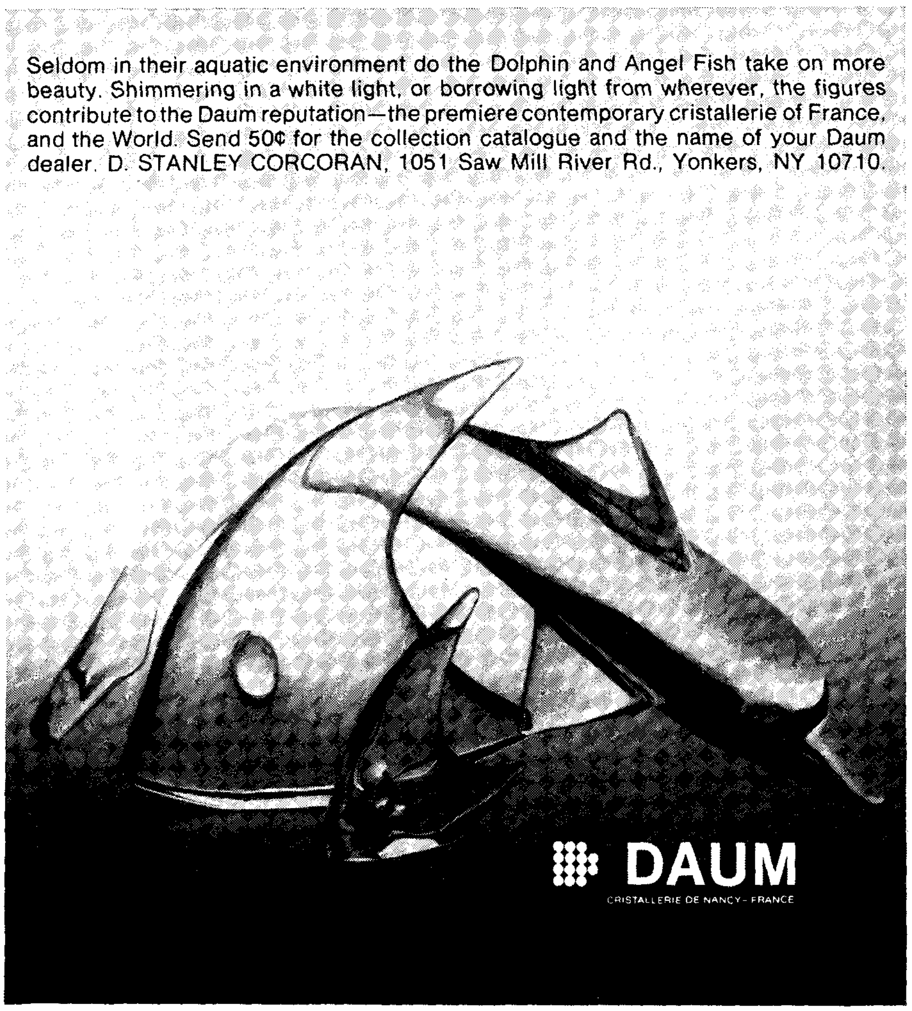

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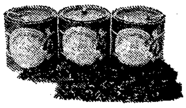

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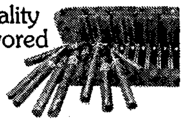

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four per cent of the dosage emanating from radioactive shipments is received by passengers on aircraft carrying radioisotopes for medical use and twenty-six per cent is received by truck crews. Although twenty-five per cent of the radiation is absorbed by bystanders along the routes of the shipments, Dr. Kato declared, "the probability of getting any of this is so small that I'd rather see a truck carrying our spent elements pass my house than see even one gasoline tank truck come by."

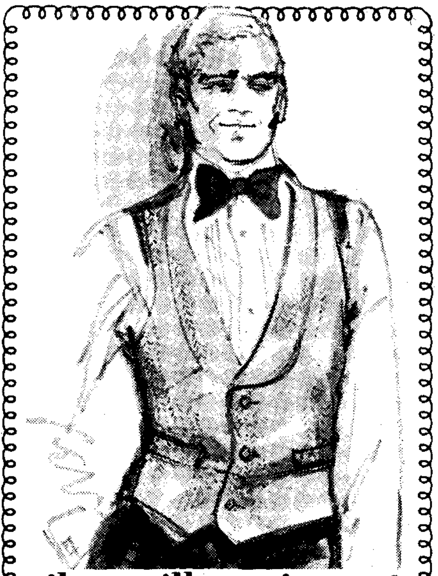
The director of Brookhaven National Laboratory is George Vineyard, a former professor of physics at the University of Missouri. Since coming to Brookhaven, in 1954, he has published, among other works, studies dealing with X-ray theory and radiation damage. When I called on him, at the Brookhaven administration building, he took the position that the standards and protective measures established for the shipment of radioactive fuel elements "cannot be thought wrong by anybody of competence—I repeat, by anybody of competence."

I said that I presumed he was referring to Dr. Solon, the author of the New York City Health Code ban.

"I am," Dr. Vineyard said firmly. "Leonard Solon is the guy who instigated this whole problem. His is not a rational position, but he has been able to communicate his feelings quite successfully—and he continues to succeed because radioactivity is a serious thing and because it is mysterious, and therefore it's easy to get people frightened about it. We could make our casks ten times as strong and we still couldn't convince somebody like Solon that our shipments are safe."

"VINEYARD'S right—he couldn't convince me," Dr. Solon said when I talked to him, a few days after my trip to Brookhaven. "That stuff shouldn't move through New York City, period." The office of the city Health Department's Bureau of Radiation Control is on the fifth floor of 377 Broadway, a few blocks north of City Hall. A blackboard in the director's office was inscribed with this quotation, attributed to Lao-tzu: "When men lack a sense of awe, there will be disaster."

Because Dr. Vineyard had made an issue of Dr. Solon's "competence," I asked the city official about his credentials. In public, Dr. Solon, who is fifty-three, refers to himself as a "soldering-iron physicist." However, the résumé he gave me shows that he holds a doctorate in radiological health from



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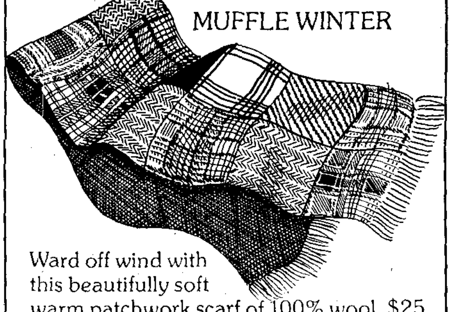

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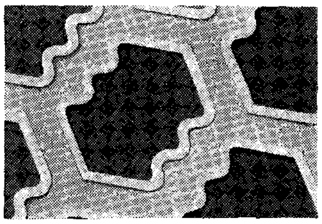

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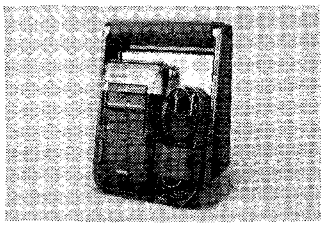

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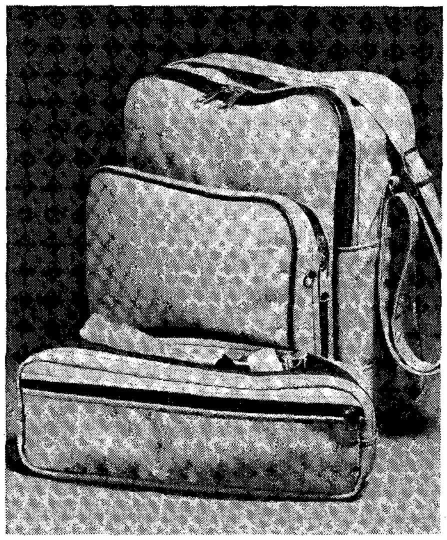

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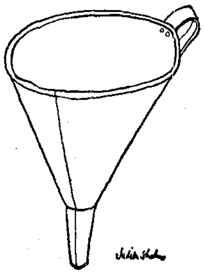
New York University and certification from the American Board of Health Physics; he has written or collaborated on thirty or so papers that have been published in scientific journals or in the magazine *Science*; he holds two patents on laser devices, one of which would require a nuclear-energy power source; and he is an adjunct associate professor of environmental medicine at New York University Medical Center and a consultant to the Department of Energy. For eight years, from 1952 to 1960, he was assistant chief and then chief of the radiation branch of the Health and Safety Laboratory of the Energy Department's predecessor, the Atomic Energy Commission, and he confirmed a point that had been made to me at Brookhaven—that in his A.E.C. capacity he had reviewed and approved plans, including element-shipping plans, for the laboratory.

"We all used to be more tolerant of neutrons than we are now," Dr. Solon said. "Look at the history of permissible radiation doses. When I got into this business, in the mid-nineteen-fifties, we had just adopted three hundred millirems per week for occupational exposures as a maximum. Before that, the limit was fixed by changes that appeared in the blood chemistry of an exposed worker, so a rem a week was acceptable, and before that it was fixed on the basis of a dose visible on the skin, so ten rems a week was acceptable. O.K. Right now the present permissible level is a hundred millirems. This means that just since I've been working in the field we've cut tolerable limits by a factor of three. We have simply had steady increases in our perception of what radiation can do to people."

Yes, but radiation also helps people. Did Dr. Solon favor shutting down Brookhaven's reactor and forcing the transfer or the possible abandonment of much of the laboratory's most important medical and biophysical research?

"Heavens, no," he said. "It's a first-quality institution, and I have a high regard for most of its people. If there were no other way for Brookhaven to ship, then I'd say we would just have to make the best accommodation possible. The point, though, is that there is the barge or ship alternative. Sure, barges have accidents, too, and if a shipment sinks, nobody's going to be very happy about it, but there wouldn't have to be the same level of concern as if a truck carrying one of those things should be hit by an accident, or by terrorists, and radiation should be released here in the city. The barge would be in the middle of a large body of water; the truck could be in the middle of Manhattan."

Since Dr. Solon had mentioned the middle of Manhattan, I asked him why it was that his office had not challenged the Triborough Authority's ban on radioactive shipments, since removing its ban would have cut several miles of densely populated blocks off the city route. "That's a situation I inherited when I came into this job, in 1975," he said. "The reason I didn't bring it up with the Triborough people is that I believe that no city route is acceptable. If eventually there is a finding that tremendous and compelling reasons exist for this material to go through New York City, then obviously the Throgs Neck route would be preferable, and I'd talk to the Authority about it."



BY that time, Dr. Solon may not need to. In my check of the Triborough files, I had learned that representatives of the Long Island Lighting Company have already held informal talks with Authority engineers about lifting the ban. I had also asked Triborough's executive officer, George Schoepfer, whether, in view of the 1974 grant of permission for shipments of radioactive isotopes, he saw any insurmountable problems in permitting shipments of spent elements. "Nuclear fuel is a much higher order of magnitude," he said, but he added that if the city's ban on the shipments was struck down in Washington or in the federal courts, "it's probably something on which we would have to work out a compromise."

As things stand, however, if Triborough's ban on radioactive fuel elements is not lifted and the city's ban is, the "primary" route already surveyed by Long Island Lighting's environmental consultants is possibly more crowded than Brookhaven's. Instead of turning up Third Avenue, it cuts almost completely across Manhattan on Fifty-seventh Street, bisecting an important cultural and shopping district, to Amsterdam Avenue on the West Side. It turns north there, and after passing Lincoln Center it follows that street of apartment buildings and tenements all the way to 161st Street, where it angles over to Broadway and

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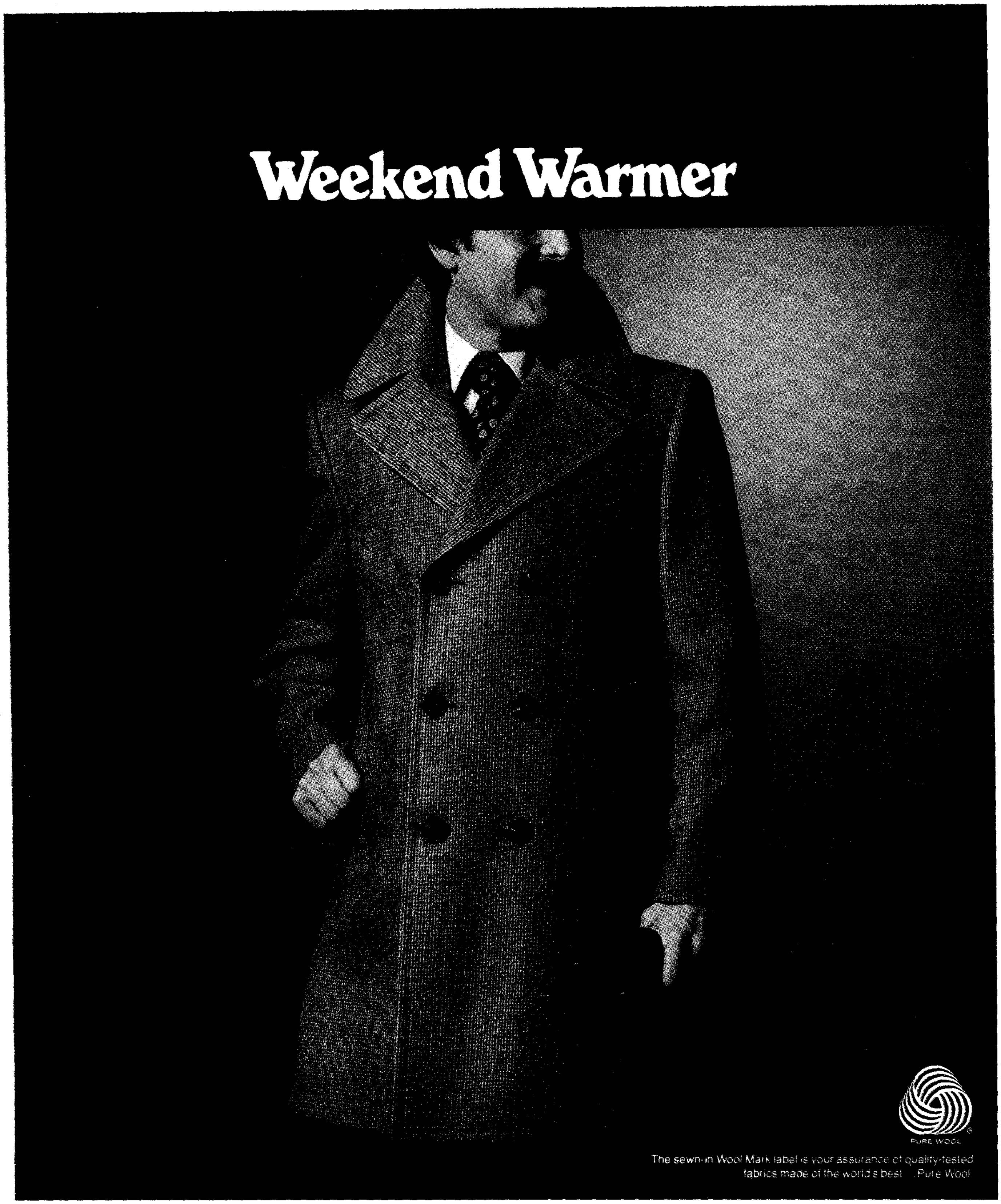

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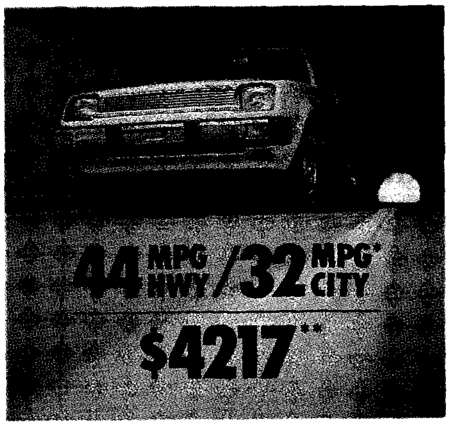

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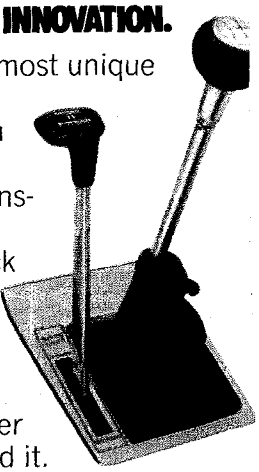

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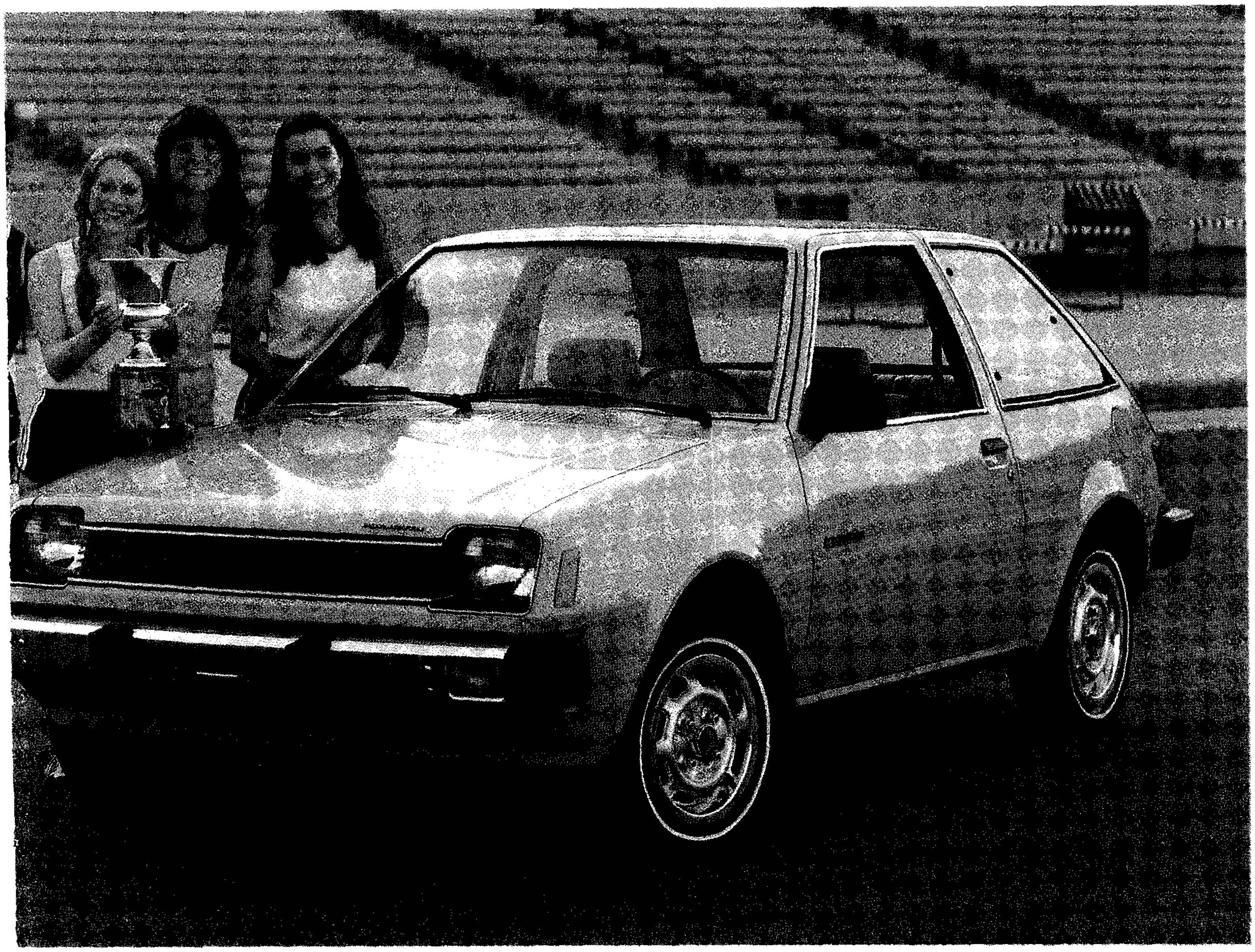

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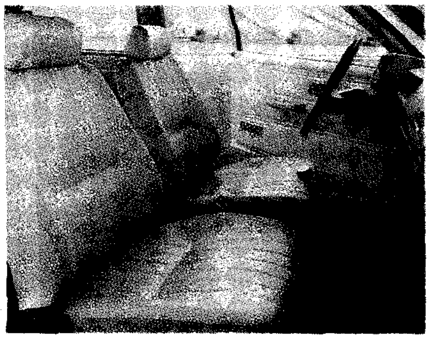

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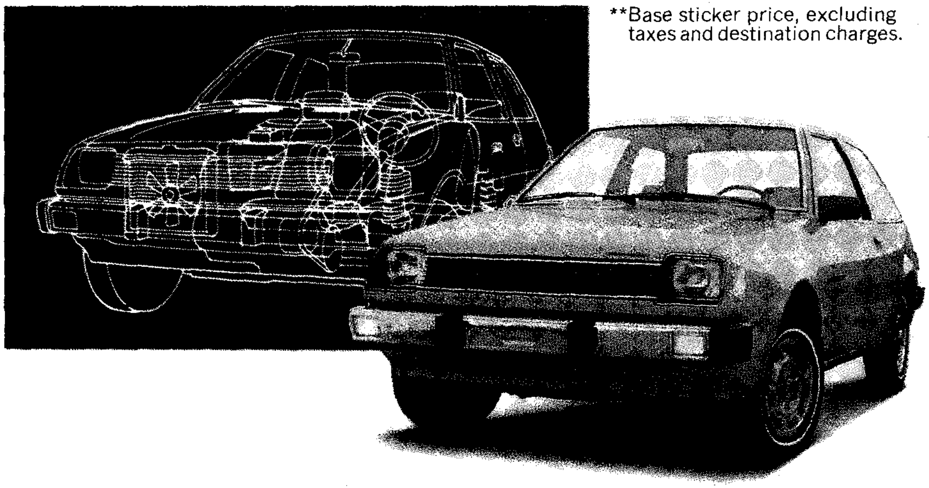

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Even if the Long Island Lighting shipments do not make their way over more miles of Manhattan streets and through more residential neighborhoods than the Brookhaven shipments did—and they will if they follow the route now projected—the commercial-power elements they carry will add another order of magnitude (a term I came to dislike during the Transportation Department hearings) to the radioactivity we are exposed to here. The elements in each Brookhaven shipment contain less than half a million curies, and though it is now impossible to gauge the potency of the elements that will be discharged from the first of Long Island Lighting's reactors, perhaps as early as 1983, Dr. Cordaro, the utility's vice-president for engineering, says he expects to "come out with millions of curies per shipment." When I talked to him at the company's headquarters, in Mineola, he told me, "A million curies sounds like a lot to a layman. Radiation has such a dramatic appeal that it immediately excites people. But the scientists at Brookhaven and those who know about it don't get excited. Another substance, another material, another form of energy."

And another type of cask, too. Because of the elements' much greater radiation, they will have to travel in casks filled with water and equipped with heat-dissipating fins, so each of the utility's shipments will constitute the "small-scale nuclear installation" that the British Royal Commission study described, complete with fuel, moderator (boron, or another material, to absorb neutrons), and the water coolant. Brookhaven's dry casks registered surface temperatures of one hundred degrees Fahrenheit; Long Island Lighting has not yet selected a specific cask, but Dr. Cordaro assured me that the four types under consideration would all emit less than the federal limit of a hundred and eighty degrees. The same would be true of radiation levels. The Brookhaven casks emitted one-seventieth and one one-hundred-and-sixtieth of the federally permissible millirem counts. The only estimate proffered by the utility was that it would meet the shipping requirement.

Nevertheless, Dr. Cordaro said, Long Island Lighting does not consider practical, or desirable, the alternative of barging its elements around New York City, whether just across the Sound to Connecticut or, as some environmentalists have proposed, all the way down to South Carolina, on

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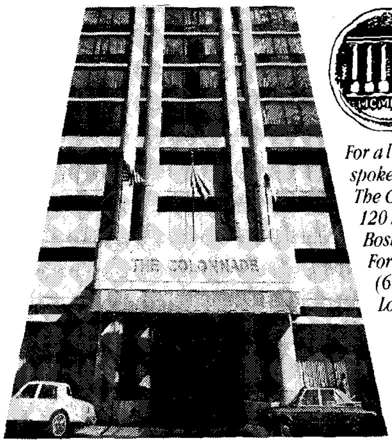

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oceangoing vessels. The company considers barging too expensive. "We already have people coming to our rate hearings before the State Public Service Commission and saying, 'Hey, your costs are too high, you guys are lousy managers,' " Dr. Cordaro told me.

Yet even if the shipments were to be barged, they would still probably have to start and end their journeys on trucks, and thus would be subject to the regulations of states, counties, and municipalities. Last May, the City Council of New London, the Connecticut terminal of the ferry that temporarily carried Brookhaven's shipments of elements across Long Island Sound, adopted a ban similar to New York City's. Among the other jurisdictions that have now begun to study the question of banning or limiting radioactive shipments are Nassau and Suffolk Counties, which are the counties that will benefit from almost all the nuclear power that Long Island Lighting will produce.

At this point, the extent of that power is also open to question. On September 21st, at the height of the current political campaign, Governor Carey, stating that he was acting because of the unsolved problem of nuclear wastes, ordered a move to block the construction, at Jamesport, on the eastern part of the island, of two Long Island lighting nuclear reactors. "Jamesport is dead," the Governor is quoted as saying within the confines of the State Energy Office. "Forget it."

So far, though, the corporate managers of Long Island Lighting have been refusing to forget Jamesport, and recently one pointed out that the Governor really had no legal power to order the abandonment of a project not built under public auspices. The utility, which claims to have already spent eighty million dollars in planning and design fees on Jamesport, says that if the plant is licensed by the N.R.C. (and that approval is expected before the end of the year) the only remaining legal hurdle that it faces is the approval of the State Board on Electric Generation Siting and the Environment.

Since this board is composed primarily of Carey appointees, there is a good possibility that the Jamesport reactors will never be built. This, however, still leaves in the construction stage the remaining Long Island Lighting nuclear project, a boiling-water reactor that the utility is building at Shoreham, also in Suffolk County. This eight-hundred-and-twenty-million-watt facility is seventy-five per

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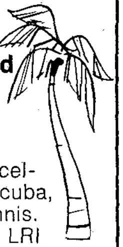

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cent complete, and when it comes on line, probably by 1980, it is expected to fill a quarter of the power needs of Long Island. At current estimates, it is also expected to require each year the shipment through New York City of thirty-five casks—each cask containing four radioactive elements, and each element emitting on the order of a million curies.

Both the utility and Brookhaven National Laboratory, in their presentations to the Transportation Department panel, took the position that if New York City's ban on shipments should be allowed to stand, it would set an example for many more such prohibitions, and, in the words of Dr. Cordaro, "the electric supply for millions of Americans would be jeopardized, as the nuclear industry would be forced to shut down."

I put that argument to Dr. Solon recently.

"It is possible to look at it that way," he said, "but then there's the other side of the coin. If they can succeed in pushing highly radioactive wastes right through the middle of the greatest, busiest city in America, what other place in the country can stop them?"

—FRED C. SHAPIRO

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Waking to a sleepy wind. Wrapped up
in it, bare trees knock together.
Another knocking—the heart
at the door of its cage, rattling
under its cloth. So this is home.

When I lift the shade, the clean light
bangs my eyes shut. Insular
in a thick coat, I am making my way
across pale, spongy grass. A woman
twice my age crouches in the weeds:

my mother as I saw her last month,
with her binoculars and birds.
A man, my father years ago,
hunts pheasant, settles for quail.
She will not scare his prey

nor will he frighten her.
What has drawn them here?
Always the river, its islands. Today
I hear its ice breaking into pieces
of music, a kind of air.

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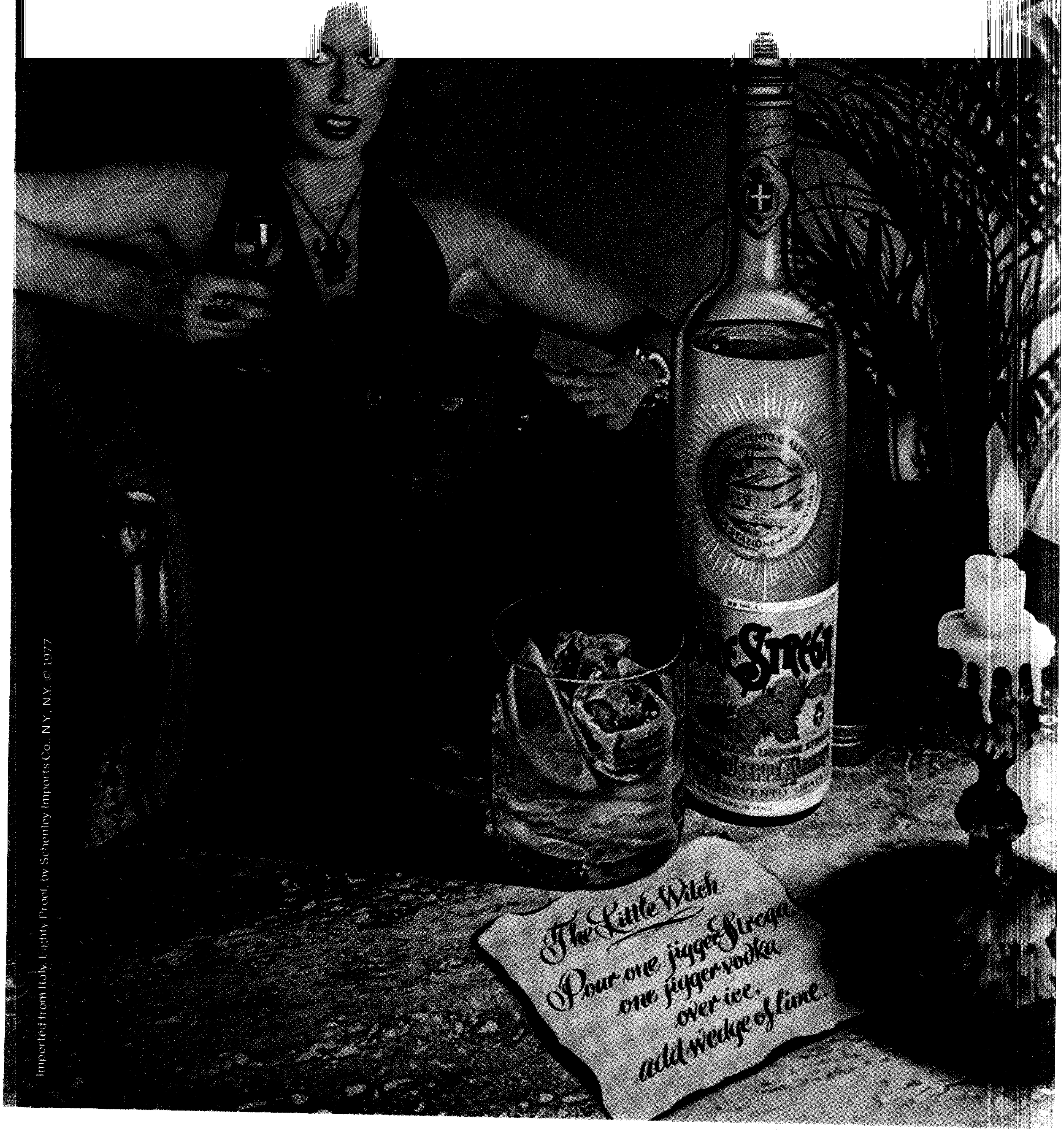
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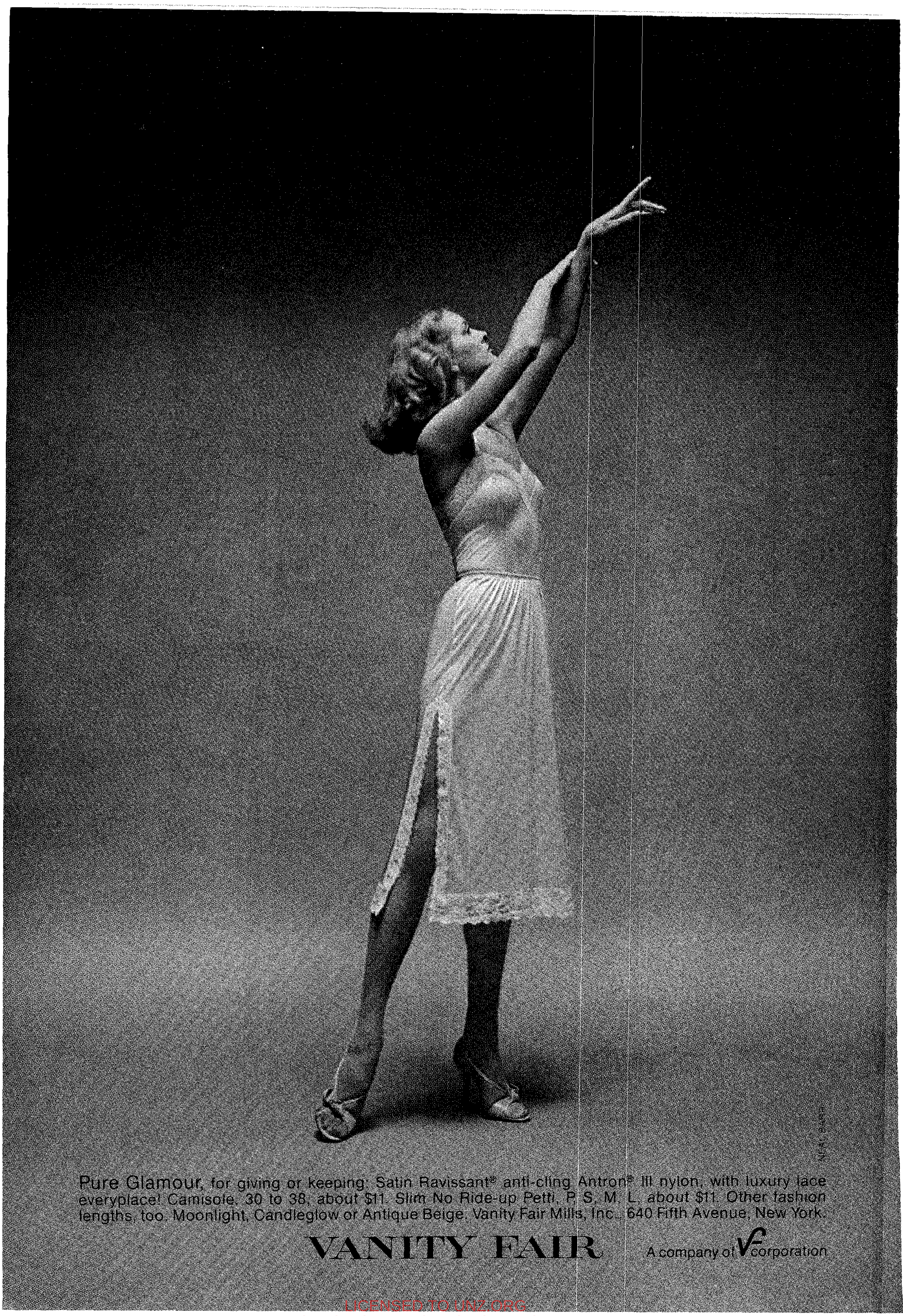

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LETTER FROM SOUTH KOREA

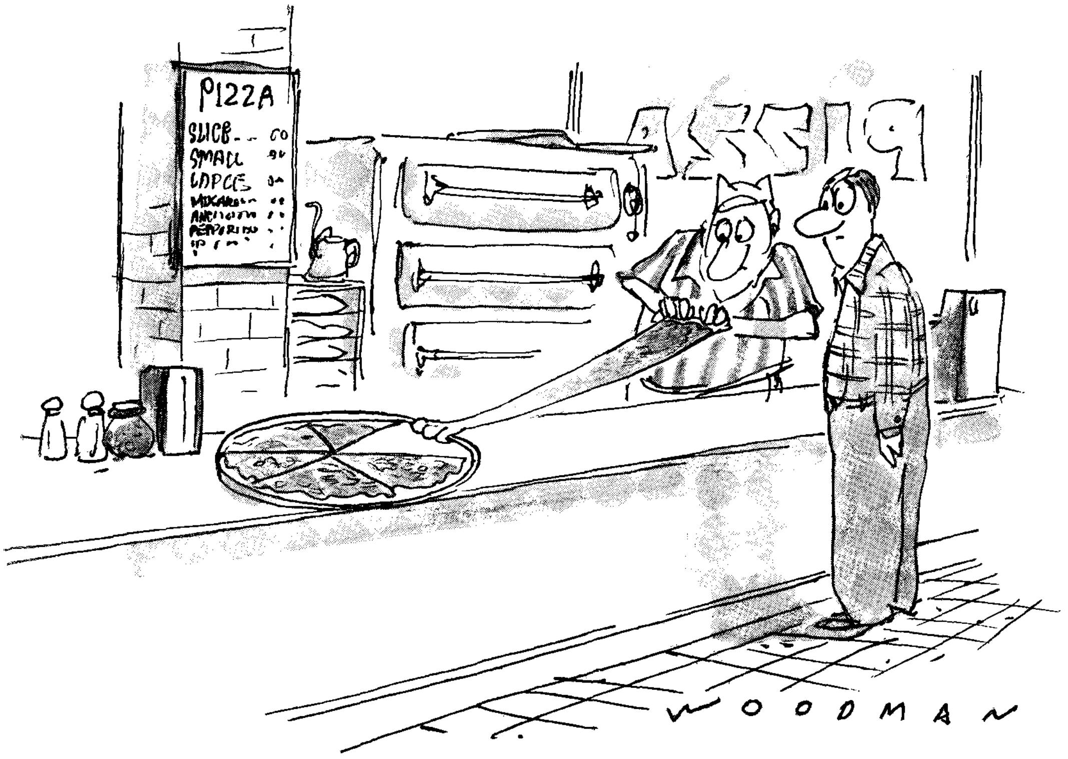
NOVEMBER 1

THE scene last May 27th at Panmunjom, thirty miles north of Seoul, in the Demilitarized Zone separating North and South Korea, was like the set for a Brecht play. Beside a long, tin-roofed hut, where the Military Armistice Commission was holding its three hundred and eighty-seventh meeting since the Korean War ended, in 1953, a thirty-foot wooden boat, with an American soldier standing stiffly in the center of it, arms akimbo, was mounted on a flatbed truck. Newsmen wearing sports shirts and slacks clambered around the craft taking photographs, and perhaps a hundred miscellaneous spectators, including crisply uniformed officers of several European nations, on hand as neutral observers, milled about, chatting and occasionally scanning the trees for various rare species of birds, which, for some strange ornithological reason, have made the D.M.Z. their part-time habitat. Chinese Communist and North Korean soldiers, goose-stepping, ushered delegates from Peking and Pyongyang into the meeting hall.

Within, these emissaries sullenly faced Rear Admiral Warren C. Hamm, Jr., the senior delegate of the United Nations Command, across a long, polished table. Hamm, a tall, strong-jawed man with a crewcut, rose to deliver the complaint that was the agenda for the day's meeting: that the boat on display, which had actually carried armed North Korean agents but had been disguised as a fishing vessel, had entered South Korean waters eight days earlier, and, seeking cover among South Korean fishing boats, refused to heed flag signals and loudspeaker demands from South Korean Navy vessels that she stop. When the North Koreans opened fire with machine guns, the South Koreans retaliated, and sank the North Korean boat; eight of her seventeen-man crew—the majority assumed to be espionage agents, says Hamm—were captured, and the rest drowned. Subsequently, the boat was identified by the South Koreans as belonging to the Ministry of the North Korean People's Armed Forces. Hamm made the further complaint that the North Koreans were trespassing in a "sensitive area"—that is, an area where they had no right to be. From time to time over the years, such agent boats (the Americans call them "skunk boats") have been intercepted, either while they were engaged in seaborne espionage or during attempts to land agents on the coast. Once the agents got ashore, they were almost always caught and killed. This, Hamm asserted, was the first time that such agents had been captured at sea.

When Hamm finished his account, his North Korean counterpart, Major General Han Ju Kyong, indignantly rejected the accusations, declaring that the vessel was simply an ordinary fishing boat that had suffered engine trouble and had accidentally drifted into South Korean waters. His demand that the eight "fishermen" be returned was refused by Hamm, who said that "in view of the peculiar circumstances surrounding this incident" the North Koreans would be held for "further questioning." Two and a half weeks later, however, after Hamm announced that the eight men had confessed to intruding into South Korean waters, to refusing to stop when they were ordered to, and to opening fire first, they were released "for humanitarian reasons"—grounds they refused to acknowledge when, having reached the North Korean side of the demarcation line, they stripped to their shorts and contemptuously threw back the clothes and shoes they were wearing, which their South Korean captors had given them.

DURING several visits to Korea in recent years, I have attended a number of Military Armistice Commission meetings at Panmunjom, and they have invariably been recriminatory and vituperative—particularly so when the two sides were accusing each other of violating the terms of the armistice, usually through armed clashes within the D.M.Z. The most serious case occurred two years ago, when two American soldiers who were pruning a tree in order to improve visibility in the zone were brutally axed to death by North Koreans. (The splintered dry tree stump still stands there, as a grim reminder.) The United States at once put up a show of force, including the dispatch of the aircraft carrier Midway, whereupon President Kim Il Sung, of North Korea, expressed regret and returned the bodies. After that, at his suggestion, a stretch of no man's land was set up in the zone to keep the two sides physically apart, and a narrow concrete slab was placed outside the meeting hall, which cannot be crossed by any soldiers, although South and North Korean reporters and neutral observers—Swiss and Swedes and others—can move back and forth and peer in through the open windows as if through the bars of a zoo. The motley group of spectators carries on conversations against the background noise of loudspeakers blaring out the proceedings. The sun shines, the flags



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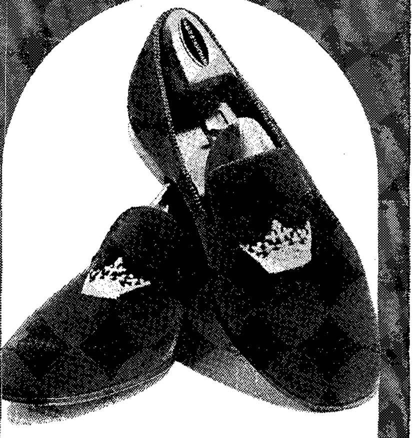
wave, and the D.M.Z. birds soar and dip and sing, but a sense of war and death pervades the artificial-looking setting.

The North Koreans not only have been guilty of far more violations than the South Koreans but they have managed to use the Military Armistice Commission as a propaganda forum, repeatedly demanding that a peace treaty formally ending the war be signed by the Americans, that the United Nations Command be dissolved, and that all American troops be withdrawn from Korea. Washington has consistently refused to talk about a treaty unless the South Koreans are a party to the negotiations; and this the North Koreans have consistently refused to consider. The Korean issue has been debated periodically at the United Nations, where conflicting and nonbinding resolutions have been passed by the General Assembly, and it was recently brought to the fore again when President Josip Broz Tito, of Yugoslavia, and President Nicolae Ceausescu, of Rumania, both paid visits first to Pyongyang and then to Washington. Ceausescu pushed for a two-party dialogue between Pyongyang and Washington, but did so, it was reported, in such a blunt, demanding way that President Carter was visibly offended. Tito suggested a three-party conference among Pyongyang, Seoul, and Washington, but Kim Il Sung threw cold water on that idea—much to the relief of the South Koreans, who would go along with it at Washington's behest, but would prefer to resume the low-level direct dialogue with the North over trade and exchanges of family visits which was broken off in 1973 after a year of fruitless discussions.

Despite Ceausescu's undiplomatic effort, some Americans are in favor of a direct approach to Pyongyang, at least to try to obtain some sort of guarantee from Kim Il Sung that he won't start another war, and that he means what he says about "peaceful reunification" and about being willing to talk about slowing the arms race on the peninsula instead of speeding it up. However, while we withdraw troops from South Korea—by the end of this year the number will be down from a 1953 wartime total of more than three hundred thousand to thirty-four thousand, and, under President Carter's present plans, there will be only about twelve thousand remaining by the end of 1982, chiefly Air Force and support units—it is agreed by all, including the President, that nothing should be done dip-



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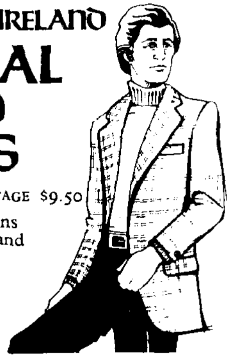

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lomatically without the approval and participation of the South Koreans. In fact, a good many Americans feel that Carter has already moved too far too fast—or, at least, too indecisively, for in April he backtracked and announced that only one combat battalion instead of three would be withdrawn this year. The American military, not surprisingly, regards our troops in Korea as a vital deterrent, and feels strongly that a withdrawal of the ground forces of the Second Division will encourage Kim Il Sung to attack, rather than constrain him. Others in Washington, including influential congressmen, government officials and even some vocal private critics of the authoritarian South Korean regime of President Park Chung Hee, agree that Carter probably made a mistake in announcing troop withdrawals before he had obtained some sort of concessions from the North Koreans, for he thereby gave away his bargaining chips without getting anything in return. The fact that we could not act unilaterally in Europe—that any reduction of Allied ground forces, tanks, or nuclear arsenals there would have to be based on firm agreements between the Russians and the Warsaw Pact nations, on the one hand, and members of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization, on the other—is being cited as an argument in favor of moving ahead more cautiously in Korea. A number of foreign and domestic critics, among them some of the most vigorous opponents of South Korean human-rights violations, also feel that we should have normalized relations with the People's Republic of China before taking any action to withdraw the troops, a move that has upset our Japanese allies as well as the South Koreans.

IN the past, Kim Il Sung has depended on both the Chinese and the Russians for military, economic, and moral support, but for several years, and particularly in the past few months, he has been closer to Peking than to Moscow, and the Chinese are probably in a better position today to bring influence to bear on him. Early in May, Chairman Hua Kuo-feng, who is also Prime Minister of the People's Republic of China, paid a visit to Pyongyang, underlining his firm support of the position of North Korea as "the sole legal sovereign Korean state." Although no communiqué was issued, and Hua did not announce any programs or promises of further aid, it is thought that he may have privately agreed to give the North Koreans some additional help, and last month Deputy Prime Minister Teng Hsiao-ping attended the thirtieth anniversary of the North Korean revolution in Pyongyang and, after receiving a royal welcome, promised Kim some much-needed oil to fuel his military machine. Teng did this despite the fact that North Korea has failed to deliver on its trade obligations and is in default on its debts and interest payments to both Communist and non-Communist nations (notably Japan among the latter) by more than two billion dollars.

It is now thought that Kim Il Sung may soon make a long-delayed visit to Moscow; the Russians, having fended him off for a number of years, may have to let him come, if only to offset the Chinese initiative. Kim has also been upset by a new treaty of peace and friendship signed two weeks ago by Tokyo and Peking, and by the fact that this will prompt a formal renunciation by Peking of the all-but-dead Sino-Soviet alliance, putting him more in the middle between his two allies. And to make matters worse, Moscow has recently been making overtures to Seoul, whose Health and Social Affairs Minister last month attended a World Health Organization conference in Alma Ata in Soviet Kazakhstan—marking the first time a South Korean minister has ever visited the Soviet Union. The Russians are unlikely to go much further in wooing Seoul at this juncture and may simply be warning the Chinese not to go too far with Kim, but they are also playing their own game with Kim, which he hasn't engaged in with any apparent eagerness.

Last December, undoubtedly with the approbation of the Russians—and, it may be, at their instigation—Erich Honecker, the Chairman of the Council of State of the German Democratic Republic, visited Pyongyang and delivered a speech in which he frequently alluded to his close ties to Moscow and, in effect, suggested the "two Germanys" solution as one that might be adopted by Korea. However, Kim, who spoke first, had preëmpted Honecker by denouncing the idea of "two Koreas" as a "splittist" tactic of the "imperialists"—a line he has always taken—and by saying, "The Korean question is fundamentally different in its nature from the case of Germany." In seeking reunification on his terms, Kim in recent years has consistently proposed the establishment of a "confederation" on the peninsula, which

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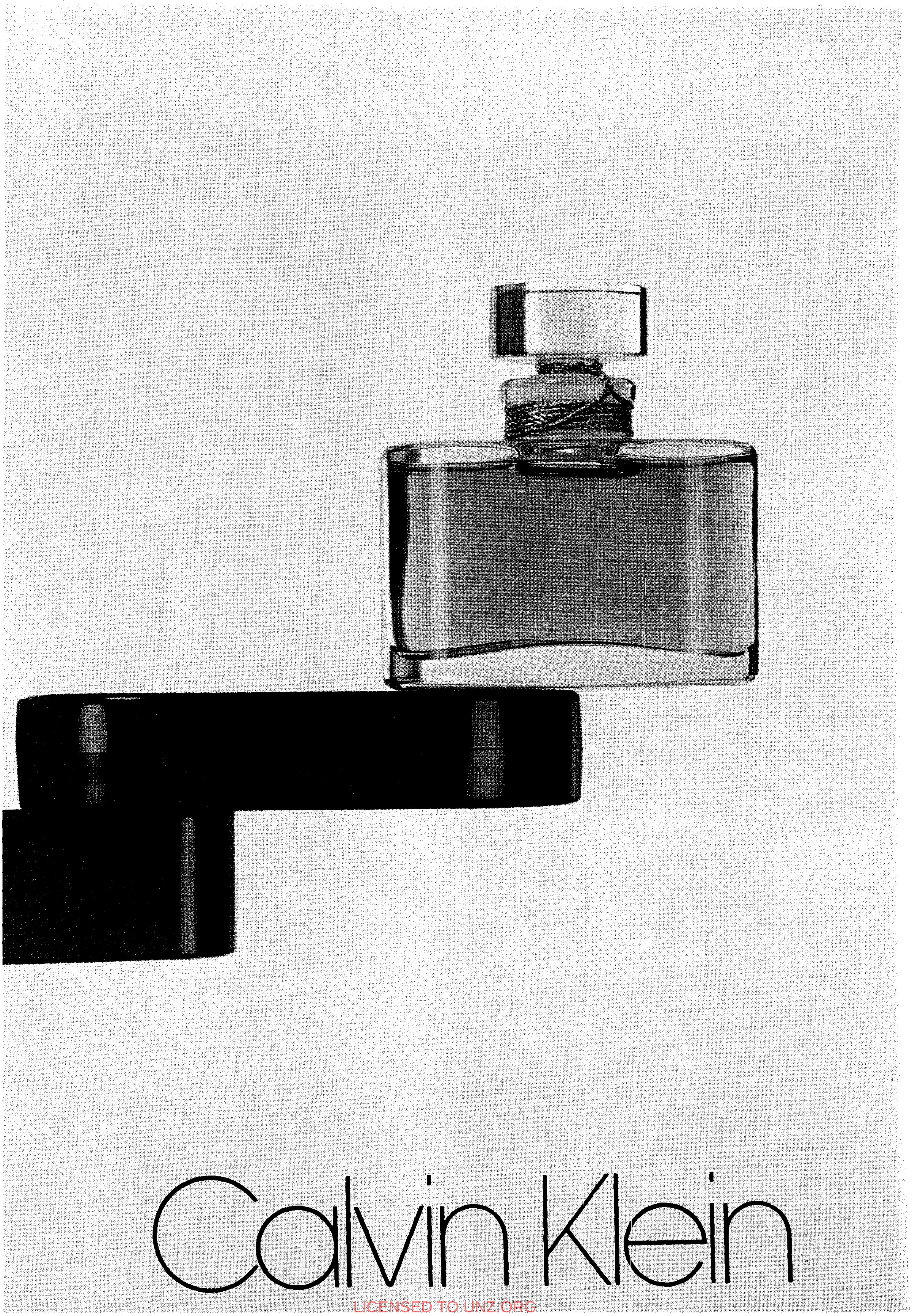
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would allow him to coöperate with what he describes as "the democratic forces" in the South, and he has suggested or implied that these include some of the leading Southern dissidents, among them former President Yun Po Sun, who has let it be known—to me, among others—that he would be willing to talk to Kim. Another man whom Kim Il Sung would talk to, but who might be less willing to talk to him, is Kim Dae Jung, who in 1971 ran against Park Chung Hee for President of South Korea in that country's last free election and was only narrowly defeated; he is now the best-known dissident still under detention—for violating both the election laws and decrees prohibiting criticism of the government.

In that same preëmptive speech, Kim Il Sung also rejected the idea of both Koreas' entering the United Nations and the theory of "cross-recognition," supported by many diplomats, according to which the United States and Japan would recognize North Korea, and China and the Soviet Union would recognize South Korea. Both Moscow and Peking, which claim to be as eager as Washington and Tokyo to avoid another disastrous war on the peninsula, might under certain conditions have accepted cross-recognition, but, as things are, their mutual hostility precludes this and—what is more dangerous—acts as a long fuse that could actually provoke another Korean war. In fact, the diplomatic contest now going on between them involving both Koreas could make Kim increasingly nervous and spark the fuse.

Certainly North Korea's steady military buildup, which reached a peak in the mid-seventies, continues to make Korea one of the primary danger zones of the world. It is for this reason, again, that, despite Carter's disavowals, an American approach to Pyongyang, accompanied by simultaneous (though naturally separate) consultations with Moscow and Peking about the Korean question, would be a good idea. This could best be achieved, it has been suggested, either through private channels (as when efforts of that nature were made on several occasions to settle the Vietnam War, which might have succeeded if they had been seriously pursued) or by the establishment of contact with the North Koreans in a third country, or at the United Nations. If this were done judiciously, the South Koreans would not need to be unduly upset, and especially if they were convinced that American troop withdrawals would be carried out only gradually

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and sufficient military aid would be continued, with the backing of the 1954 Mutual Defense Treaty, under which the United States promised to support South Korea in any new military crisis. Moreover, if Kim Il Sung should be thinking of making another attack on the South, even an informal exploratory approach to him would give him pause. In such a situation, deterrent diplomacy is surely as important as military deterrence.

Between now and 1982, when all the troops of the United States Second Infantry Division are scheduled to have left Korea, the South Koreans, under present plans, are to receive a "compensatory package" consisting of eight hundred million dollars' worth of American equipment already in the country and one billion nine hundred million in credits to buy new arms of all sorts in the United States. This aid, together with the anticipated step-up of defense production under a five-year Force Improvement Plan (they are now spending about two and a half billion dollars a year on defense, more than a third of their budget and about six times as much as in 1970, just before the withdrawal of about twenty thousand troops of the other American division that was then in Korea, the Seventh), is calculated to match the strength of the North Koreans and to make the South self-reliant. However, there is no guarantee that the American package will be forthcoming in its entirety, and this is one reason Carter has changed his initial withdrawal plan. So many conflicting and confusing issues have been injected into the tortuous relationship between the United States and South Korea over the past two years that although both countries claim that relations remain substantially sound, a good number of American and Korean officials have grown increasingly mistrustful and wary of each other. Given the historical background of the relationship, and its many anomalies, which started with the illogical separation of the Korean peninsula at the Thirty-eighth Parallel after the Second World War—a move that was hastily engineered by the Soviet Union and the United States and was followed only five years later by the Korean War—it is not surprising that over the years there have been as many disagreements as agreements. These have been exacerbated by what has all along been the principal American policy objective in North Asia: to strengthen our alliance with Japan and to make the alliance with South Korea subservient to it. Largely at our instigation, the Koreans

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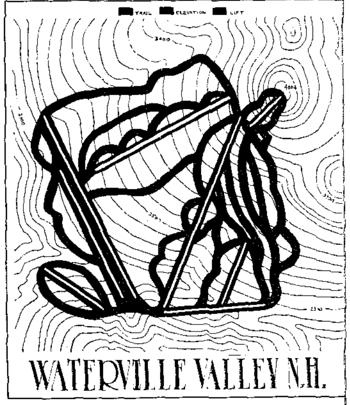

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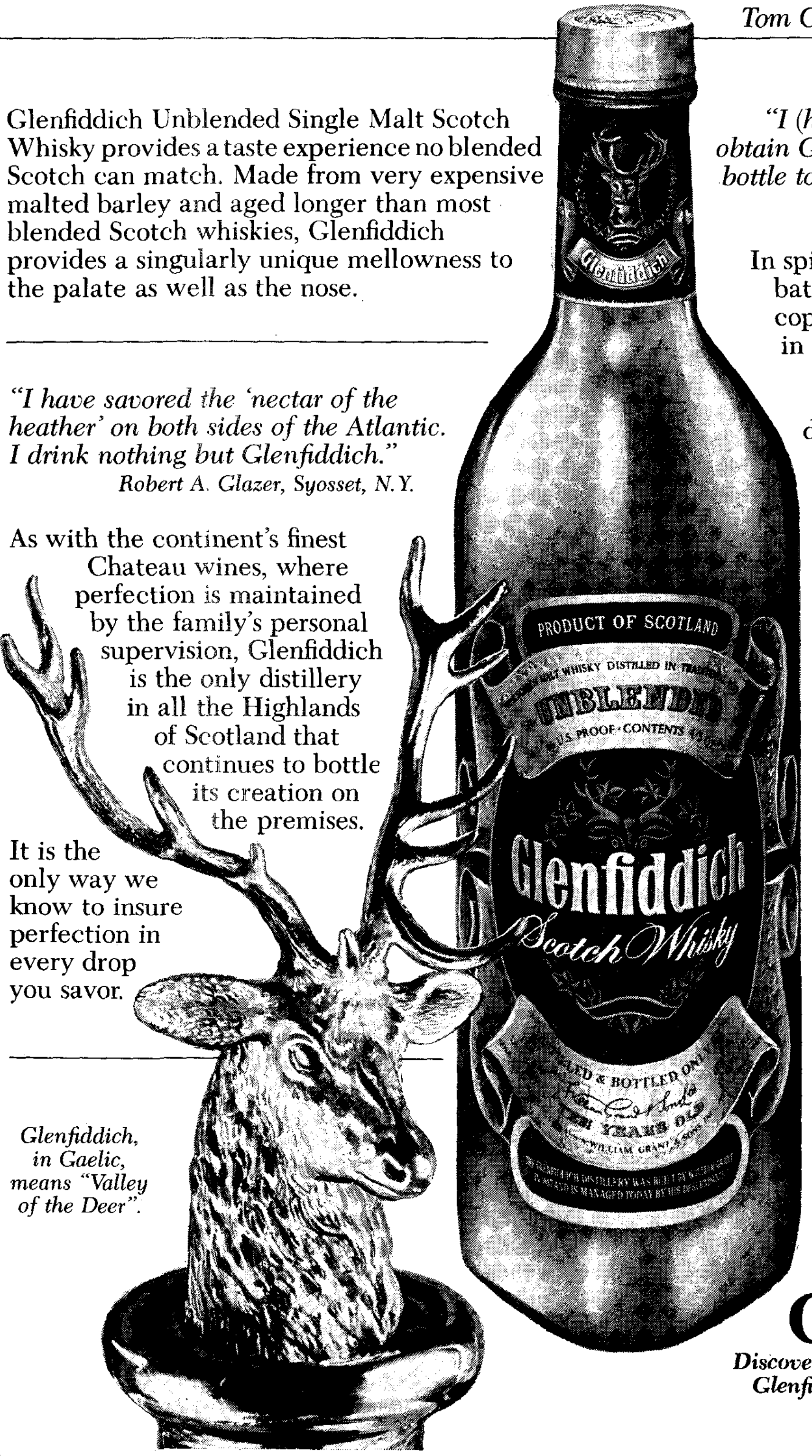

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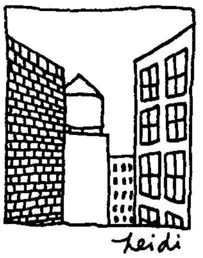
and Japanese, who have never had much fondness for one another, and who for years occupied the roles of colony and overseas ruler, respectively, signed a treaty of peace and friendship in 1965, which has since led to highly profitable—if often questionable—business transactions that have benefited wealthy entrepreneurs and politicians of both countries.

BEYOND the current major differences over troop withdrawals, over legal complexities and political machinations of payoff scandals involving the South Korean businessman Tongsun Park and a number of American congressmen, and over the moral issue of human-rights violations, one historical fact is often forgotten or obscured—just as it was, to a different degree, in Vietnam. This is that the United States, despite all its pretensions, has never really concerned itself very much with the question of Korean nationalism. Partly for this reason, we have too readily accepted the concept of two Koreas as a more or less unavoidable circumstance, and perhaps even as a condition that, over the short or long term, has served our own security interests in Asia and the Pacific. As a consequence, Washington has done relatively little to promote the possibility of unification, and continues to favor the existence of two Koreas as at least a convenient semi-permanent solution, just as it favors two Germanys in Europe. Selig S. Harrison, a former foreign correspondent who is now a Senior Associate of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, has pointed out in a provocative recent book entitled "The Widening Gulf: Asian Nationalism and American Policy" that in Korea, in contrast to Vietnam, "where the Communist side had the political and military strength to pursue a successful unification strategy, neither the North nor the South is able to claim a position of preëminent national leadership," and, as a result, "nationalism has now been neutralized as a factor in the Korean equation."



The Koreans are a homogenous people, with strong patriotic feelings, yet the unrealistic bisection of the peninsula has prevented either side from penetrating the other politically or influencing it nationalistically. In the nineteen-thirties, a strong nationalist movement did exist in Korea, which the Japanese overlords weakened by divide-and-conquer tactics, and the Comintern subsequently torpedoed, because the Communists couldn't seize control of it. After 1945, when there was again an opportunity for a non-Communist nationalist movement to grow up in the South, and at least a possibility that an authentic coalition government might be formed, the United States helped perpetuate the partition by supporting the austere conservative Syngman Rhee; under his regime the non-Communist nationalists in the South were fragmented and dispersed, and the Communist leaders there fled to the North, where they were eventually purged. Following the Korean War, Kim Il Sung, originally a Soviet puppet, whose nationalist pretensions were dubious at best, gradually evolved an independent policy of *juche*, or self-reliance, while, in the South, Park Chung Hee, who was propelled to power in 1961 by a military coup after a period of democratic chaos and a student revolt (which Kim Il Sung, to his lasting regret, failed to take advantage of), started out by establishing law and order, and turned to total dictatorship a decade later, when an American-inspired effort to create and sustain a democratic system based on free elections had come to nothing. Though both Kim and Park nowadays seek to project themselves as nationalist figures, neither can lay claim to a true nationalist ideology, such as was formulated and practiced by the late Ho Chi Minh in Vietnam. Both men are messianic zealots, but they ride different horses—Kim seeking national unification through military conquest or revolution, and Park seeking the same end through superior economic development and the ultimate weakening of the North. In the summer of 1972, under the sponsorship of the Red Cross organizations of both halves of the country, talks began over exchanges of visits by long-separated families, and the two sides then pledged that they would achieve unification without external interference and without the use of force; they set up a Coördinating Committee to discuss political issues, looking ahead to national elections. But these hopes for reconciliation dissipated within a year, as much out of fear and mistrust as anything else, and a hot line that had been set up between Pyongyang and Seoul to defuse hostile border incidents was shut down by the North Koreans. Since then, Park has proposed a non-aggression treaty and a resumption of the talks, and this June

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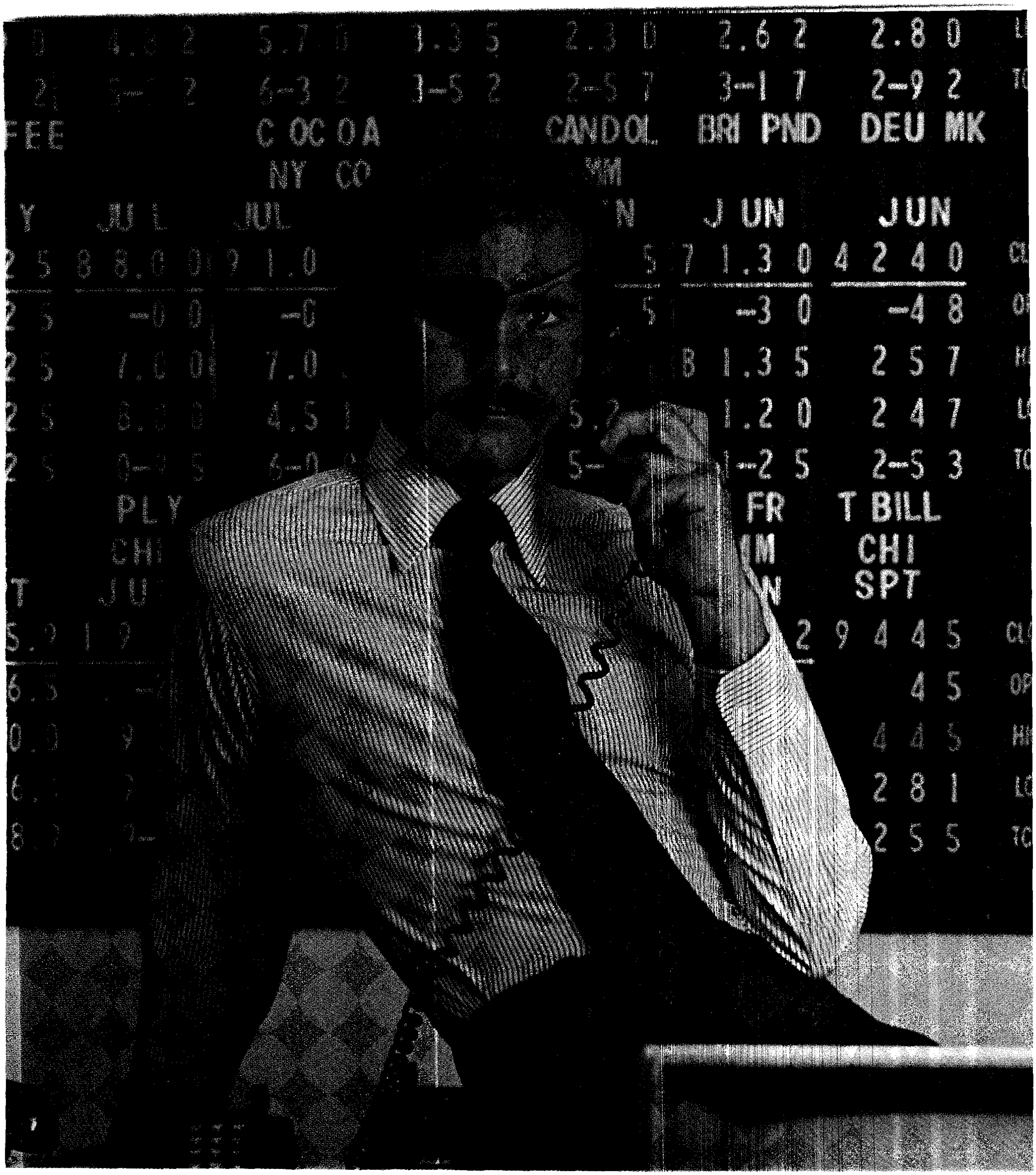

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he suggested the establishment of a new consultative body of civilian businessmen to promote trade exchanges; but Kim has rejected all these overtures, insisting on direct peace-treaty talks with the United States alone and on disarmament by both sides following total withdrawal of American troops. So the stalemate and the invective continue.

ONE of the reasons the talks that began in 1972 broke down a year later was that the Northern delegates were overwhelmed by the sight of the South's growing economic prosperity. In the five years since then, the growth has been even more remarkable, and Seoul today has become Asia's biggest boom town: a throbbing metropolis of seven and a half million (a fifth of the South's population) and the hub of what is probably the fastest-developing nation in the world except for the petroleum powers. Though there is talk of getting people to spread into satellite suburbs and of eventually building a new capital farther south, near a cluster of industrial centers, in Seoul lush high-rise office buildings and apartment buildings are topped off each month, and four or five new subway lines are planned to supplement one already completed. Hotels, old and new, are jam-packed, largely with overseas buyers—mostly Americans with orders for everything from textiles and toys to electronics. It has become impossible to find an empty taxicab, and it is necessary to fight other passengers in an effort to share one. Though a good meal for two costs thirty dollars, restaurants are crowded each night until ten o'clock, and the country's growing affluence, which has affected a rising new middle class as well as the rich, keeps people out on the streets until close to the midnight curfew, shopping before and after they eat. A forty-four-million-dollar Cultural Center that was opened in Seoul this spring has drawn capacity crowds to concerts and performances by famous orchestras, singers, and ballet troupes brought from abroad. Golf and tennis are the rage, and money is the chief topic of conversation.

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it was ten years ago, is currently rising at the rate of about twenty per cent a year. In fact, the economy is somewhat overheated, with too much money in circulation, forcing the government to adopt a tight-money policy and restrict domestic credit in an effort to get the inflation rate below twenty per cent; it is now unofficially about twenty-seven per cent. But exports, on which South Korea prides itself, keep soaring. Last year the country exported more than ten billion dollars' worth of commodities—chiefly heavy-industrial and chemical products. This year the figure should reach twelve and a half billion, and the goal is twenty billion by 1981, fifty billion by 1986, and a hundred billion by 1991. Vast new industrial complexes—steel mills, cement works, shipyards, and machine plants—are springing up all over the South. One nuclear power plant has been completed, two are being constructed, and eventually there will be seven, which will do much to reduce the two-billion-dollar annual oil bill the country now has to pay—a bill that would, of course, grow if no alternative sources of energy were developed. South Korea has begun making its own automobiles, among other things; the current rate of production is forty thousand a year, but by 1990 nearly a million will be rolling out annually, a hefty proportion of them for export. Another major export is labor, and there are almost a hundred thousand South Korean workers abroad, most of them in the Middle East, where they are famous for their round-the-clock work on construction projects and earn as much as five hundred dollars a week—much more than they could make back home. The pattern of development here is astonishingly similar in many respects to what it was in Japan in the late fifties and sixties; but South Korea didn't really take off until about a decade ago, and the rate of growth has been much faster. As in Japan, a dozen or so major conglomerates have their own trading concerns, which dominate the export markets. Most of South Korea's big new multi-million-dollar companies, such as those called Hyundai, Samsung, and Lucky, were formed before, during, or just after the Korean War as small trading shops dealing in noodles, rice, textiles, and sugar, and their now wealthy owners are Horatio Alger rags-to-riches figures. As one of my Korean friends put it, "We're moving so fast it makes me dizzy, but it's exciting." But, although the country prides itself on achieving a better distribution of income than other fast-

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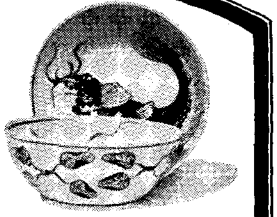

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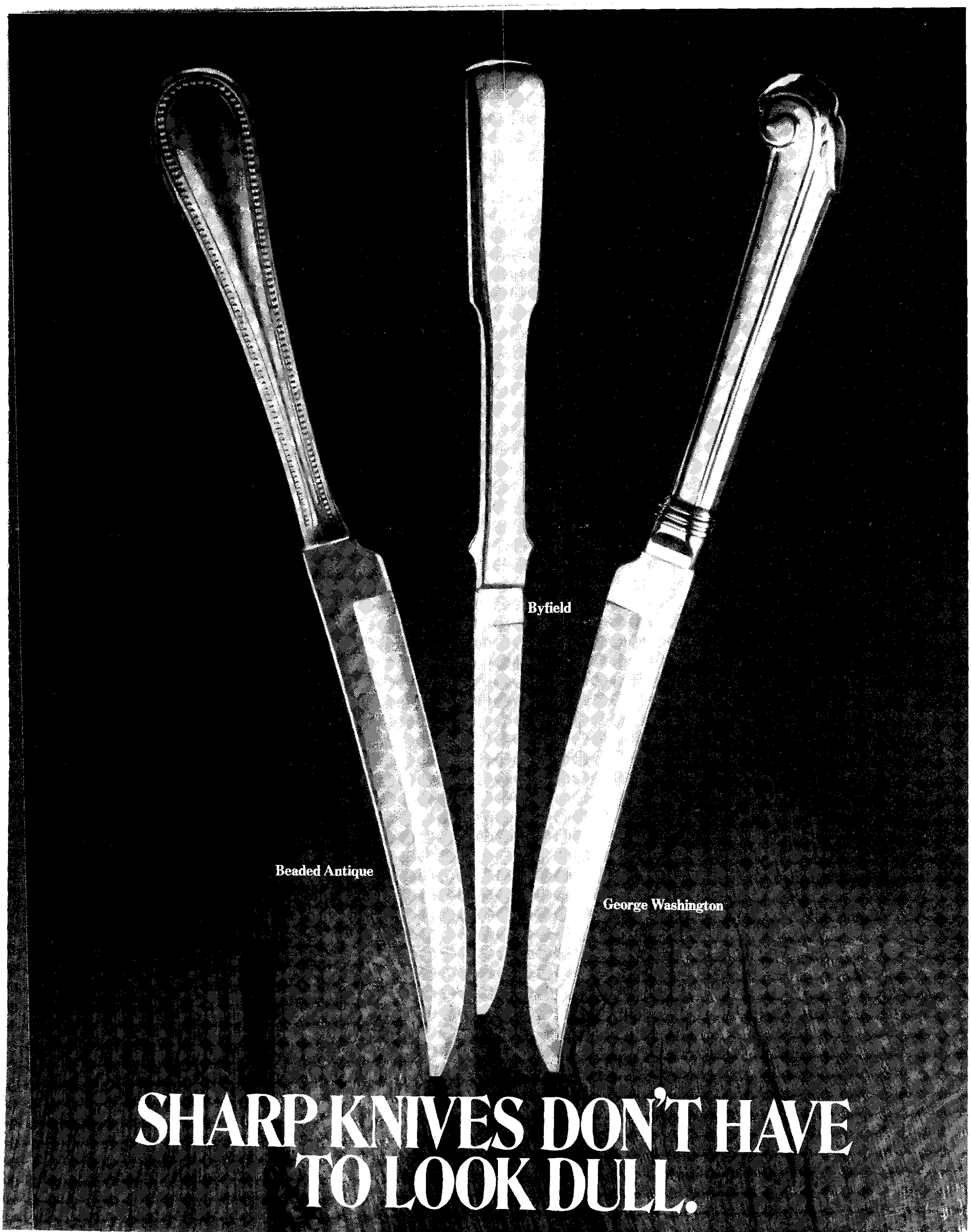

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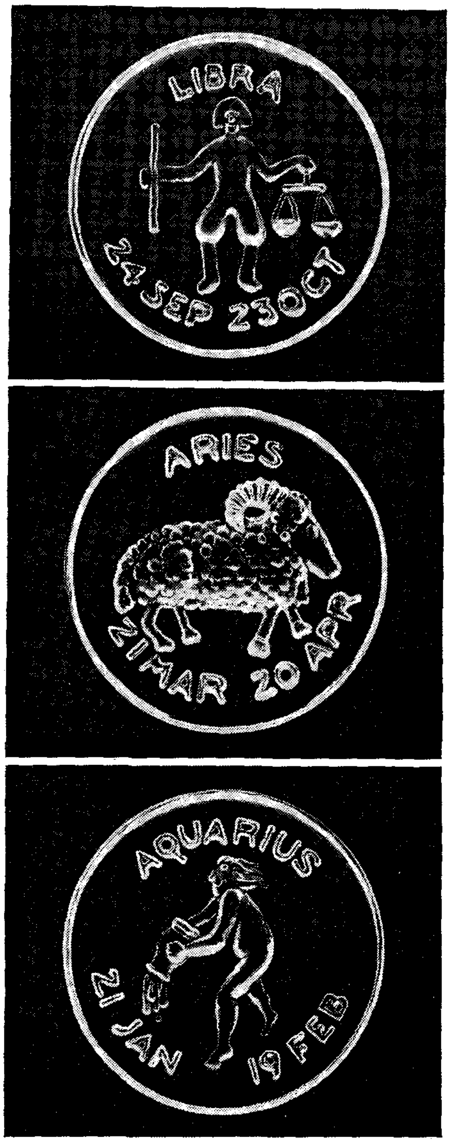

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developing nations, wages are still low by Western standards, and are lower than wages in many other parts of Asia—a situation that helps give Korea a competitive advantage pleasing to the manufacturers, but one that is causing increasing social and labor unrest.

THE tension and anxiety that were felt shortly after the end of the Vietnam War, when I was last here, have diminished, but one discovers that beneath the surface the exuberant confidence in a rosy economic future is tempered by continuing worries about the permanence of peace. The very boom in South Korea, it is thought, may cause Pyongyang to feel that the prosperous South of thirty-seven million people will ultimately prevail by virtue of sheer manpower and will power over the less than half as populous and prosperous North, so the fear in Seoul is that this may give Kim Il Sung another reason to strike now rather than wait until the economic imbalance becomes still greater. The psychological factors involved in this deadly game are as important as the military and economic statistics, particularly since North Korea is, with the possible exceptions of Cambodia and Albania, the most closed society in the world.

Kim Il Sung, now sixty-six years old and in poor health, is facing severe economic problems and internal political divisions, which derive partly from the fact that his son and supposed heir, Kim Chong Il, thirty-eight, has dropped out of sight after being seriously hurt late last year in an automobile crash (which may in reality have been an assassination attempt), and partly from competition between the technocrats and the old political stalwarts, with the military in the middle. As Kim realizes that time is no longer on his side, he may become more desperate. This personal equation may, however, be tempered by his still limited awareness of the outside world—particularly of the non-Communist world, but also the Third World, in which he clearly regards himself as a vanguard revolutionary leader, for he is offering guerrilla training both at home and abroad to a number of African and Latin-American nations. There are recent reports that, at China's behest, he has sent military instructors to Cambodia to help the Cambodians in their increasingly bitter border fights against the Vietnamese. Having achieved diplomatic recognition by ninety-one countries—the figure for South Korea is a hundred and two, and

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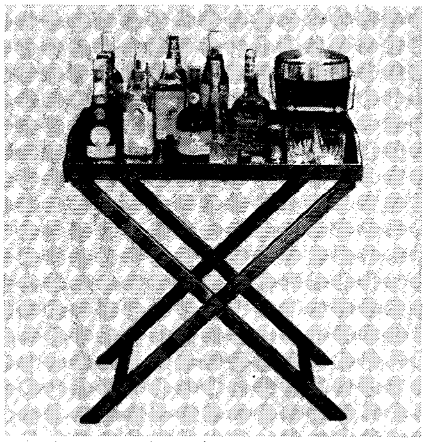

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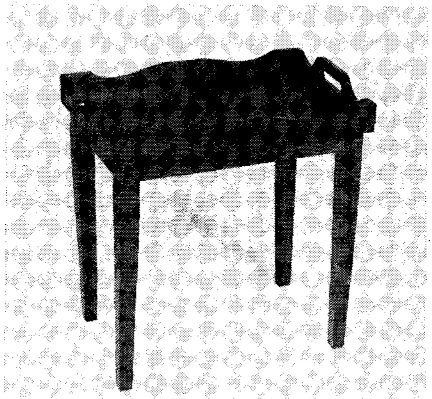

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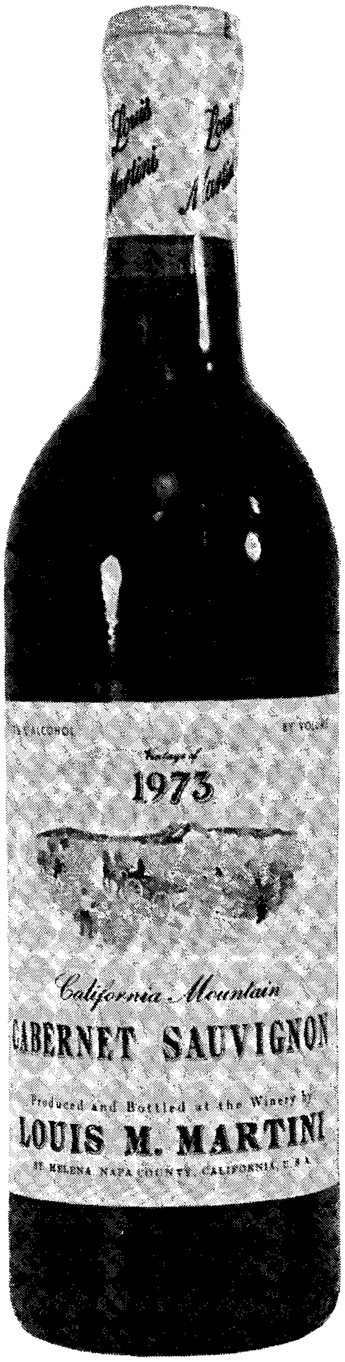
about thirty recognize both Koreas—Kim is eager to improve his global image. But Pyongyang is often tough, crude, and inept in its diplomacy, just as Seoul has been less than subtle on occasion—in the behavior of Korean Central Intelligence Agency operatives abroad, for instance, and in the lavish dispensation of gifts by individuals such as Tongsun Park.

One can hear various forecasts in Seoul, where most people are obsessed with the pursuit of economic gain, but where the prospects of war weigh heavily on the minds of the policymakers in the Presidential palace, known as the Blue House; on the minds of the military men; and on the minds of some of the academics and the more thoughtful politicians. In the course of interviewing nearly a hundred such people, I found some who believed that, notwithstanding China's internal problems and Peking's desire to establish relations with Washington and to include Tokyo in a trilateral scheme of coöperation, the Chinese have gone so far as to make a secret pledge to help Pyongyang in another revolutionary struggle—perhaps even employing troops, as before. Other experts felt—more plausibly, it seemed to me—that Moscow might conceivably support a quick strike south by Kim if the Russians believed that a Washington-Peking-Tokyo alliance was in effect being directed against them and if they felt that such a strike would benefit their strategic position as a growing naval power in the Pacific and thus strengthen them against China. Moscow, which must maintain freedom of movement for its big Pacific fleet in the Tsushima Strait, between Korea and Japan, could not afford to let Peking get the upper hand on the Korean peninsula. Peking, for its part, could not countenance a Soviet-controlled Korea, which would provide a Pacific flank for Moscow if war broke out on the Sino-Soviet border. Korea, therefore, remains a linchpin—not only in the strategic contest between the Communists and the non-Communists in North Asia but also in the narrower but equally volatile struggle within the Communist world. And in a crunch, Kim Il Sung believes that neither Communist power could refuse to help him; in this sense, despite his current bias toward Peking, he continues to hold a blackmail leverage over both of the Communist powers.

The South Koreans, of course, not only oppose on principle any American attempt to approach Pyongyang, but, in light of what happened in



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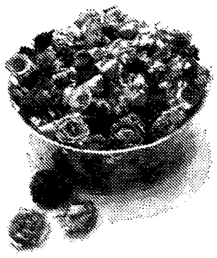

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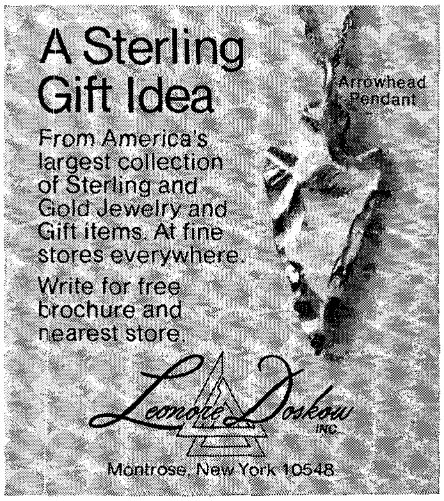

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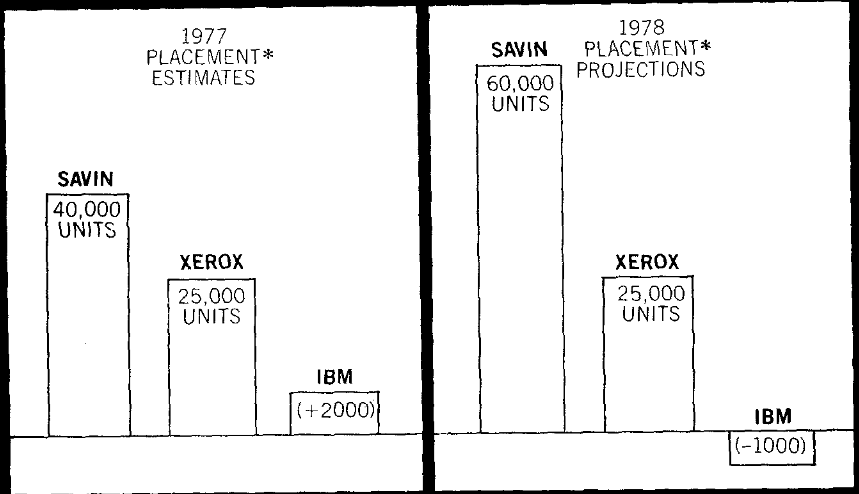

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Vietnam when the United States began negotiating with Hanoi, would regard any such attempt as an act of betrayal—the beginning of an American sellout. Seoul is perpetually haunted by the memory of what occurred twenty-eight years ago, when the city was captured in three days by the North Koreans, and the Southerners fled down the peninsula in panic to Pusan, from where, with the help of the Americans, they began their long fight back, involving General Douglas MacArthur's daring leapfrog landing at the port of Inchon, west of Seoul; the ill-conceived expedition to the Yalu River, which brought a million Chinese into the war; MacArthur's subsequent dismissal by President Harry Truman; the eventual stalemate, and the establishment in 1953 of a new status quo at the Thirty-eighth Parallel. Thirty-four thousand Americans and about a million Koreans had been killed. Seoul, which had changed hands four times, lay in total ruin, an expanse of rubble. If Kim Il Sung should launch another attack today, he would not be likely to make the same mistake he made last time: he would strike even more quickly at Seoul, which is now a far greater prize economically than it was in 1950, and if he captured it he would probably sue for peace; then the Russians and the Chinese would support him in the reëstablishment of a status quo, which might leave things more or less as they were geographically but would see South Korea set back a decade economically and would give the North a chance not only to catch up but to increase its revolutionary pressure in the South.

The deep psychological fears of the South were given physical expression this May, when, without any publicity, construction was begun by the South Koreans just below the D.M.Z. on a concrete wall twenty-two feet high and eight feet thick, which will eventually stretch all the way across the hundred and fifty miles of the peninsula. Although the wall is reminiscent of a similar project the Americans once began in Vietnam with the objective of sealing off the D.M.Z., and subsequently abandoned, our strategists opposed the wall here, primarily for tactical reasons having to do with what they regard as the danger of inhibiting South Korean mobility, though its purpose is to do just that to the North Koreans, who possess heavy superiority in tanks, armored personnel carriers, mobile field artillery, and truck-mounted-and-towed multiple-rocket launchers—all vital factors in any sudden attack. The very build-

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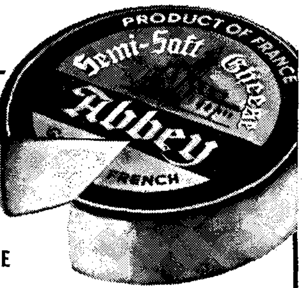

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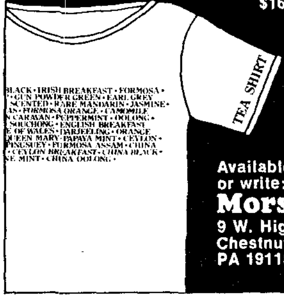

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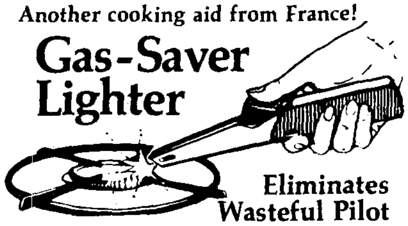

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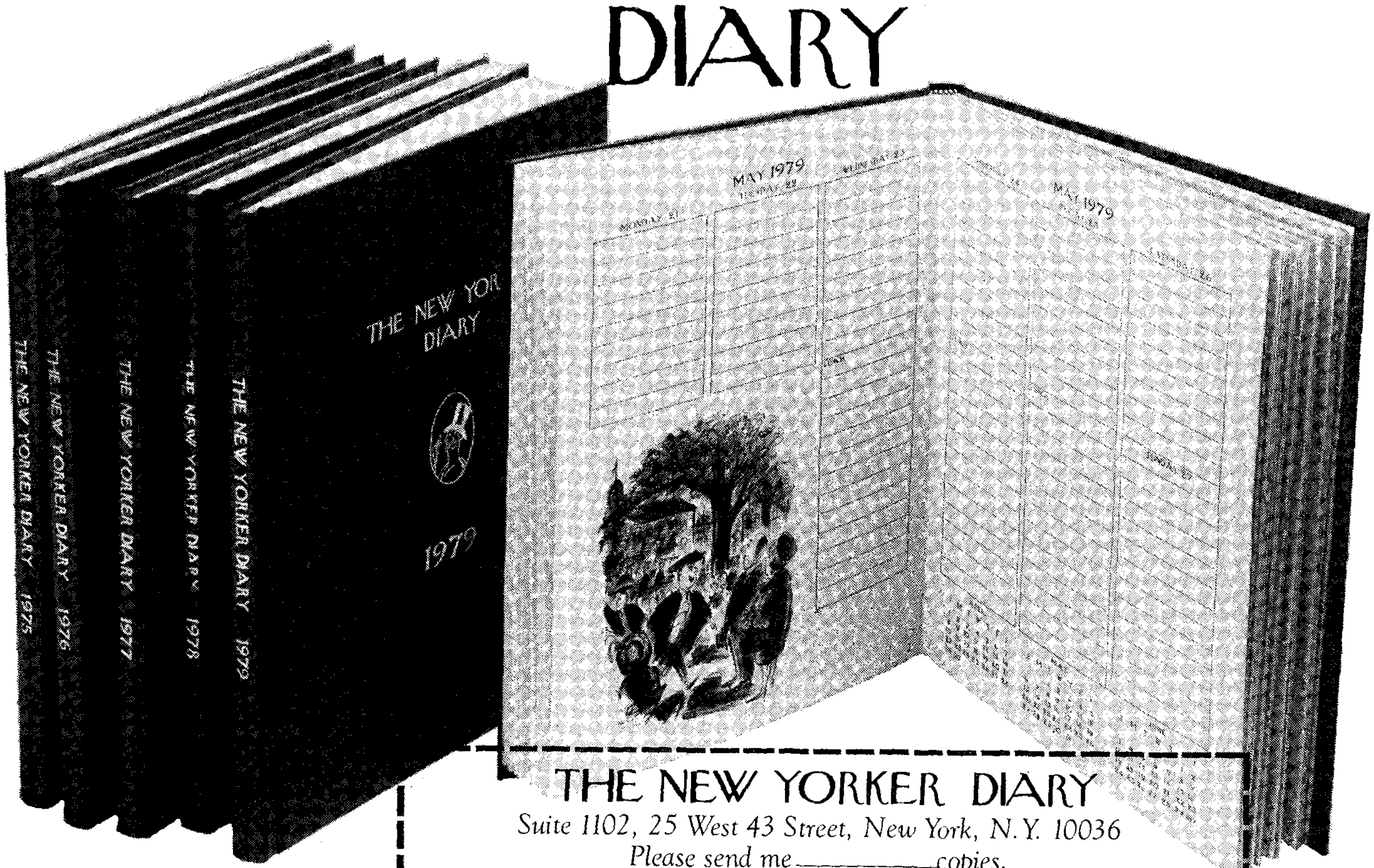
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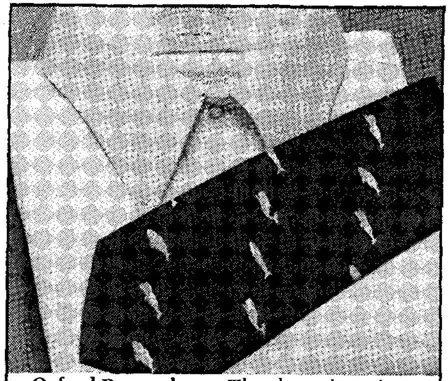

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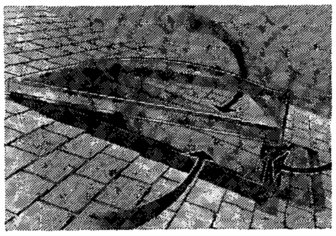

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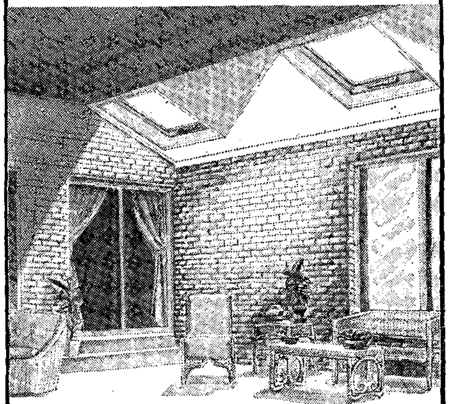

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ing of the wall, some observers feel, could inspire Kim Il Sung to start an attack, particularly since in the past two years the forward strength of the North Koreans has increased and artillery emplacements and other military installations above the D.M.Z. have been hardened or placed underground, while there has been a vast buildup of weapons further north ready to be rolled forward. One of the main preoccupations of both the South Koreans and the Americans is with what is called early warning: how much in advance of an attack would they be able to detect it, and what is the minimum amount of time necessary to mobilize and prepare to resist it? Military men generally agree that this minimum is between forty-eight and seventy-two hours, but some American officers on the scene have repeatedly warned the South Koreans that they might get only *six or eight hours* and should be prepared for the worst.

One of South Korea's top military planners envisages a North Korean attack as beginning on a Saturday afternoon, when most people have left their offices and are preoccupied with weekend activities. The North Koreans, employing their superiority in Soviet jet fighters and fighter-bombers, would strike at Southern communication and command centers, radar sites, ammunition and oil dumps, airfields, railway junctions, and shipyards, and would pound these with artillery and rocket launchers before sending in some of their specially trained commando units. At about two o'clock the following morning, a large-scale troop assault across the D.M.Z. would start—as it did before dawn on a Sunday twenty-eight years ago—and the North would send in some of its best combat divisions, of which it has twenty-five, numbering nearly half a million men; South Korea has five hundred and twenty thousand first-line troops. The North Koreans would use all the armor they could, and employ a special river-crossing brigade, and they would also take advantage of tunnels they have built under the D.M.Z. Two such tunnels were discovered four years ago and have been partly sealed up, and a third one, six feet wide and six feet high, seventy-three yards below the surface of the D.M.Z., was discovered on October 17th by U.N. command soldiers, after a three-year search that started when a North Korean defector reported that he had worked on a tunnel in that area. Still others are suspected to exist, as evidenced by rumblings heard underground in several locations. With

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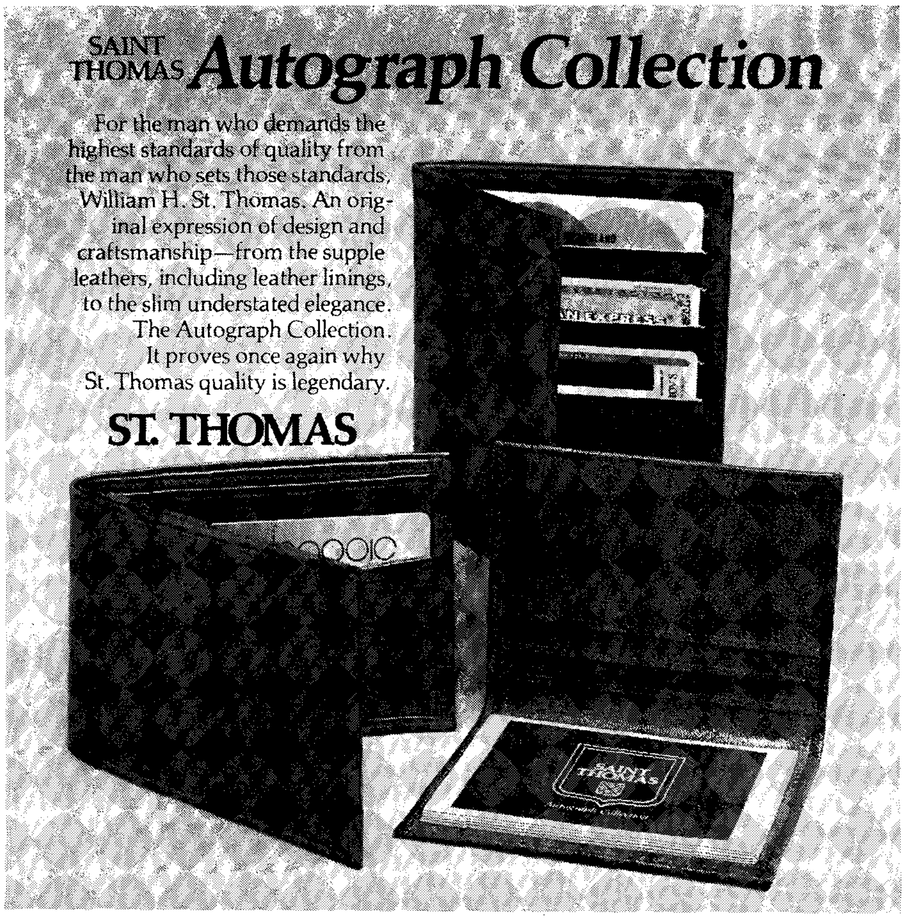
the North Koreans' potential superiority in troops, planes, and rolling hardware, such tunnels would obviously help them to reach Seoul and capture it, or surround it, before the South Koreans and the Americans could react strongly enough.

At the moment, the South Korean forward troops and the American Second Division believe they are in a state of sufficient readiness to meet an assault, but it would take up to a week to mobilize and reinforce the whole South Korean Army and reserves, move the troops into position, distribute ammunition, lay mines, and so forth. Two big questions are unanswerable: If an attack should take place, would President Carter respond rapidly, by invoking his right under the War Powers Resolution, passed by Congress in 1973, to come to the defense of the South Koreans with full naval and air support and the possible infusion of more troops, chiefly Marines—a defensive action he can carry on for sixty days with a possible thirty-day extension subject to congressional approval? And would he, if it seemed necessary, elect to employ the tactical nuclear bombs that are still hidden away in South Korea? There are said to have been nearly a thousand such weapons stored here, perhaps half of which have been removed or are being removed, and the rest of which may be. During his campaign for the Presidency, Carter pledged that the nuclear bombs as well as the troops would be withdrawn; but the bombs could be employed from offshore, along with submarine-fired missiles and rockets, just about as easily as if they were on land. A secret Presidential Review Memorandum late last year, some details of which were leaked to the Washington press, postulated that even a full and rapid American response to a surprise attack might not avert the capture of Seoul, although the memorandum added that "it would appear that the United States and the Republic of Korea would prevail against North Korea in the longer term" if the United States decided to intervene with the full force of its five aircraft-carrier task groups, its Marine and Army troops, and its twenty-four fighter squadrons in the Pacific. However, it is by no means certain that Carter, or any other President, in the light of the post-Vietnam feelings of the American people, would choose to intervene on such a large scale or even on a lesser one, despite the standing pledge made in the 1954 Mutual Defense Treaty with South Korea. Moreover, military experts consider it extremely unlikely



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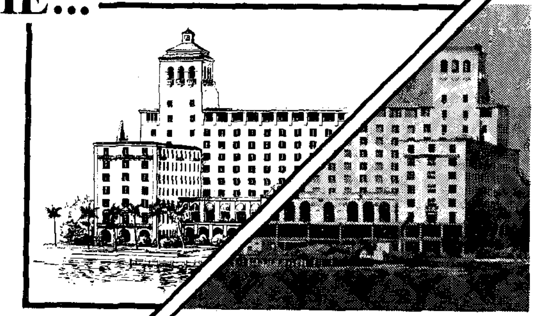

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that even part of a division could be brought back to Korea in less than seventy-two hours, by which time it might be too late to turn the tide. Therefore, they say, it makes more sense, and is also more economical, to leave a sufficient number of troops here as long as possible to deter Kim Il Sung.

General John W. Vessey, Jr., the Supreme Commander of the United Nations forces in Korea, accepts the fact of the troop withdrawals that have now been set in motion, but he is not happy about them. "I lose a lot of sleep over Kim Il Sung," he told me. "To me, as the officer responsible out here, troop withdrawal makes less sense than it did a year ago. North Korea has more men under arms than it had then, and more modern weapons, and more attack preparations under way. One has only to look at the intelligence to conclude that the North Koreans are making plans to attack—if it's sabre-rattling, it's a real sabre and a real rattle. Withdrawing even one American battalion may be politically attractive back home, but when you're outgunned it doesn't make any sense. Kim Il Sung has a lot of economic problems, no doubt about it, but around sixteen per cent of the gross national product of North Korea continues to go into the military buildup. It's just about as large as it can get without a further large capital investment. Time is on the side of the South Koreans, and they can outstrip the North—they have already done so industrially, and can do so militarily in a few years. Kim Il Sung may run out of options to attack, and the real danger is that he may say that, though the time is not propitious, especially with American troops still here, it will never get any better."

It is undoubtedly true, as Vessey and others have indicated, that some of the most difficult factors to gauge are the perception that Kim Il Sung has of the situation, including the military balance on the Korean peninsula; his complicated relations with Moscow and Peking and how these, in turn, affect his judgment (or misjudgment) of the current security picture in the Far East and of American concerns and intentions; and the many ramifications of the convoluted relationship between the Americans and the South Koreans. Concerning the last, no one could blame Kim for being confused; just about everyone else has been, too. Over the past year—since Carter announced his original withdrawal plans,

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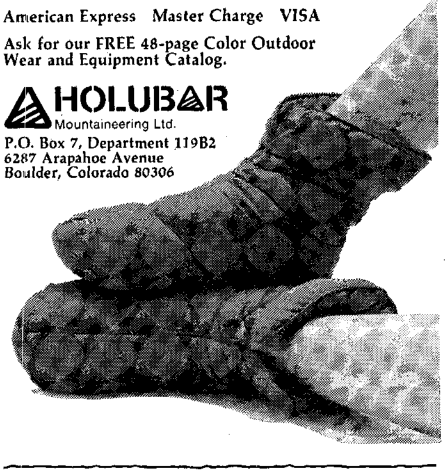

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in May, 1977, without fully consulting the Joint Chiefs of Staff, the South Koreans, or the Japanese, as he had pledged to do—there has been considerable debate in Congress, accompanied by resolutions, reports, bills, amendments, and riders, about the question of withdrawal, as well as widely publicized hearings on the Tongsun Park bribery case and on the condition of human rights in South Korea. All these issues became increasingly intermeshed.

Last spring, after long and painful negotiations, carefully conducted by the then American Ambassador, Richard Sneider, in the face of challenging demands by Department of Justice officials and staff members of congressional investigating committees, the South Korean government agreed to allow Tongsun Park to testify under oath, but with immunity from prosecution. He has since admitted distributing about eight hundred and fifty thousand dollars to some thirty congressmen, and as a result of his testimony two ex-congressmen—Richard Hanna, a California Democrat, and Otto Passman, a Democrat from Louisiana—were indicted (Hanna confessed his guilt, and Passman's trial is pending), and four or five others who have been accused of accepting money or gifts from Park have faced congressional censure or reprimand. These payments were made for promoting profitable rice deals, including the sale of government Food for Peace rice to Korea as well as private-company sales, out of which Park is said to have made about nine million dollars in commissions; he has admitted that the payments were also designed to solicit the support of the congressmen concerned in behalf of programs and policies that favored South Korea, including opposition to troop withdrawals, approval of military-aid appropriations and credits, and defense against attacks on South Korea's actions in regard to human rights.

Although Tongsun Park has claimed to have operated on his own, as a private businessman—he is also said to have been engaged in efforts to sell Korean-made arms abroad—there is little doubt that his lobbying activities in Washington were conducted with at least the support and perhaps the direct coöperation of the Korean Central Intelligence Agency, two members of which have lately defected and given testimony in Congress about bribes and about violations of human rights, including the intimidation of hundreds of Koreans in the United States as well as

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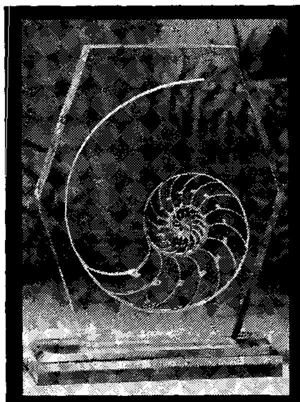

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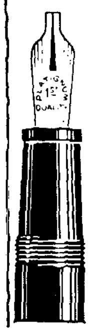

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in South Korea. Park became involved in his wide-ranging activities in Washington in about 1970, and was soon well known for his lavish entertaining and his equally lavish bestowal of gifts, which amounted to political contributions to the campaigns of senators and representatives.

There have been allegations in Korea that our own C.I.A. checked such reports by bugging the Korean Presidential palace, and although, from what I was able to learn during my recent visit to Korea, there may not have been any actual bugging of the Blue House, there probably was interception of messages by our top-secret National Security Agency; this indicated that as far back as 1971 the Blue House was indeed aware of what Tongsun Park and the K.C.I.A. were up to in Washington. Korean government officials have recently expressed regret at having been obdurate for so long about allowing Tongsun Park to testify and have said privately that if they made a mistake in condoning such extensive dispensation of gifts, it was just part of the Korean tradition of gift-giving, which goes back to the Yi dynasty (1392-1910) and is still widely practiced. (Unquestionably, it is difficult to visit any high Korean official, or private businessman, without being offered something when one leaves—a lacquer cigarette box, say, or a book of folk prints or a package of ginseng to stimulate one's physical well-being.) Koreans who were aware of what went on for so many years have maintained that the Koreans were only acting in self-defense when the pattern of lavish gift-giving began, back in the early seventies, for this was when the American Seventh Division was being withdrawn in the wake of the Nixon doctrine calling on Asian governments to fend for themselves, and Park Chung Hee at that time was deeply worried about the extent of the continuing American commitment. However that may be, these arguments scarcely serve to excuse the profligate practices in which Tongsun Park and other South Korean agents in Washington engaged, any more than they serve to excuse the gullibility or greed of those congressmen who accepted gifts.

After the compromise on the Tongsun Park case was reached, allowing him to testify, further complications arose over obtaining the testimony of Kim Dong Jo, a former South Korean Foreign Minister and Ambassador to the United States, who was accused during some of the earlier congressional testimony of passing out envelopes con-

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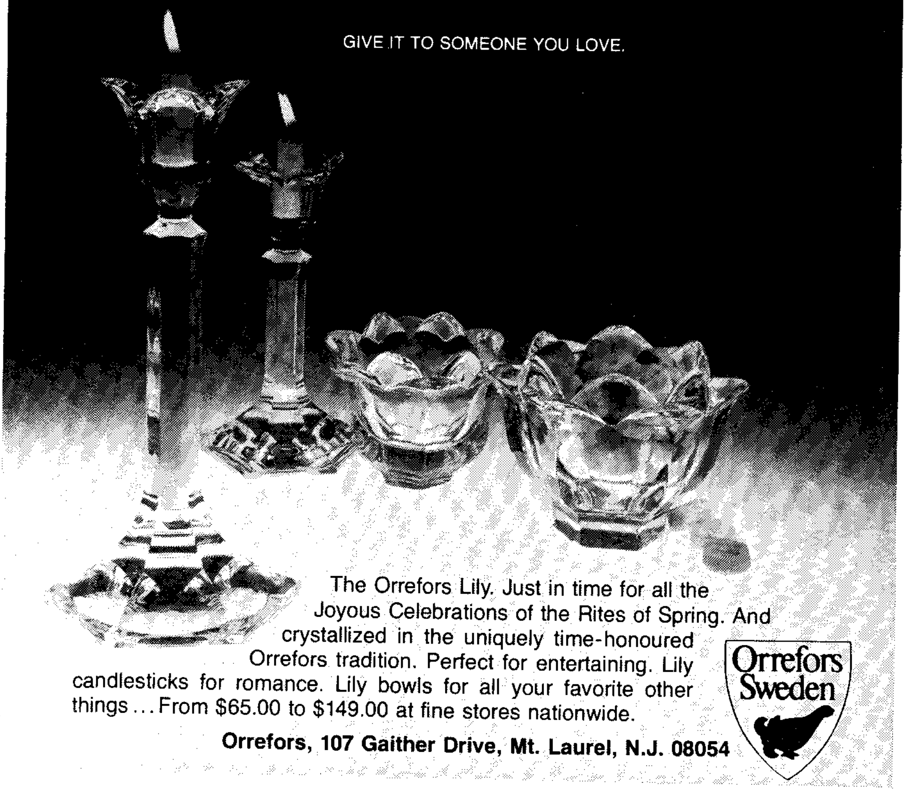

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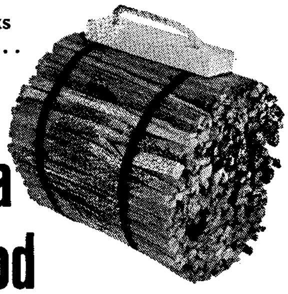

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taining hundred-dollar bills to congressmen as a means of soliciting aid for South Korean interests. Kim Dong Jo, with the support of his government, refused to testify under oath, on the ground that doing so would violate the Vienna Convention giving immunity to diplomats. When I saw him over lunch in Seoul, he told me he was willing—nay, eager—to appear on American television or to have an international phone conversation with the senators and representatives who were conducting the seemingly endless investigations, or even a conversation with Leon Jaworski, the indomitable Special Prosecutor who led the Watergate investigations and who returned to Washington to help get to the bottom of what is rather uneasily called Koreagate. He resigned from that job in August in annoyance over the inability to get Kim Dong Jo to testify under oath. Kim, who resigned in June as a special adviser on foreign affairs to Park Chung Hee, still refuses to testify formally but he has agreed to reply to questions in writing. In the meantime, the case has led to further complications in Congress. Shortly before Kim's resignation, the House voted to cut off nonmilitary aid of fifty-six million dollars in rice shipments to South Korea if he refused to appear, but the Senate restored the cut. Ironically, the possibility remains that new military aid for South Korea may be delayed or cut if the Kim Dong Jo issue and other, still unfolding aspects of the case are not resolved—an impasse that may lead Carter to postpone troop withdrawals even further, and thus frustrate the aims of those congressmen who want all American troops out of Korea as soon as possible.

A number of congressmen, including some who want the troops withdrawn, are concerned about new revelations regarding the activities of the South Korean evangelist, Sun Myung Moon, who wants to set up an "automatic theocracy to rule the world" under the banner of his Unification Church. The House Subcommittee on International Organizations, headed by Representative Donald Fraser, a Minnesota Democrat, has just issued a lengthy report detailing Moon's manifold activities, including the efforts of one of his Korean companies to work out an agreement with Colt Industries to export M-16 rifles manufactured in Korea. The subcommittee said there is evidence that Moon has violated American tax, immigration, banking, currency, and foreign-agent laws.

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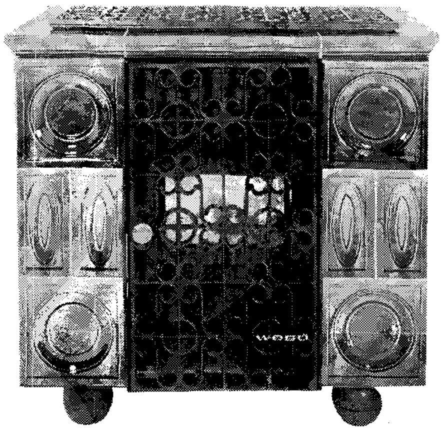

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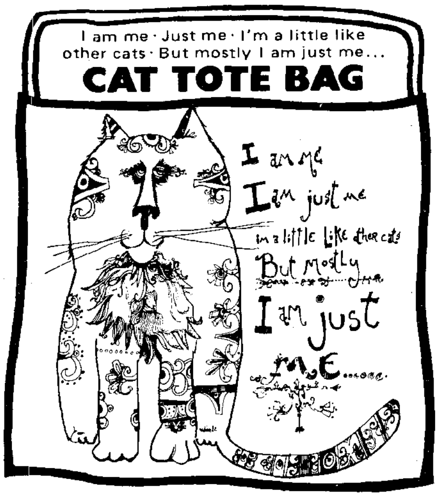

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fusion over the question of troop withdrawals, following Carter's decision to limit the reduction this year to one battalion instead of the three originally announced, the scandal investigations and the debate over our military position in Korea have focussed fresh attention on the continuing controversy over human rights in South Korea. This has been carried on by the Fraser subcommittee; Fraser has been deeply concerned for several years about the lack of freedom in several Asian nations, including the Philippines and Indonesia as well as South Korea (although some human-rights proponents believe that Fraser and his colleagues have shown a peculiar blindness toward the deprivation of rights in China and Russia and in such countries as Uganda and Cambodia). In the past three years, a score of witnesses have testified about the lack of human rights in South Korea, but relatively few have tried to relate the matter of rights to some of the larger questions of American foreign policy. One who has done so is Professor Jerome A. Cohen, director of East Asian Legal Studies at the Harvard Law School. Although he has been one of the strongest critics of the South Koreans, Professor Cohen, who is also one of the few Americans to have visited North Korea, testified in the spring of 1975, just after the fall of Vietnam, that "in seeking to enhance respect for human rights we should not act in a way that will lead to a significant net loss of human rights," adding that "we should avoid actions that would create a risk of a North Korean takeover." When I last saw Professor Cohen, in June, he was critical of Carter's helter-skelter approach to the withdrawals, and of his failure to consult more fully with his own advisers, including the Joint Chiefs of Staff (who favor a much more guarded withdrawal schedule), and with our foreign allies, particularly Japan. "I felt in 1975, as I do now," Cohen said, "that we should gauge the withdrawals in order to 'de-Americanize' South Korea but that we should also obtain some reciprocity from Kim Il Sung—our ultimate aims should include a diminution of his dependence on Moscow and Peking. We must be careful not to leave Korea a more dangerous place than we found it."

A number of senators and representatives have been trying to avoid a tight linkage of troop withdrawals with the rights issue and the scandal issue, and Congress seems to be moving in that direction. Last January, the late Senator Hubert H. Humphrey and Senator

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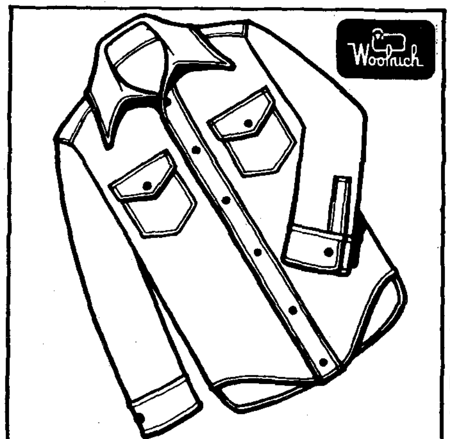

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John Glenn, Democrat of Ohio, issued a long report to the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, of which both were members, opposing linkage and suggesting that each phase of troop withdrawals should be approached "most cautiously" and should be accompanied by "a detailed Presidential report," to include "assessments of the military balance on the peninsula . . . and the progress of diplomatic efforts to reduce tensions in the area." On the question of rights, the report said, "The human rights situation in South Korea needs constant diplomatic attention, but Congress should keep in mind that the human rights record of North Korea is infinitely worse." The report also made the point, which my own interviews corroborated, that "every Korean dissident interviewed opposed U.S. troop withdrawal," and that, while the current mood of the South Korean government is one of comparative relaxation, "security restrictions are likely to be tightened" if withdrawal is too hastily pursued.

During the past year or so, the Seoul government has indeed been less harsh in its treatment of opposition elements—a change that has been due in some degree to American diplomatic pressure. Such pressure was an important factor in persuading the government to release about thirty-five leading dissidents, including those clergymen, political activists, lawyers, and labor leaders who, on March 1, 1976, were among the original signers of the Declaration for the Democratic Salvation of the Nation. The statement, read in Seoul's Myongdong Cathedral, called for the restoration of full democracy, for a more active effort to promote unification between the North and the South, and for an economic policy that would make South Korea less dependent on foreign capital. It caused a furor at the time, and led to the arrest of many prominent people, including former President Yun Po Sun and former Presidential candidate Kim Dae Jung, and it is still regarded by the dissidents as the basic document that clearly defined the human-rights predicament in South Korea. After the eighteen original signers of the declaration were released—all but Kim Dae Jung, that is, and he is in a prison hospital for treatment of sciatica—they resumed their opposition activities, but on a milder scale. Today, about two hundred lesser-known oppositionists are still in jail, half of them students who were arrested for campus demonstrations and are being held for violations of Emergency Decree Nine—a catch-

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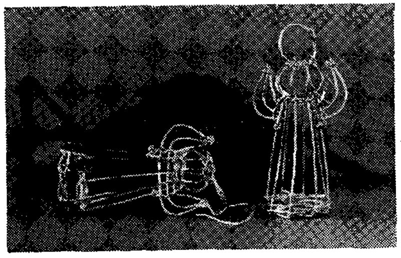

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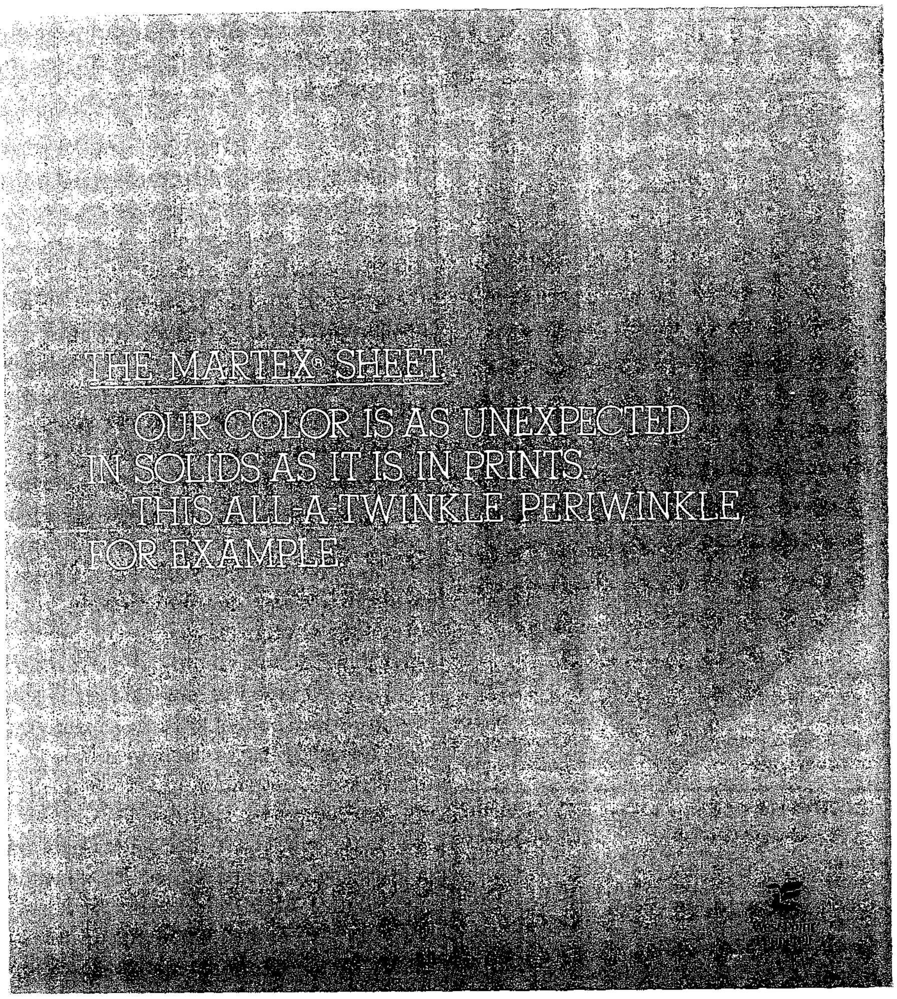
all law that, among other things, forbids any criticism of President Park and of the so-called Yushin (Revitalizing) Constitution, adopted in 1972, which serves as the legal framework for the authoritarian regime. The Yushin Constitution created a National Unification Council, which is ostensibly elected by the people but in fact consists of carefully screened parliamentary candidates. These elect a president every six years, and thus may conveniently allow Park Chung Hee to remain President for life or for as long as he wants. N.U.C. elections were held in May, and the new Council, of two thousand five hundred and eighty-three members, will rechoose Park as President. The opposition New Democratic Party, after considerable debate, decided not to put up a candidate, since it would be a futile gesture. The Constitution also provided for the election to the National Assembly of what are called Yushin-Hoe candidates, who are chosen from among the members of the N.U.C., and the rest of the National Assembly consists of members of the Democratic Republican Party, which is the official government party; thus the government easily outnumbers the New Democrats, who are bitterly factionalized, and some of whom have been coöpted by the government. Nevertheless, in Assembly elections to be held early next year the opposition may still make a good showing, and such a result would be a sign of continuing resentment of the Yushin Constitution.

In the past few months, students on several campuses, notably Seoul National University and Ewha University for Women, have been demonstrating, demanding Park's resignation and the abolition of Yushin rule along with the rescinding of harsh regulations that have governed student life since the start of the Yushin regime, including weekly military drills for male students and the prohibition of any independent and unapproved campus political activity. Although the press has been somewhat more free in the past year—it has been able to report on adverse foreign events, such as Hua Kuo-feng's trip to Pyongyang and the Tongsun Park scandal—no criticism of the President is permitted and very little news of opposition political activity is ever printed. Nothing appeared about the revival of student dissent, though it evoked a fresh display of police brutality both at S.N.U. and at Ewha; riot police dragged some of the Ewha girls away by the hair, arms, or legs. Late in May, a large off-campus demonstration took place behind the new Cultural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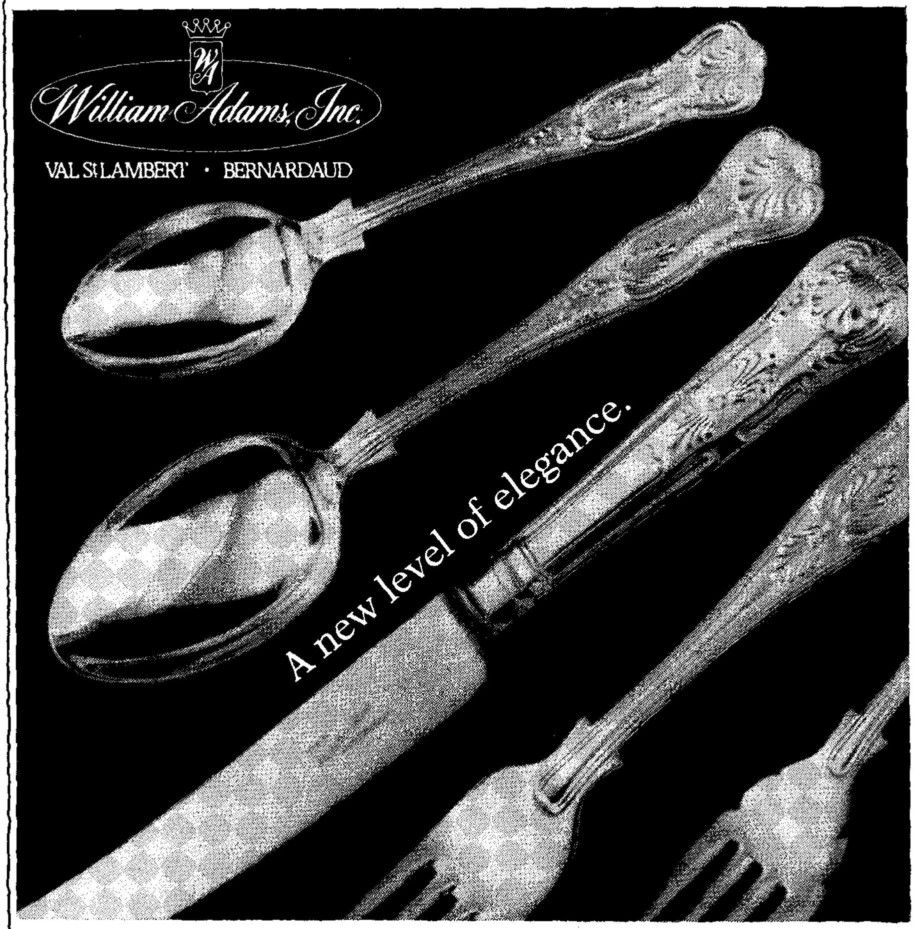

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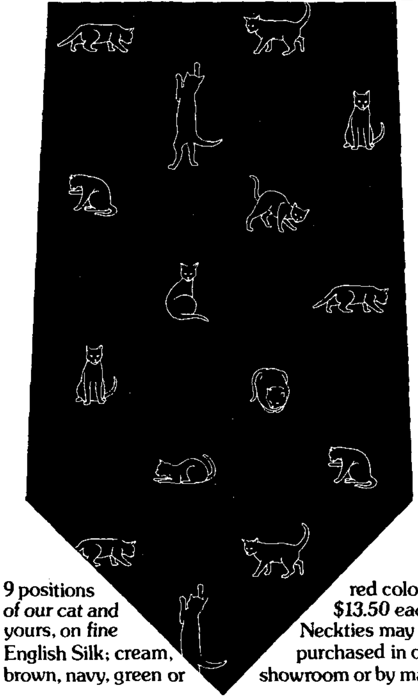

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Center. It was attended by about fifteen hundred students, from several campuses, and a hundred students were arrested, of whom eight were held for questioning and possible indictment. Whether this heralds a renewed government policy of toughness it is too soon to tell, but the use of torture in prisons, which was common in the years from 1971 to 1975, when the crackdown on dissenters was at its height, has diminished, particularly during the last year; I was told by several of the recently released dissidents I spoke to, though, that some of the students and lesser-known prisoners are still beaten on occasion and are subjected to various forms of "psychological torture and threats." Many of the students who are released are banned indefinitely from returning to their classes, thus forfeiting their degrees and ruining their futures; similarly, eighteen of the country's leading professors, who have been arrested and released, have been forbidden to teach again; not long ago, they formed an Association of Dismissed Professors. All those who have been detained for political activity are subject to constant surveillance after they are freed, and are subjected to various forms of harassment, including house arrest for short periods; sometimes they are rearrested, held by the police or the K.C.I.A., and questioned for a day or two about any continuing political activities.

It is true—as Amnesty International and the State Department's recent worldwide report on human rights have pointed out—that there are considerably fewer political prisoners here than in numerous other authoritarian nations, but the fact remains that, although South Korea today can in many ways be called an open society economically, it is, in fact, a very subtly controlled restrictive society; the line between what is allowed and what is not allowed is a narrow one, and is drawn according to the whim of the authorities, at both the central and the local governmental levels. As a result, although the anti-Park dissidents can often get away with more than they could a year or so ago—they can hold meetings and can issue declarations and statements that are critical of the government up to a point (that is, there can be some criticism of the Yushin Constitution but not of Park Chung Hee)—they are for the most part in a state of perpetual frustration, because of the government's Orwellian tactics. Forbidden to engage in open political action and having no outlets in the press, the opposition is forced to distribute clandestine mimeographed statements,

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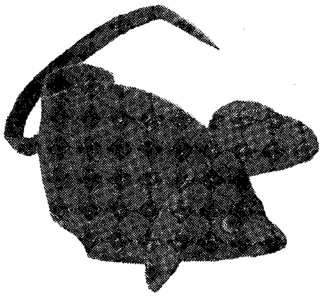

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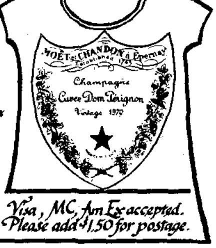

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of which the government is always aware, and which it either countenances or takes action against, as it sees fit, in what amounts to a debilitating cat-and-mouse game. Since the tight system of surveillance and control—with the thirty thousand members of the K.C.I.A. and the local police serving as the ubiquitous eyes and ears of the government—runs across every seam of the society, from the administration of a village-improvement program known as the Saemaul (New Community) Movement to the growing but supervised and restricted labor movement, there remains a serious question whether the system, in the long run, will enable the government to survive or will in time lead to increased underground turbulence and ferment.

There is little doubt that the vast majority of South Koreans are strongly anti-Communist and are almost pathologically afraid of the North; but this does not mean that industrial growth, accompanied by upward social and economic mobility—a combination that the Americans officially commend and privately profit from—would automatically suffice to provide a national will that could prevail against another invasion from the North or against organized internal discontent. Such internal opposition, primarily labor- and farmer-based but with a political motivation covering a spectrum that would conceivably include members of the emerging middle class, would not be a new phenomenon in a rapidly developing nation. There are many South Koreans, including academics and some Blue House intellectuals, who think that the emergence of this kind of opposition would be a healthy long-term development, but there are just as many who warn that over the short term a heterogeneous mixture of dissatisfied farmers, workers, civil servants, and even young military officers could create new cleavages in the society which might lead to more volatility and, if they are allowed to get out of hand, could benefit the Communists. It is this school of thought that defends Park Chung Hee as an indispensable leader.

Under these circumstances, as far as the dissidents are concerned, they believe the present period of relative relaxation is creating "a quiet state of suspension underneath which there is still a deep anxiety and uneasiness about the predicament of the people," as Kim Kwan Suk, the general secretary of the Korean National Council of Churches—a group that has been among the government's strongest critics—put it to me. He went on to say,

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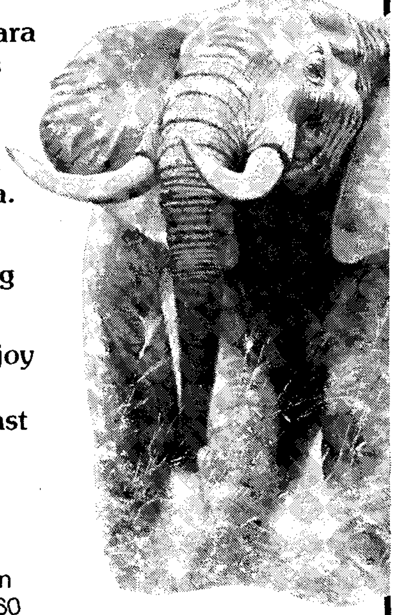

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Last February, with the first priority still being the abolition of Emergency Decree Nine and the second being the writing of a new constitution to replace Yushin, thirty of the country's leading dissenters, including churchmen, academics, writers, and lawyers, formed a Coalition for Human Rights Movement in Korea. In its manifesto, the coalition declared that the situation regarding human rights was still "a catastrophe," and the group pointed out that those who had been released from jail were freed only conditionally, that more than two hundred were still imprisoned, and that they were frequently subjected to "solitary confinement . . . have become extremely weak due to lack of physical exercise . . . [and] have suffered and are suffering various spiritual tortures." The police and the K.C.I.A. "snoop into every corner, expelling the opponents of this government from their rightful places in society as though they are traitors against the state." The State Department's claim to have found an improvement in the situation was only "a superficial observation," the manifesto said, and it pointed out, among other things, that the greater degree of religious freedom cited was false, because clergymen continued to be arrested and interrogated if in their sermons and prayers they dared to speak of having a social mission. The press was described as still being "under the total control of the government." Laborers, the manifesto said, were forced to work hard at low wages "primarily for the state or for the export of goods," while rural communities were "being impoverished by the government policy of low crop prices."

The advisory group and executive committee of the new coalition include many of the foremost dissidents, among them former President Yun Po Sun; a Quaker leader named Ham Suk Hon, who publishes a monthly called the *Voice of the People;* and Kim Kwan Suk. In my talk with Kim, he corroborated what I had previously heard—that the government strongly

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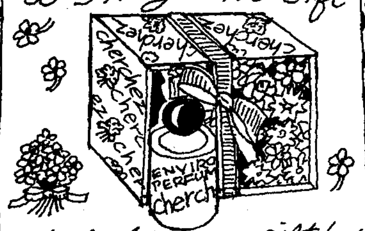

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disapproves of the coalition, because it represents the first effort to bring all the opposition groups together and is thus a potential political threat. The coalition and half a dozen other dissident groups operate out of the Christian Building, which is an inconspicuous structure in one of Seoul's busy commercial districts, and which is kept under constant government surveillance. The Korean National Council of Churches, which speaks for many—but not a plurality—of the Protestant clergymen in the country is located there, but not the Catholics, who generally function through their individual dioceses and are less unified, though Cardinal Stephen Kim Sou Hwan and some of the top hierarchy of bishops have been outspoken supporters of the human-rights movement. Over all, the movement continues to suffer not only from being small but from the inability of its components—clergymen, academics, professional people, students, workers, and farmers—to coöperate, and the new coalition is not likely to bring coöperation about. There are considerable differences even within the church groups alone, which includes activists, moderates, and conservatives. On occasion, the dissidents get together, as when the State Department report elicited an Open Letter to President Carter last February, signed by a group of leading dissidents. The letter declared that the report "not only disregards the issue of human rights, it even overlooks the question of political stability," and said that such stability "will become possible only when human rights are respected and a democratic system is firmly established allowing the full expression of the will of the people." It continued, "It is our view that until such a time, military strength, no matter how powerful, will become merely a power for self-destruction. We do not want Korea to become a 'second Vietnam.' Without being given the opportunity to choose between democracy and Communist dictatorship, but rather confronted with the dilemma of choosing between two dictatorships, there is no guarantee that even though they are Korean our people might not make the same choice as the Vietnamese."

THOUGH the dissidents on occasion overstate their case (it is doubtful, for instance, whether—under the circumstances that obtain today, or even those that obtained in 1975—most South Vietnamese would opt for Communism if they had a free choice), it is also true that the State Department

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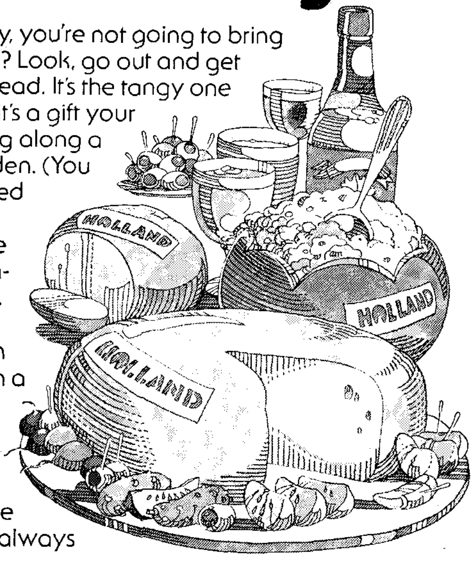

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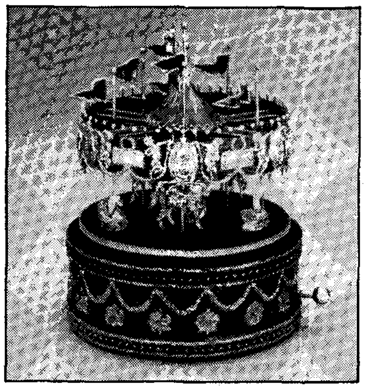

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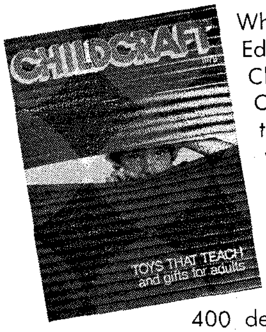

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report overstressed the improvement of conditions in South Korea. After talking with more than a score of dissident leaders, and with some longtime resident American critics and observers of the Korean scene, I came away with the feeling that, while things are better in some ways than they were three years ago, in other respects they are just as bad, or perhaps more pernicious and potentially destabilizing. One of the people I spoke with was the Reverend Cho Chi Song, a thin man with a sad, martyr's face, who was born in North Korea and is now the head of the controversial Urban Industrial Mission, a group of about a hundred Protestants which works with labor, organizing unions and concentrating on social education of workers and on community-development programs. There are about a million organized workers in the country—only a small minority of the total labor force—and most of them belong to seventeen industrial unions under the aegis of the Federation of Korean Trade Unions. Unions are organized on a company basis, and all of them have to be registered with the government; they can bargain collectively on wages, bonuses, working conditions, welfare and pension schemes, and so on, but they are not allowed to strike. (Illegal strikes and slowdowns do take place, however.) As the economy has grown, wages have gone up between thirty and forty per cent a year, and in the past few years bonuses have doubled, from two to four extra months' pay annually; but the minimum-wage scale of sixty-three dollars a month is not always followed by employers; male workers often make less than a hundred dollars a month, while women make considerably less. The government, which is studying both the Japanese annual industry-wide bargaining system called *shunto* and the German scheme of labor-management coöperation and ownership, has been acting as mediator in most negotiations and as a rule has favored management.

The Urban Industrial Mission has been focussing its efforts for several years on some of the poorest areas of the country, such as the Yung Dung Po section of Seoul, where dozens of small textile plants, plastics factories, and other such enterprises, usually employing between fifty and a hundred workers, pay wages lower than the minimum and disregard a law that provides for an eight-hour day and a six-day week; instead, they often force their employees, many of them women, to work twelve or sixteen hours a day under sweatshop conditions. Another of

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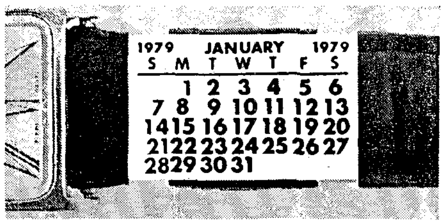

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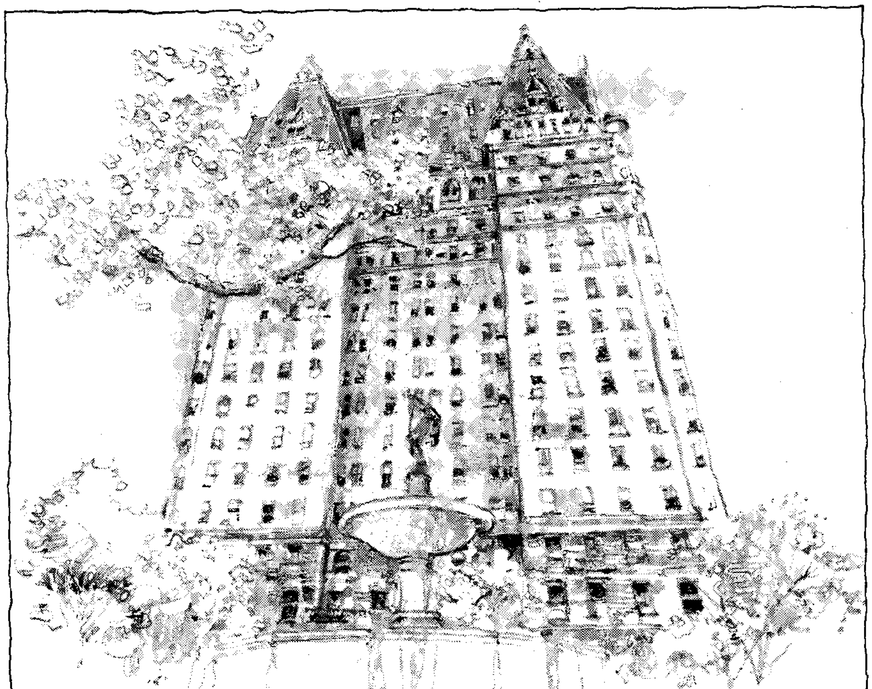
the U.I.M.'s major interventions recently took place at the Dong-Il textile factory, in Inchon, where in 1972, for the first time in Korea, a woman was elected head of a union chapter. Wages at the plant, which employs eighteen hundred, have improved over the years, but women still receive less than men and working conditions are poor, with a high incidence of tuberculosis and other diseases. According to U.I.M. and neutral observers, when new union elections were called for last February, government goons attacked the women, beating them up and emptying buckets of excrement over them. A hundred and twenty-six of the women were fired, and the existing union was outlawed. The U.I.M., aided by other dissident groups, issued reports in defense of the women, whereupon the K.C.I.A. accused it of being Communist-controlled, which it is not. In May, its credit union was charged with illegal financial dealings, its files were seized, and one of its chief organizers, the Reverend In Myong Jin, was arrested. The Reverend Cho Chi Song and his secretary were subjected to daily questioning by the police, and he told me that he and his wife were being charged with tax evasion. It was quickly apparent that the government's aim was not just to harass the Chos but to destroy the U.I.M., by means of trumped-up charges of corruption—a tactic that it has lately adopted to silence other opposition groups as well.

IN April, for example, fifty farmers belonging to a coöperative in the province of Cholla went on a hunger strike in an effort to collect three million won, or about six thousand dollars, which they claimed the government owed them from two years earlier for following its orders and growing potatoes instead of rice. The government had promised to purchase the whole crop, but had reneged. Eventually, they got the money, but when other farmers threatened similar action the government charged the coöperative with fraud. The most interesting thing about this case was that, as far as is known, it was the first time a farmers' revolt had occurred, and that it occurred despite the government's well-organized Saemaul Movement in the rural areas, which has brought about many improvements, such as better houses and roads, and has introduced alternative crops and cottage industries. Saemaul is one of the proudest achievements of President Park—a country boy himself, who feels that his roots are still rural, harbors a distaste for ur-



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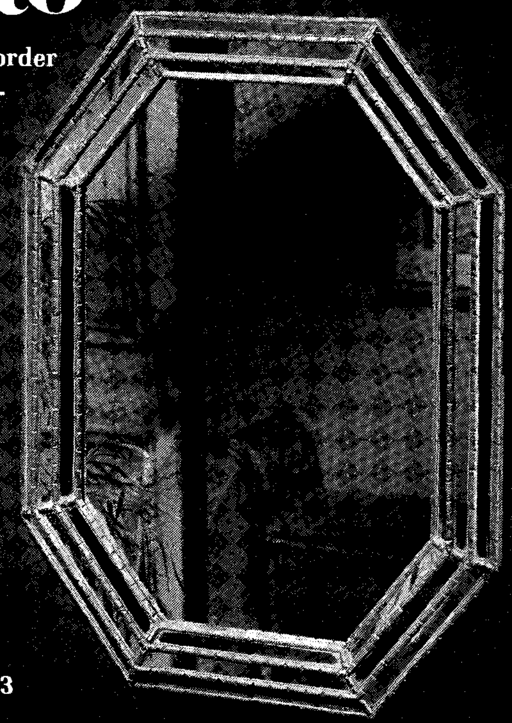

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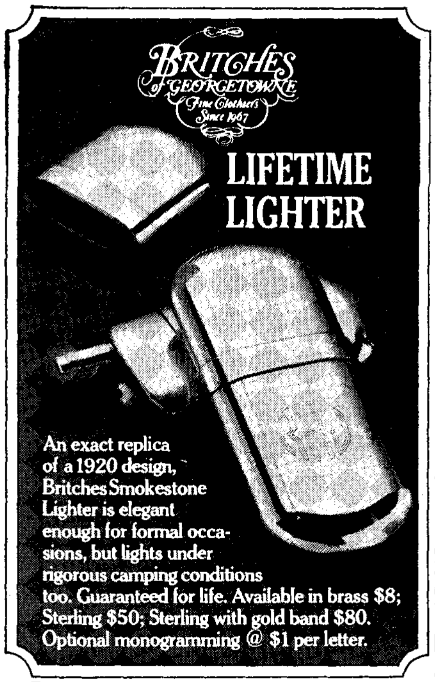

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ban-bred intellectuals, and has never been popular with urban voters. But the movement, successful as it has been, remains perhaps the outstanding example of regimentation in South Korea today, and several members of the Peace Corps who were working in rural areas told me that among farmers—who, like farmers everywhere, are individualists and don't enjoy being regimented—Saemaul is not as popular as the government contends. "They don't like having to attend so many lectures and singing Saemaul songs at six o'clock every morning and being told what to do all the time," one young woman said.

As Americans, the Peace Corps workers I spoke with had been the targets of considerable resentment stemming from Carter's troop-withdrawal policy, and one of them, a black—the Koreans, who pride themselves on their purity of blood, are anti-black—had got into several fights over the withdrawal issue. Another source of discussion and controversy throughout Korea in recent months was the television show "Roots," which was broadcast in installments all over the country, obviously with government approval. The government's purpose was undoubtedly to counter American criticism of its handling of human rights by showing that the American rights record was by no means unblemished, and the show did have that effect, but it provoked other reactions as well. Some viewers who acknowledged that they were anti-black said they were surprised to discover that Kunta Kinte's African society was "so sophisticated and so human." Others were surprised at the Americans' "immorality and cruelty" in regard to slaves but asked if the account wasn't "overdramatized." Overall, the show had a wide impact. "In sum, people looked at us and said, 'Americans are people, too, with problems like ours, which they're trying to solve,' " Ed Poitras, a Presbyterian missionary I have known for several years, said. "It was a perfect illustration of the Korean government's tendency to underrate the ability of the population to think for itself and reach its own conclusions."

Poitras, who has been in Korea for some twenty years but is allowed to stay now only on a three-month-renewable visa, and Horace Underwood, who is the administrative head of Yonsei University, a Presbyterian institution, and who was born here, are among a number of American missionaries and teachers who are disturbed about the ever-increasing controls the government is imposing on the Ko-

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reans as well as on foreigners living here. "The controls are now both more explicit and more sophisticated," Poitras says. "There are now identity cards for all, including us. The cards bear fingerprints, photographs, and numbers, and are laminated and computerized, so that any person's record is available to the police at a moment's notice. The screening process is complete. Everyone is on a short string." Underwood made the same points, and noted that the Ministry of Culture and Information is extending a more pervasive and obstructive control over the work of foreign missionaries and teachers. "Our United Presbyterian Mission Board has a juridical role as a nonprofit corporation," he said. "But now, for example, if we want to transfer a piece of property to a Korean school the government can hold the transfer up. The juridical language with regard to the founding of our church entitles us to engage in 'evangelical, educational, medical, and social work,' but now, as chairman of Yonsei, I've been told by the Ministry that we must confine ourselves to evangelical activities. We've said no, and so far nothing has happened, but I'm worried, because they can exert all sorts of pressures on us, including taxation, residence permits, and so on." Underwood also felt that the government's tactic of alternately cracking down and relaxing constraints on all forms of dissident activity, including student activity, was creating "a vicious circle," and that "it can't go on forever." He added, "Humanely speaking, I see no solution." He as well as other academics I spoke to felt that the frustrations of students were driving more and more of them into a state of silent, bitter opposition that in the long run might benefit the Communists. Some of the students, however, are speaking openly about their frustrations. One teacher told me that she had asked her students to write a paragraph about what they thought of the recent elections for the National Unification Council, and that she was amazed at the mockery and resentment they expressed over "the sham per-

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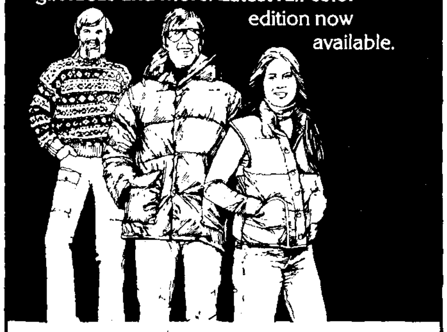

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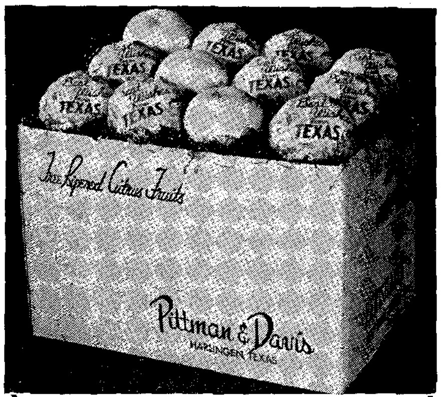

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formance, the meaningless pretense of democracy."

One of the most outspoken of the Korean dissidents is former President Yun, who, as one of the signers of the Myongdong Cathedral statement in 1976, was sentenced to jail for five years, but was released—with his rights suspended—because of his age and infirmities. Yun, a frail, bespectacled man in his eighties, was President briefly in 1960 before the Park Chung Hee coup, and then was defeated by Park in the 1963 Presidential election. "Civil strife is inevitable," he said. "Only if a hundred thousand people were sent to prison would our problem be solved. Communism in the North has become a stronger faith than ours, because people there are willing to sacrifice their lives for it. Until our minds and spirits are democratized, American troops must remain here." While Yun's age and position make it relatively safe for him to express his views, not even he has been free from threats and harassment. He lives in a beautiful old Korean house near the American residential compound and not far from the Blue House, and received me in a capacious living room full of native antiques, and he told me that early this year he had been asked to pay eighty million won in special property taxes within nine days or lose his home. However, dissident groups quickly organized a campaign to collect ten won from every sympathizer—a drive that spread to Japan, where there are rival groups of pro-North and pro-South Koreans—and the government backed down and withdrew its tax notice.

Lee Moon Young, a former professor, who spent twenty-two months in jail for signing the Myongdong statement and was rearrested and held for four days last February for reading the Open Letter to President Carter at a prayer meeting, has not been allowed to return to his university, and, along with four other professors of the Myongdong group, teaches social-science courses at the General Association of the Presbyterian Church. "We're now just doing our best to keep active with our prayer meetings and teaching," he told me. Another dismissed professor, Kim Dong Gil, whose sister is the head of Ewha University, is a historian whose field is American history; he is, in fact, an expert on Lincoln, and has a Lincolnesque look about him. He spends his time lecturing and writing, and seems to have more license to speak his mind than the other dissidents. Professor Kim believes that law and order are necessary in a society under stress, but

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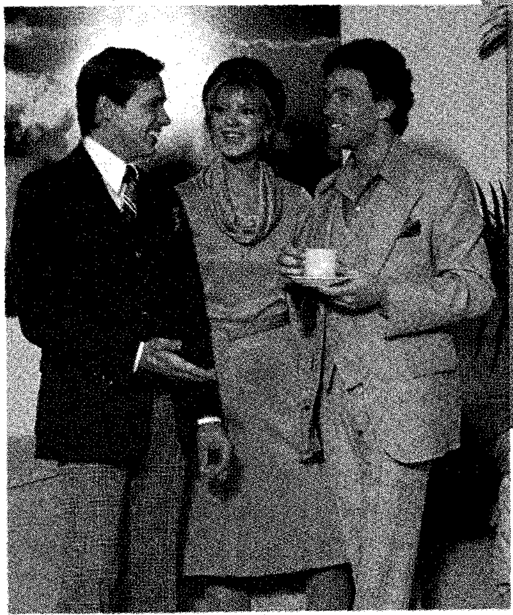

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hat this necessity should not preclude he inculcation of fundamental demoratic values. "Korea is bound to have lemocracy sooner or later," he told me. 'We should look beyond Yushin and egalistic institutions. I keep telling the tudents that they should not engage n fruitless demonstrations, which will poil their careers, and should not use p all their energies at once, but, instead, should work hard for democracy ntil they are sixty."

TWO of the most effective advocates of human rights in Korea re Mrs. Lee Tai Young, who is the lirector of a legal-aid society and the eader of the country's women's-rights novement, and her husband, Chyung Yil Hyung. As one of the Myongdong igners, Chyung received a five-year entence, which was suspended because f his health (he is recovering from a troke); he was ousted from the Naional Assembly, of which he was the ldest member, and he is the dean of he New Democratic Party. After his uster, his son returned from study in merica, and, winning the seat in the lowntown Seoul district where Presilent Park usually votes, became the oungest Assembly member. In 976, Mrs. Lee was disbarred for en years for her dissident activities, but he has kept up her active work in bealf of women's rights, and during 977 she succeeded in getting the Asembly to pass several liberalizing laws. One of them was a year's suspension—n effect this year—of a traditional ban n marriages between persons of the ame clan and place of origin; since nore than fifty per cent of all Koreans re named Kim, Park, or Lee, and nany of each name come from the ame area, the proscription discriminatd particularly against women, who ave far fewer rights than men do genrally. As a result of the new law, mariages that had taken place between lan members were automatically legitmized, and the children of such mariages were also legitimized. Other hanges that Mrs. Lee was able to get hrough the Assembly include lowering he age for women to marry without onsent from twenty-three to twenty, he same as men, and granting women qual authority over children. "We still have a long way to go," Mrs. Lee said when I visited her and her husband at their home. "The basic system of the male as head of the family, and of continuity by male lineage, still prevails." Mrs. Lee is passionate about the whole issue of human rights, and she firmly believes that "we have to be willing to

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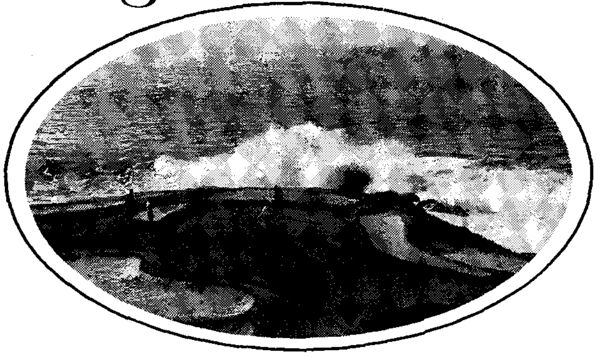

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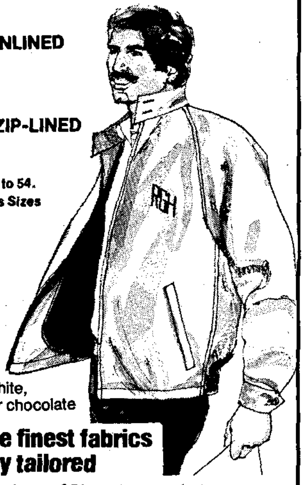

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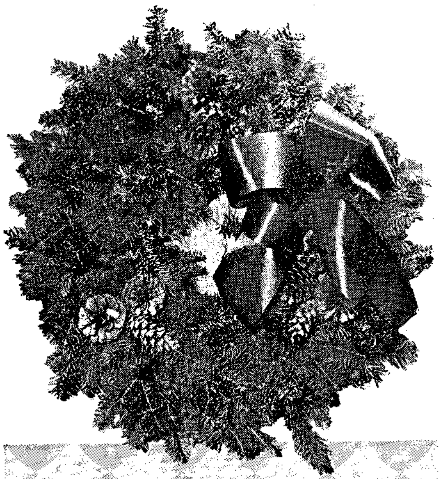

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die in the struggle." In a recent article for the *Voice of the People*, she wrote, "We are living in an era of false prosperity, but it will all lead to nothing. People can say they look better and live better, and they may be fatter, but inside them is a bad disease. As human beings, we are made to do more than eat. A mouth is made to speak as well as eat with. A dog may be satisfied with a nice house and enough food, but a person is more than a dog. He has a spirit, but we don't live as human beings here, because we cannot talk freely and we cannot live fully. Our arms and legs are tied, our eyes don't see what they should see and our ears don't hear what they should hear. Our characters are handicapped. For eighteen years now, we have lived as automatons, and we have become dehumanized. The economic miracle has made us fat, handicapped fools, people without souls."

This emotional indictment may be somewhat overdrawn: there are millions of Koreans, probably a considerable majority, who not only are living better than they ever have but lead daily lives that are virtually unaffected by Emergency Decree Nine and the restraints of the Yushin Constitution, and who may not even be aware of them. Nevertheless, it is the Mrs. Lees and Kim Dong Gils and Kim Kwan Suks and the rest of the country's small but dedicated band of dissidents—including the silenced press and those students who are less interested in comfortable corporate jobs when they graduate than in the political future of Korea—who continue to represent the national conscience. They believe that their task is to keep the idea of democracy alive long enough to nurture new forces, which they feel are bound to develop in the nation if another war can be avoided. Amid the many worrisome aspects of the controlled society today, there are some encouraging signs. They include a new assertiveness on the part of people in the rural areas, who, holding themselves aloof from the Saemaul Movement, are beginning to make their own decisions about what they want for themselves and their communities and how they intend to go about obtaining these things. A similar assertiveness is being demonstrated by the still controlled but increasingly active labor movement, and, in fact, some labor-management schemes have already been adopted and some profit-sharing has begun—portents, one gathers, of the role that workers are bound to play in the evolving consensus system. This will become more marked

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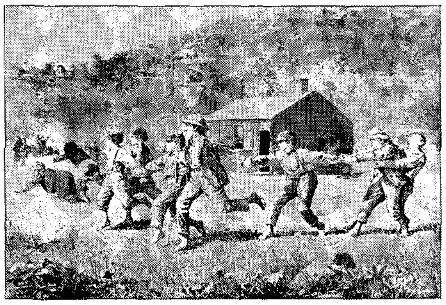

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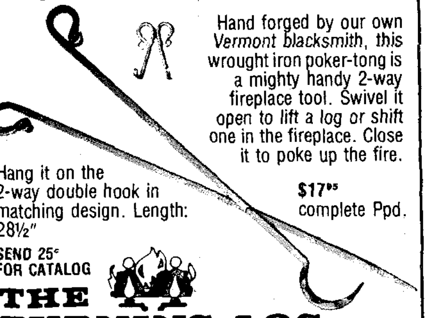

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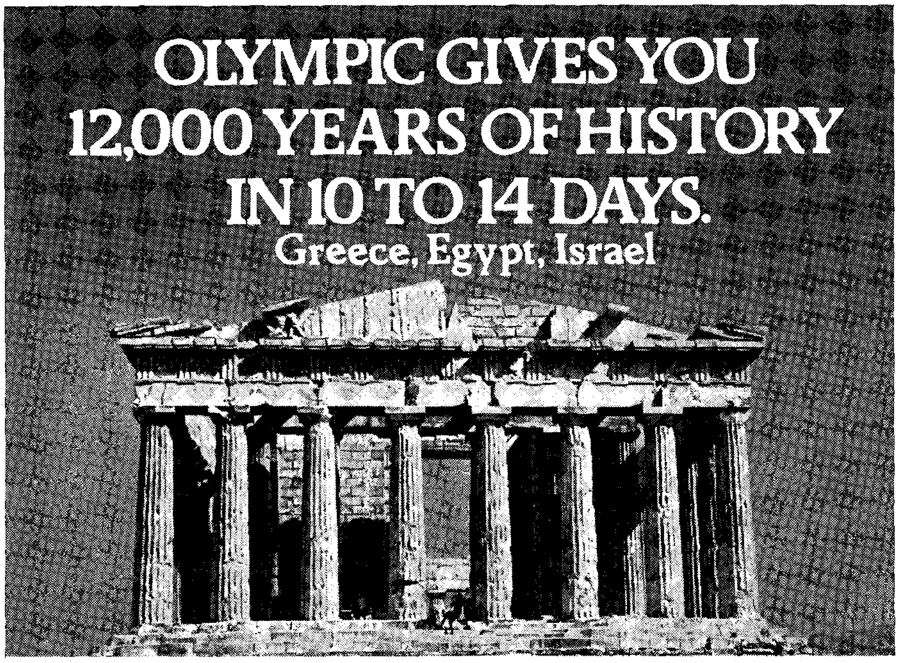
as labor becomes more skilled, under manpower-training programs that the government and business have lately initiated, in some cases jointly. Although the government has so far given both big corporations and smaller concerns their head in formulating investment policies and putting them into practice, it is beginning to offer them advice and some degree of what the Japanese call administrative guidance. The Korean bureaucracy is strong and generally able and is growing rapidly—some academic experts believe too rapidly. One of them said to me, only half-facetiously, "The bureaucracy could become more of a problem than the K.C.I.A."

There is no doubt that Korea is developing along Japanese lines, and that the Koreans look to the successful Japanese consensus system as a model. But, because they are Koreans, with very definite ideas of their own, with their own élan, and with strong cultural pride in their traditions (something that is being stressed, often to the point of chauvinism, by the government these days), the consensus they evolve will assume its own proportions and dimensions. The real danger derives from a continuing political void while this process takes place. The National Assembly, as it is currently constituted, is essentially a rubber-stamp body, although it does occasionally assert itself, notably in budget debates; last year, in a rare show of unanimity, it passed a resolution urging Park to release imprisoned dissidents if they showed some signs of repentance. However, the present political parties are vapid, and lack any real substance or ideology. The point that my academic friends stressed, in lengthy conversations I had with them, was that there is a vital need for new political movements to emerge, from new directions—from the enlightened sector of the business world, for example, or from among the younger university graduates trained in the social sciences, or from labor and farm groups. At the same time, the bureaucracy will inevitably be called upon to play an increasing political role of its own, and the question must be asked whether it can contain and guide the rapid rate of growth in ways that will give more social meaning and content to people's lives and thus promote an atmosphere in which political dialogue can flourish.

As for Park Chung Hee, he is sixty-one, and could conceivably stay in power another decade. Whether he will be willing to encourage the develop-



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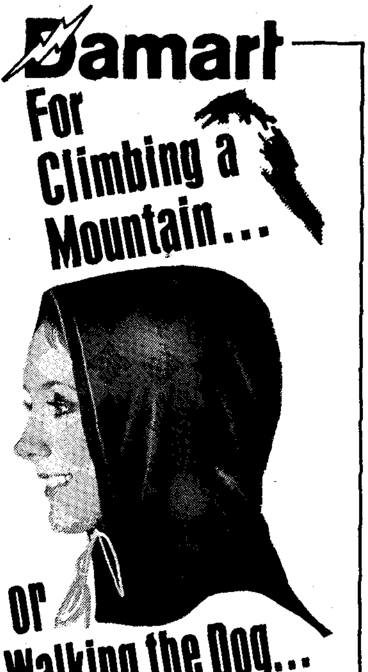

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ment of independently motivated political parties that are more than sycophantic pets is dubious at the moment, and is likely to remain so as long as he is obsessed by the fear of another invasion from the North. A dialogue and contest between a conservative party, resembling, for instance, the Liberal Democratic Party in Japan, and a Socialist or Social Democratic Party are what a lot of people would like to see, but the chances that any such thing can happen soon under the Yushin system are small, which is one of the main reasons the dissidents want to see the system abolished. Another big question is that of succession. It is unlikely that whoever ultimately takes Park's place will wield the power that Park has wielded. Temporarily, at least, a military consortium could take over and choose an officer or an experienced technocrat to run the country. This is what a number of my American friends who have been living here for a long time think will happen. Others believe, however, that the most likely candidate is still former Prime Minister Kim Jong Pil, who as a young lieutenant colonel organized the 1961 coup that put Park in power, and who was the founder of the K.C.I.A. Kim, who is simply a member of the National Assembly at the moment, has avoided the limelight for the past two years; he spends more than half his time at his home on a southern island, where he raises cattle, but during one of his visits to Seoul this spring I spent three hours with him, discussing a wide range of subjects. I found him not only blunt and frank, as he had seemed on several previous occasions, but even more expansive, and willing to talk philosophically and analytically about the past, present, and future. When I asked him about the evolution of a Korean consensus system, he said, "Yes, we have followed the Japanese model to some extent, but we're still a fledgling nation when it comes to development. As we continue to grow, and trade with the rest of the world, we not only will discover more about other countries and their ways but will also be able to define our own identity more clearly, and this will help us find a system of government that will be adaptable to our needs and our character. But as long as Korea is divided into two parts, and we face the threat of another invasion from the North, I think we are limited by fate in our efforts to move toward total freedom and the creation of new political parties. Yet I can tell you for sure that we are approaching the day

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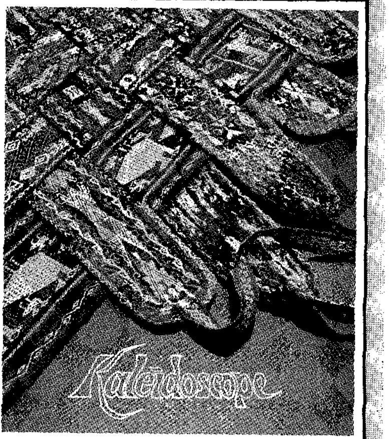

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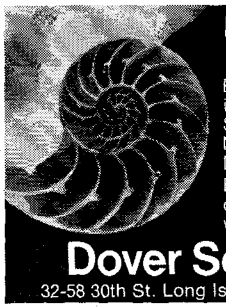

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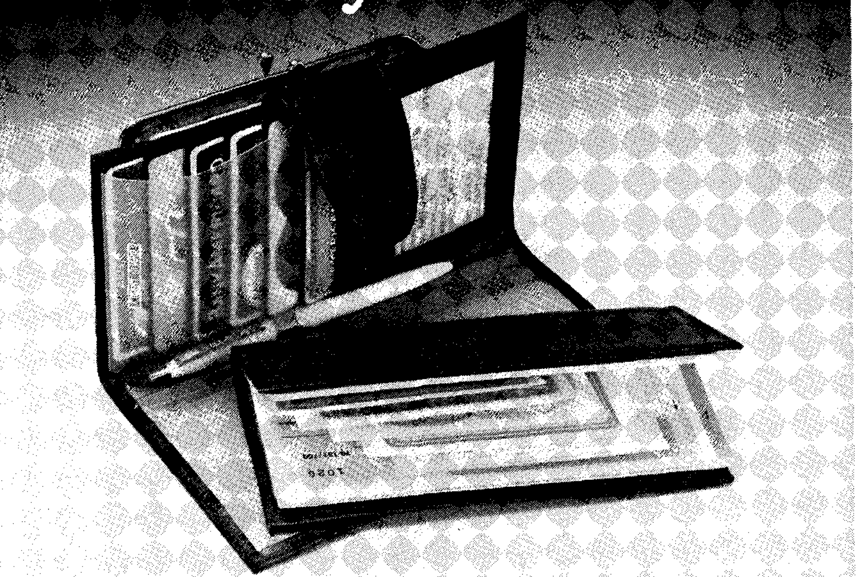
when we will have a truly open society. We have to grow into it, though, and cannot just try to copy the Western system, as we did in 1963. What we tried to do then may have looked democratic and open, but it wasn't really. We were simply imitating the American system without being ready, and then we realized that it wasn't the right course for us—that we needed something stronger. Now, because we have a good bureaucracy and are developing our own ways of communication, down to the grass-roots level, we are beginning to develop our own ways of consensus and decision-making as well, and this will lead to democracy from the lowest level up to the top."

If Kim Jong Pil is right, there may be more hope for South Korea than many Americans believe. The relationship between our two countries today has grown so complicated, and the complexity has been so strongly aggravated by recent events, that fundamental perceptions have become blurred and criticism has led to increased suspicion and acrimony. The activities of Tongsun Park and the K.C.I.A. in the United States have predominated over more important long-term issues, including the effect that troop withdrawals will have on the security of both nations and of Japan.

If the military confrontation on the peninsula is not defused—if another war leads to the killing of more hundreds of thousands of Koreans—there will be no rights to be defended or preserved. At the moment, diplomacy that might avert such a catastrophe has been impeded, perhaps to the point of atrophy, by the scandals and by undue concentration on military and economic details, on missiles and markets, on growth for growth's sake.

An American I know who has worked in an official capacity out here on and off for two decades summed it up cogently when he said, "The trouble in Korea today is that the economic-miracle idea has been brought to the point where nothing else is considered by anyone. We, as Americans, are partly responsible for this, and, in the process, we have lost our credentials among even the Korean nationalists, and that includes Park Chung Hee, who has never liked us much anyway and admits he doesn't understand us. Twenty-five years ago, we allowed Syngman Rhee to handle us—though we thought we were handling him—and that was disastrous. Now we've wedded ourselves to Park, but there are other voices we should listen to, and they in-

Easy writer.



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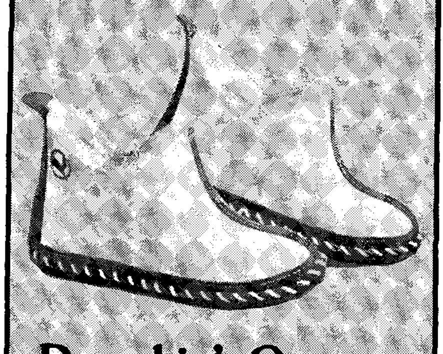

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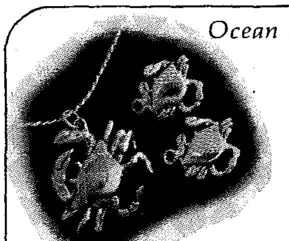

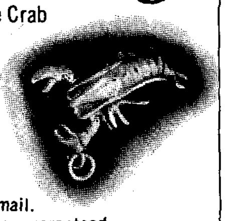

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clude the voices of some of the dissidents. We should stand up on principle for the Korean people—not just for one man or one group. The Koreans in the North are quite as nationalistic as those in the South; two million of them came South after the Korean War, but those who stayed up there are quite as independent-minded as those down here. After Kim Il Sung dies, there will be a scramble for power, and the Soviets or the Chinese will probably control that situation. If we aren't careful, either of them might outmaneuver or outbluff us, all over the Korean peninsula. But if we take our stand now in favor of nationalism we can avoid such an eventuality."

As I left Korea this time, after listening to so many conflicting views—boasts and bravado, complaints and fears—it seemed to me that the fundamental question of troop withdrawals, though it may have been badly handled, has at least brought a lot of things to the surface. More clearly than ever, the solution in Korea, difficult as it may be to achieve, remains unity, not two Koreas. Both Kim Il Sung and Park Chung Hee are right—though, unfortunately, each wants to achieve unity in his way. Short of war, that appears to be impossible. The only alternative, accordingly, is to get a serious dialogue started, which will include Pyongyang, Seoul, Peking, Moscow, Tokyo, and Washington. That won't be easy to do, and it surely can't be done at once, if only because of the Moscow-Peking confrontation; but it can be approached step by step, segment by segment. What such a move calls for is the rarest form of diplomacy, combining imagination with tact, and this must be pursued with patience and persistence, probably secretly as well as openly. The sooner the process starts, the better it will be for all of Asia and, indeed, for the West as well. To do nothing about the situation as both parts of Korea become stronger militarily and glare down each other's throats is to court disaster. One can only hope that the United States, having been involved in Korea as long as it has, for better or worse, will take the lead in seeking a resolution of the Korean problem while such a resolution is still possible. —ROBERT SHAPLEN

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11:05-1:05 P.M. (13)—DAVID HARTMAN takes a look at people who have successfully begun new careers, leaving behind those which they had previously established on Tuesday night.—*TV listing in the Bloomington (Ind.) Herald-Telephone.*

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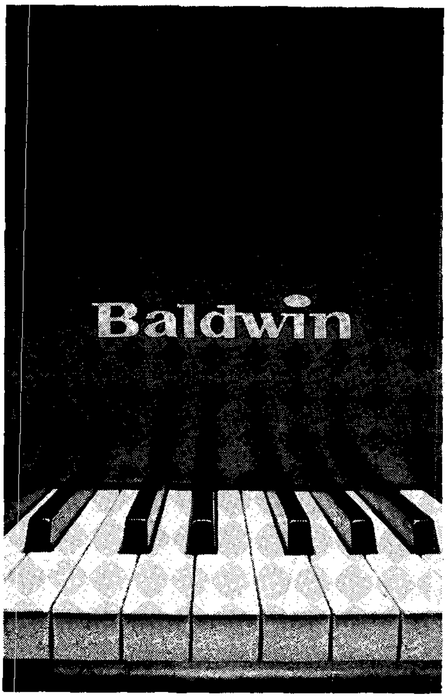

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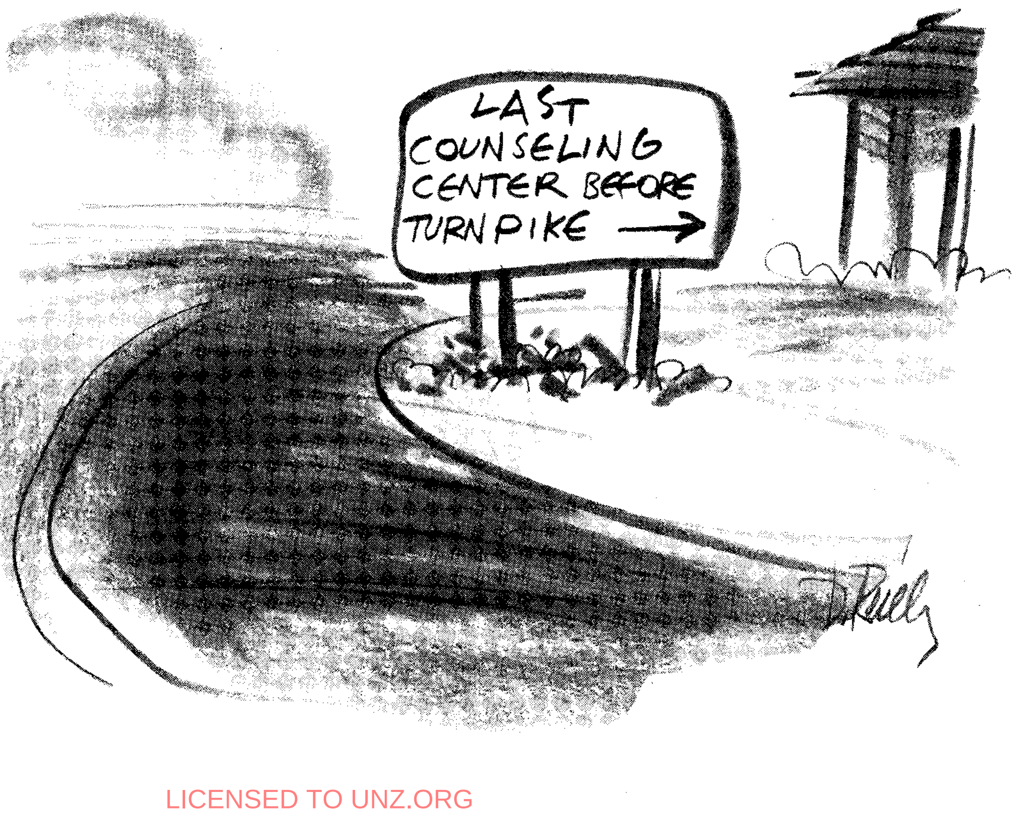
Enfant Terrible

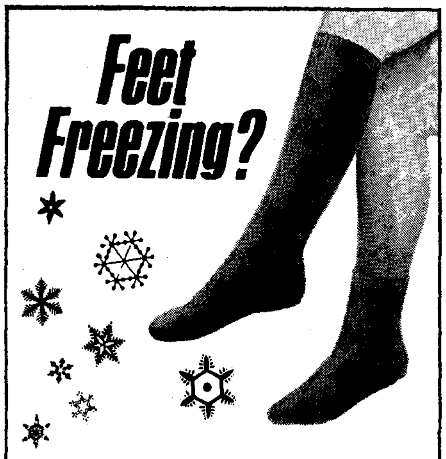
MACABRE farce with a high polish—Grand Guignol with the Lubitsch touch. That's clearly what Peter Stone had in mind when he wrote the screenplay for "Who Is Killing the Great Chefs of Europe?" Stone doesn't write in a high style, exactly: he imitates the derivatives of Oscar Wilde—from the snooty insolence of Noël Coward down to the self-congratulatory archness of Alexander Woollcott. But he's an inventive gagman, and if some of his epigrammatic repartee seems to be just a professional wit's nervous reflex, most of it (including the food-sex double-entendres) is at least clever, and a fair amount of it is very funny. The script, adapted from the 1976 novel by Nan and Ivan Lyons, has the kind of irresistible-gimmick plot that several of the most memorable English comedies of the fifties had, and the film could have been played in the debonair slapstick manner that Audrey Hepburn and Cary Grant brought to Stone's script for Stanley Donen's "Charade." It has been gummed up: the timing is off. The director, Ted Kotcheff, can't seem to get a rhythm going, and everything is pushed and bumpy. Kotcheff simply doesn't have the reserve for elegant ghoulishness. The visual movement is smoother than in his other films, though, and John Alcott's airy pastel cinematography gives the images a soft, innocently decadent pastry-shop sensuousness. And, bad as the film is, it's spirited, it's fun. The plot provides enough impetus to hold it together even when we're just marking time with the romantic leads, Jacqueline Bisset and George Segal, and waiting for the next scene with Robert Morley.

He plays Max, the editor of a London-based gourmet magazine called *Epicurus*, which has featured the "world's most fabulous meal," prepared by four of the greatest masters in Europe. Max's doctor tells him that he's eating himself to death and must lost half his weight, and someone starts picking off those chefs, murdering them in the style of their specialties—the dishes that Max celebrated. The entire film is a series of food references and food jokes; there were lots of them in "Charade," too—Audrey Hepburn kept eating. But the joke there was how skinny she was, and the joke here is the opposite. Morley's legs, his arms, and even his head are appendages of his stomach: he enters a scene, as he enters his British Airways commercials, by pointing his gut and then following it—the legs are a distance behind, holding it up. (Stone wrote the role knowing that Morley—who not quite coincidentally was once the restaurant critic for *Punch*—was the only one who could play it.) Max is childishly unreasonable, and his greedy pleasure in eating is as openly expressed as an infant's. His palate may be refined, he may be wickedly articulate about the culinary arts, but all he really wants is to ingest. As the editor of *Epicurus*, he has converted his greed into a profession. If the role had been played by a once-handsome actor who had grown corpulent with the years, it wouldn't have worked; we would regret what had happened to him, and wonder why he didn't get back in shape. But we've never known Morley any other way (his chins drooped onto his chest in his film début, as Louis XVI in "Marie Antoinette," in 1938), and with him as Max we can see that, whatever fatness does to Max's health, it fulfills his personality and gives him pomp and authority. Max is an imperious child, ruling the world of haute cuisine. What separates him from the people around him is that he eats without guilt. He's a more primitive carnal organism than they are. They consider superb food one of the pleasures of life—and, perhaps, an aphrodisiac. For him, it is all of life. Guilt-ridden, diet-conscious American audiences may be in a unique position to laugh at the food fixation of this movie. "Great Chefs" comes at a time when the generation that protested Vietnam has become health-food-minded and their younger siblings are becoming vegetarians. Guilt about ingestion has become a national political issue, and here is the superbly tailored Max walking with his belly in front of him and patting it like a pet. "I'm a masterpiece," he says—and it sounds better coming from him than from Arnold Schwarzenegger.

At seventy, Morley is clearly overjoyed at having this chance to play an enfant terrible. It's a completely controlled debauch: he knows the precise effect of his pendulous scowl, his sagging lower lip and trembling jellyfish chins; he knows that his eyes are so close together that when he knits his bushy brows the wiry hairs commingle and he's a cartoon. He's so convivial an actor and so sure in the way he uses his face and body that we can laugh without embarrassment: we never feel that he's mocking himself. He's got great acting equipment, and he also has the best nasty lines in "Great Chefs."

George Segal has the brash ones. He plays Robby, an American fast-food entrepreneur whose infidelity has lost him his wife, Natasha (Bisset), Max's favorite dessert chef. Robby pursues her from London to Venice to Paris, with a murder taking place in each (while Kotcheff makes the mistake of trying

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to amuse us with the comic confusion of Robby and Natasha dashing in and out of luxurious restaurants). There's a deliberate sexual innuendo in the idea of the American as a fast-food man, but the scriptwriter may be less conscious of the irony in his having given the English and the Europeans far more elegant turns of phrase. Robby (the robot?), in his big cowboy hat, is so crudely off-key that he's like an American played by a European in a foreign film. There isn't a clue to what Natasha sees in him. The life has been steadily draining out of George Segal's performances, and by now when he mugs cheerfulness we don't believe it; his face is a mask of misery, and his smile is more like a wince—he seems to be passing us something agonized. Segal has technique to fall back on when he butts in on Natasha's date at a Venetian restaurant; and in a sequence in which he's trying to prevent a murder that's scheduled to take place during a live television show and he rushes around the studios, barging into the wrong shows, the gag itself carries him along. But he looks as if he hadn't slept for four years, and, in the burnt-out, distressed state he appears to be in, he just can't be accepted as a romantic funnyman hero. Leering sexlessness isn't funny. You wonder why people in the movie don't ask, "What's wrong? Are you in pain?"

Jacqueline Bisset is somewhat livelier than usual, and anyway, her soulless beauty (has anyone ever had such ravishingly blank sea-blue-green eyes?) isn't a problem in a comedy in which she isn't expected to be anything but superficial. For no evident reason, she's been swathed in ostentatious clothes that don't do justice to her special tactile decorativeness. (A dinner dress with a gigantic floral print is such an atrocity that you expect a gag to be played off it.) Her scenes with Segal show Kotcheff at his worst—they're like parts of his "Fun with Dick and Jane"—but she is delectably relaxed in her comic-erotic eating scene with Jean-Pierre Cassel, as Louis Kohner, a famous Swiss chef. (His specialty is baked pigeon in crust.) Louis's frenzied fear of something going wrong when he's cooking a meal in the kitchen at Buckingham Palace—his distraction from anything in the world but this one anxiety—is a heightened form of something that everyone who cooks has probably experienced. And his changed personality afterward—his bubbleheaded jauntiness as he dances off from bed with Natasha, bare-assed in his chef's apron—provides

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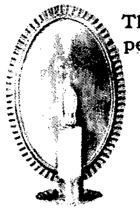

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the only sexual grace note in the film.

Every time you give up on "Great Chefs," it recoups with an imaginative flourish, like the black cat's glowing eyes that alert us to the presence of a killer, or the headwaiter who seats the guests at a murdered chef's funeral. The Henry Mancini score has some deft weightlessly ominous passages. And there are a lot of experienced performers to keep things going: Madge Ryan as Max's secretary, who's like a disciplinarian mother to him; Stefano Satta Flores as a bottom-pinching Italian chef whose specialty is a lobster dish (Flores has a profile so much like Segal's that when they're in the same frame it's as if they were impersonating each other); Philippe Noiret as a chef whose specialty is pressed duck; Jean Rochefort (though he's not well used) as a chef who is quite mad even by the standards of a profession where paranoia is the norm; and John LeMesurier, Daniel Emilfork, Kenneth Fortescue, and many others. Even after you think Morley is finished, he comes back with a royal hiccup. The memory of it can sustain you through the stupid romantic wrap-up. All babies are sybaritic, but when this one pouts about being deprived of the pleasure of food he has more than three hundred pounds of piteousness behind it. Max isn't happy when he has lost weight: he's spiritually diminished.

"COMES A HORSEMAN," a Western set during the Second World War, opens on a vast plain, under sullen skies, at the burial service for a cattle baron's son who has been killed while he was fighting for his country. We wait to discover the dead man's connection to the story: Is Ella (Jane Fonda), who is the only person at the funeral who doesn't offer sympathies to the bereaved father (Jason Robards), perhaps the soldier's sweetheart or widow? But no one offers Ella condolences, so that can't be right. We never learn anything more about the dead man; he isn't mentioned during the rest of the movie. Why, then, does the picture open with this big mournful number? As far as we can tell, it's to get us down, right from the start. Over the mantel in the main room of the cattle baron's manse there's a gold-framed oil painting of a landscape, and when, at the end of a scene, the camera moves in on that painting and there's a dissolve to events taking place in the actual landscape, we wonder, Is this something that happened in the past—something that ex-

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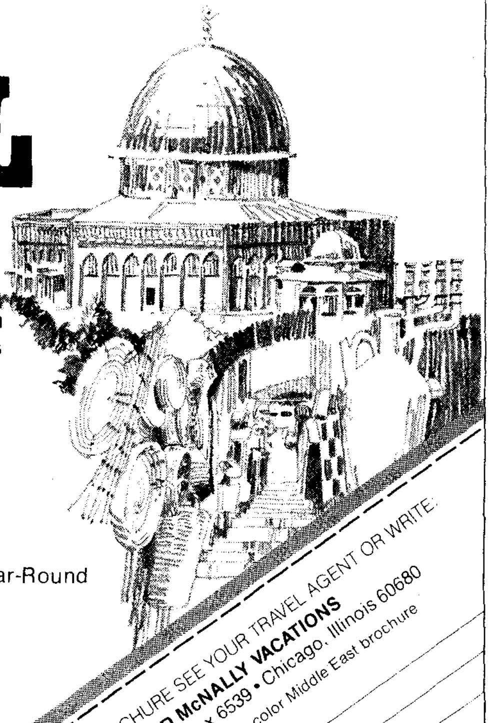

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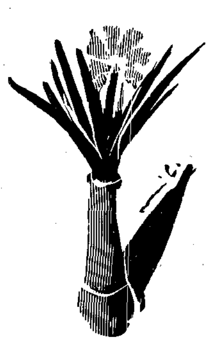
plains why the picture is in such a prominent place in the baron's house? It turns out that the events are going on now, and that the actual landscape isn't even part of the baron's landholdings. The only reason for the painting to be over his mantel is that somebody thought the transition would be "cinematic." "Comes a Horseman"—the title is from Gordon Lightfoot's "Don Quixote" ("Comes a horseman wild and free")—is so self-conscious about its themes that nothing in the storytelling occurs naturally.



The director, Alan J. Pakula, wants the movie to have the primitive appeal of old Westerns, and basically the story is a variant of the evil land-grabber who is determined to take the land of the honest, hardworking rancher: now the honest rancher is a woman. But the melodrama here is smothered under the lowering Colorado skies, and how can you get involved in the conflict between the good guys and the bad guys if you can't even see them? A couple of men ride up on horses and talk together, with their faces just brown shadows under their cowboy hats. After a while, you figure out that one of them is James Caan, but, the way he is photographed, United Artists could have economized by hiring him for a couple of weeks of closeups and using a stand-in the rest of the time. Has Pakula become perversely artistic or is it that he let his cinematographer, Gordon Willis, get carried away? Every time there's a cut to Robards, the baron, at home, he comes out of deep shadows; the house doesn't appear to have any windows. (It doesn't have an exterior, either—every time we return to the house, we're tossed right inside, into the gloom.) Willis has lighted the movie for an audience of bats. This is an outdoor picture, yet it's much darker than the two "Godfather" films. The sky is always overcast, with a poisonous grainy mist coming down. Is there a refinery over the hill? There's more smog in this picture than there is in L.A. And the interiors, even of Ella's house and barn, are like Don Corleone's study, except that here you don't see black as distinguished from the other dark tones—it's all muddy dark. There's an explanation: When Willis developed his style of lighting from above, leaving dark patches, he was working in the finest Technicolor. The colors were dyed onto the film stock in a process known as I.B. (imbibition); you could get a black that was distinct from even the darkest brown, and these colors wouldn't fade. This was what made it possible for Pakula and Willis to achieve the shadowed terror effects of "Klute"—a *film noir* in color. But "Godfather II" was the last American movie to be made using Technicolor's I.B. process before the company shut down its special dye-transfer operation. "Comes a Horseman" is made in a less expensive process that fades and doesn't allow for the same subtle contrast of black and darkness, yet Willis hasn't adapted his technique. (The picture looks the way the two "Godfather" films did when NBC ran them, after transferring them to tape.)

You can't see this movie, and you don't have much to listen to, either, except Michael Small's mood music. The screenwriter, Dennis Lynton Clark, must be under the impression that, in this part of the West, when you were born the gods gave you a certain number of words and when they were used up you died. That would explain why Ella's old ranch hand, Dodger (Richard Farnsworth), utters each syllable so painfully. (There are at least forty minutes that should be cut, but how do you cut between the words of a sentence?) Farnsworth's likable performance is a major feat, considering that he's playing a role in which he's affectionately addressed as "Old Man." (Dodger calls Caan, whose name is Frank, Buck.) Farnsworth is also subjected to symbolism: Dodger's horse rears up and throws him because of the sound of the blasting for oil on the baron's land. Once again, we're being told that the times they are a-changin'. Dodger is brought back home, but the sentimental music on the track must tell him he's dying, for he struggles to his feet and climbs up on his horse (as if to go off and pose for "End of the Trail"), and dies outdoors under the stars. It's typical of this film's inability to achieve even a simple, calculatedly noble effect that when we see him stretched out on the ground in a freeze frame there's a lap dissolve coming through the freeze and a little Ford pickup is running off his thigh. Farnsworth is in luck, though, compared to Robards, who has nothing to work with. He's photographed so often from low angles while he's staring silently that he looms up like one of the figures on Easter Island, and his infrequent lines seem to be rejected by the microphone—we can't make out what

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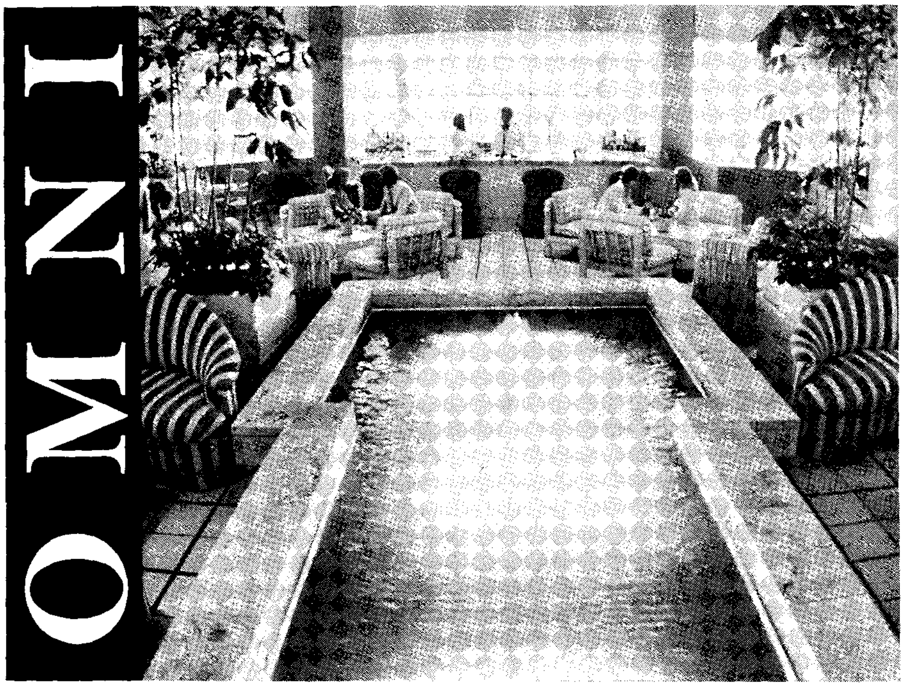
he's saying. This is a film of few words, and the sound recording mangles about a quarter of them.

Jane Fonda looks great in her tan weather-beaten makeup and tight jeans, but her acting is disappointingly constricted. This woman rancher is more taciturn even than the Westerners of Gary Cooper and Clint Eastwood, but where their silence was entertainingly heroic, hers is a matter of repression and man-hating. When Ella's neighbor, Frank, is shot, she puts him on a cot in her barn, on dirty pillow ticking. He lies there in his bloodstained underwear, and all she does for him is leave some canned food nearby. When he gets better, she informs him that he owes her for the food and that she expects him to pay the debt by working on her ranch (Hostile Acres?). Eventually, Dodger reveals that her (now dead) father raised her as the son he never had. That wheezing line—it used to account for why a heroine wore pants or didn't ride sidesaddle—doesn't explain much. Why would being raised as a boy prevent her from keeping a wounded man clean? The movie turns into a cow-country version of "Summertime": eventually, the patient, long-suffering Frank defrosts the tight, spinsterish Westerner. Caan holds his own with strong women (as he demonstrated in "Funny Lady"); he does it with dignity and without strain, using his smaller screen presence as a foil to their strength. He's much more effective in these character roles than when he tries to enlarge himself to dominating-star status. Obviously, he enjoys the effects he can get out of a quiet drawl; he gives his lines here wryly humorous readings—it's a well-calibrated performance. Caan's modest manner would be more appealing if it weren't for the suggestion of arrogance—or perhaps explosiveness—right under the surface. He's not all of a piece as a performer: he's never quite himself—you feel he's concealing himself rather than revealing a character. And what you feel about him relates more to this subtext than to his proficiency.

Fonda and Caan ride and rope with convincing assurance, but the roundups are surprisingly brutal. The way that the panicking running animals are roped and come crashing down on their heads may be authentic, but it works against the film's liberal and ecological theses. We're supposed to see that Ella's dedication to ranching preserves the land, while the nearby areas are being dynamited in the quest for oil. Yet it's hard for us to work up much sentiment for this pair of honest ranchers who are



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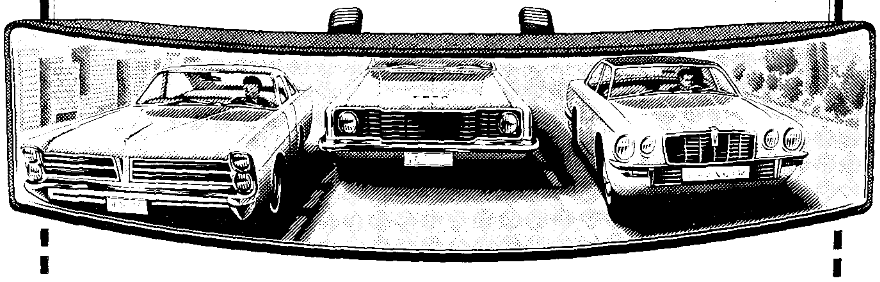

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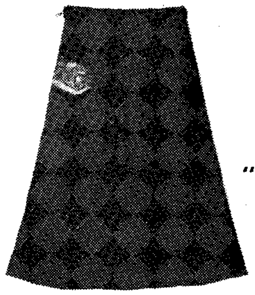

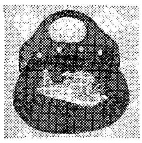

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tossing cows into back flips before sending them off to be slaughtered. The big sequence is a cattle stampede on a stormy night. It's dramatically beautiful, in its dark-blue way, but the visual conceit of this picture really gets to you. The dark, overblown pictorial style works against the exhilaration possible in the Western genre. (This night-on-the-range movie is going to be a real puzzler on television.)

"Comes a Horseman" doesn't invite us in; in fact, it doesn't brief us on the rudiments of who is who and what's going on until it's half over—and by then we don't care. When there's a killing, there's no investigation. When Ella and Frank are selling off their herd, and the buyer offers them five cents (a pound), we think they're being insulted until we discover that what they're really hoping for is six cents; couldn't the script have planted a simple line about the market price at that time, so we'd understand what's going on? Jane Fonda stays in her monotonously hard-bitten "realistic" character, yet there's viper music on the track to alert us that the baron is lurking around, and when the gentle, soft-spoken Frank goes into a bar and is harassed by two big brutes, he pummels them in the manner of John Wayne brushing off flies. In the finale, Frank and Ella are trapped inside a burning building; he has been beaten and she's bound and gagged. They free themselves and then pause to look out the window at the baron, who set the fire, and his two ruthless-killer cohorts, and this triumvirate isn't hightailing it out of the area, as one would expect, but, inexplicably, riding toward the fire, like three of the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse. Frank and Ella jump off the roof, run for weapons, and dispatch all three of them. This sequence is a succession of howlers, but the picture doesn't have enough snap for us to laugh.

Maybe one of these days somebody will be able to make a good Western again, but it's not going to be done by a director whose head—like Pakula's—is full of theories. It will be by somebody who isn't trying to rehabilitate the genre.

—PAULINE KAEL

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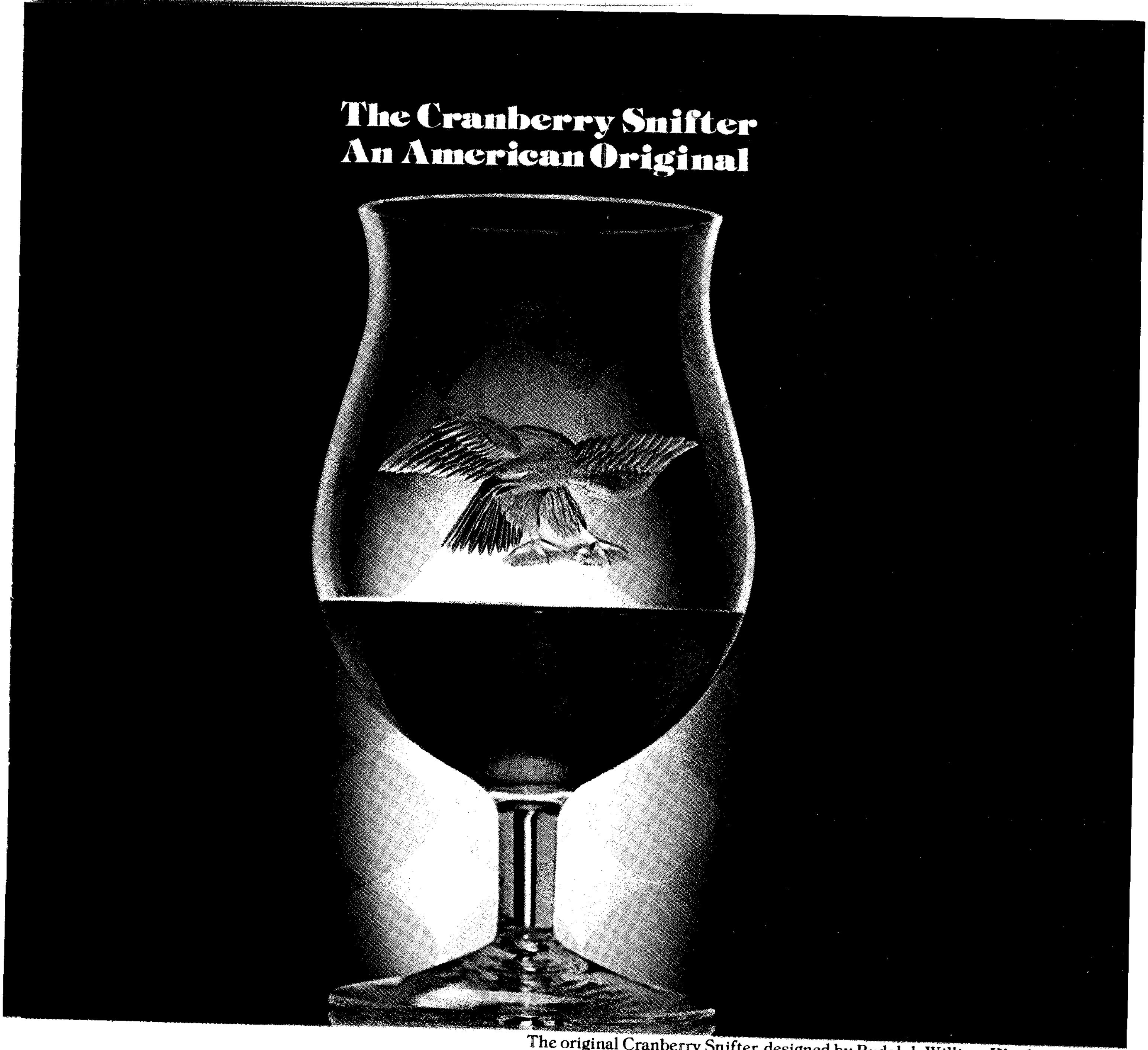

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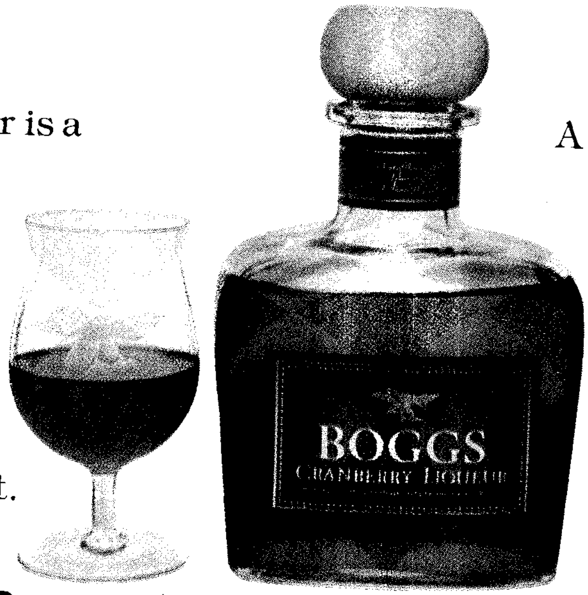

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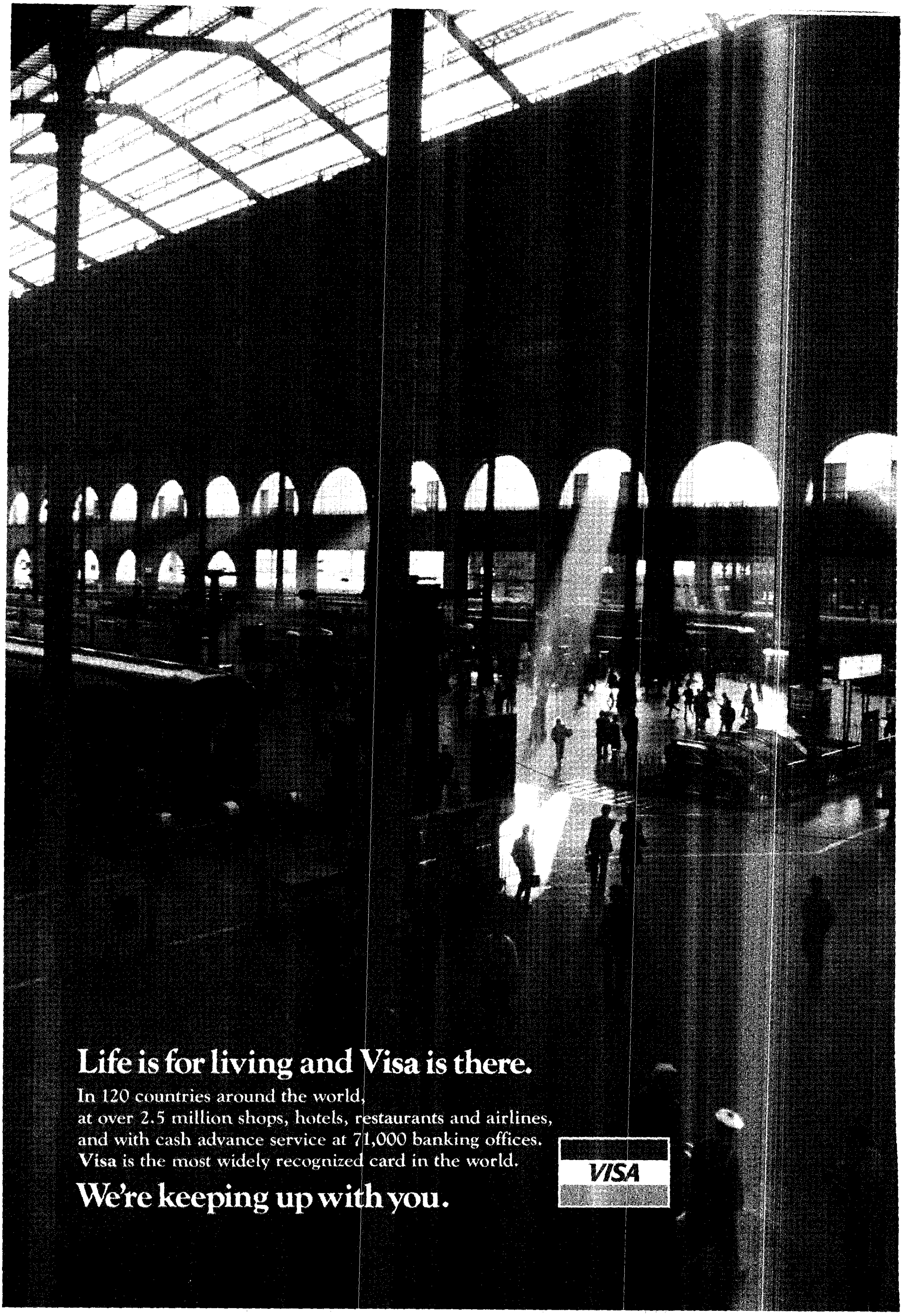

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Town and Country

IN much the way that Handel can be claimed as Britain's greatest opera composer, Kurt Weill might be claimed as America's: a master musician, master musical dramatist, and large soul who found song for the people of his adopted country, learned its idioms, joined them to his own, and composed music of international importance. Langston Hughes, the black poet who wrote lyrics for Weill's "Street Scene," remarked perceptively (in an article about his collaboration with Weill) that the first solo of that opera, the janitor's "I got a marble and a star," is composed in a specifically black-American national idiom and yet in such a way that a German or anyone else could sing it without seeming out of place or exotic. Hughes also recalled how he and Weill would spend hours in the streets of New York waiting for children to break into spontaneous play, so that they could catch the right style, verbal and musical, for the children's game that begins Act II.

"Street Scene," after an absence of twelve years, is back on the boards of the City Opera, and it is very well done: directed by Jack O'Brien, conducted by John Mauceri, and sung and acted by the large cast (nearly sixty named soloists) with an accomplishment and an accuracy of style which make it a powerful and moving experience. Elmer Rice's play "Street Scene," the source of Weill's "book," was first done, on Broadway, in 1929; the opera was first done, also on Broadway, in 1947. Much of the spoken dialogue was taken over from play to opera unaltered, but a few verbal changes indicate a postwar setting for the latter: the liquor described in 1929 as "t'ree parts dynamite an' one part army mule" is in 1947 "t'ree parts high octane, one part atom bomb." Also, understandably, Weill could evidently not bring himself to set the contemptuous terms by which in the play the members of the Jewish family are referred to by the rest of the cast. The general anti-Semitism (shown by the characters, not by the play) is toned down, and the language of racial disdain is also softened. Rice filled his New York tenement with types: an ebullient Italian, a fat, comfortable hausfrau, a thick-skulled Swedish couple, a left-wing Russian Jew, and hard-shell "real Americans" despising the foreigners. Their strife is the stuff of tragedy, but they verge on caricature. In the opera, where the playwright's pungent, accurate language is softened, they would be caricatures had Mr. O'Brien's touch been less sure. The war has left no mark on the drama; the decision to set it back in the original period of the play is surely right.

David Drew, in the long, important foreword to his anthology "Über Kurt Weill" (a Suhrkamp paperback), provides one of the very few attempts to see Weill whole. In the course of it, he observes that Weill's art

> is consistently and tellingly equivocal.... Ambiguities of structure and expression, together with apparent anomalies of tone and idiom, are . . . exploited with such merciless accuracy that no formal or emotional expectations are secure. Methodical in this as in its deliberately outrageous breaches of etiquette, the music declares itself to be the enemy of most orthodoxies and of all systems. Hence it prefers to leave unanswered the social and moral questions that it has raised, unless the answers happen to suggest themselves in terms of the simplest and least partial appeals to humanity and justice. In short, it is the expression of an essentially romantic sensibility, awakened by new perceptions and reacting to changed circumstance, but in no sense the expression of a legislator or ideologue.

That is true of "The Threepenny Opera," "Mahagonny," and "Der Jasager," and equally true of "Lady in the Dark," "Street Scene," and "Lost in the Stars." The ambiguities of structure and expression and the apparent anomalies of tone and idiom in "Street Scene" raise many questions, and one comes up with different kinds of answers to them. Is the "Ice Cream Sextet" over the edge of caricature? Maybe—but it's as beautifully composed as a Mozart ensemble. Is the structure off balance, since Act I contains fourteen numbers, mostly solo, and seldom sequentially related, while Act II is dominated by two big "operatic" choral ensembles? Maybe—but there seems to be something almost Greek in the slow preparation for tragedy and then the sudden, swift catastrophe. Are the lyrics too banal to bear the charge of full-voiced musical emotion in the passionate episodes? Yes and no: the listener's resultant uneasiness is something Weill

"*I used to be hot, but now I'm not.*"

intends. Is the setting of lines from Whitman's Lincoln elegy ("In the dooryard fronting an old farm-house near the white-wash'd palings,/Stands the lilac-bush tall-growing") eloquent enough for its purpose? Well, maybe not: the listener must add knowledge of the whole poem if he is to share the note of hope that, in both finales, shines through the sordid mess—to catch the shorthand allusion to Lincoln's vision of what America might be, and respond to Whitman's assurance of renewal, of healing after tragedy.

Catherine Malfitano's Rose is a well-nigh ideal performance in every way. Alan Kays' Sam is lyrical, sensitive, affecting, and unaffected. Eileen Schauler, in the dramatic-soprano role of Mrs. Maurrant (created by Polyna Stoska, who can be heard in the Columbia recording), is natural and very moving; one would like a richer voice but could hardly hope for a more convincing interpretation. William Chapman's Frank Maurrant is very sure. There are also exact performances from Kathleen Hegierski (Jenny), Diane Curry (Mrs. Jones), Lynn Cohen (Shirley Kaplan), Bronwyn Thomas and Daniel Levans (Mae and Dick), Alan Titus (Mr. Easter; but he needs a haircut for the prewar setting), Jonathan Green (Lippo), and, indeed, from almost everyone in the enormous cast. John Mauceri's pacing of the music is precise, and the orchestral playing is first-rate. Many of the words are unclear, especially during the first forty minutes. It is partly Weill's fault (his music always catches the sense of the lines but is not always a good match for their natural sound), but the sheer size of the State Theatre is chiefly to blame. A pity that the publishers do not allow the libretto to be put on general sale.

"A FULL and just appraisal of Weill's work for Broadway," Mr. Drew writes, "will become possible only when his early work has been fully reappraised, and not before." However, chances of hearing that early work are infrequent. A few days before "Street Scene" opened, the Greenwich Philharmonia, conducted by David Gilbert, provided one when it came into town, to Avery Fisher Hall, to give a Weill program that included the New York première—and American troisième—of his First Symphony (two Greenwich performances had preceded it) and the seldom heard "Quodlibet," Opus 9 (1923), and "Der Neue Orpheus," Opus 15 (1925). Those three works represented the early, pre-Brecht

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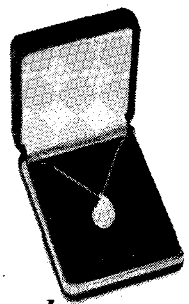

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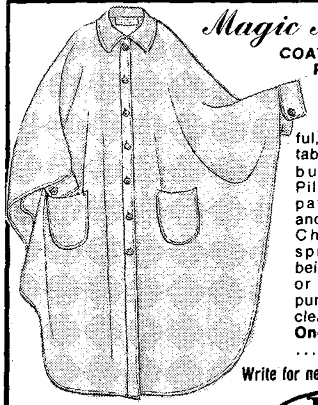

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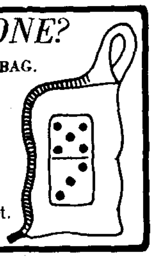

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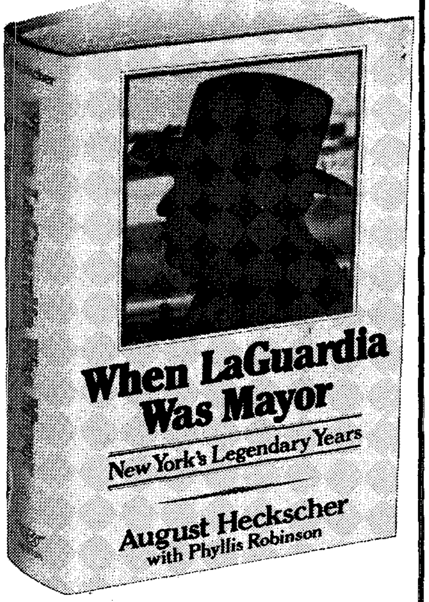

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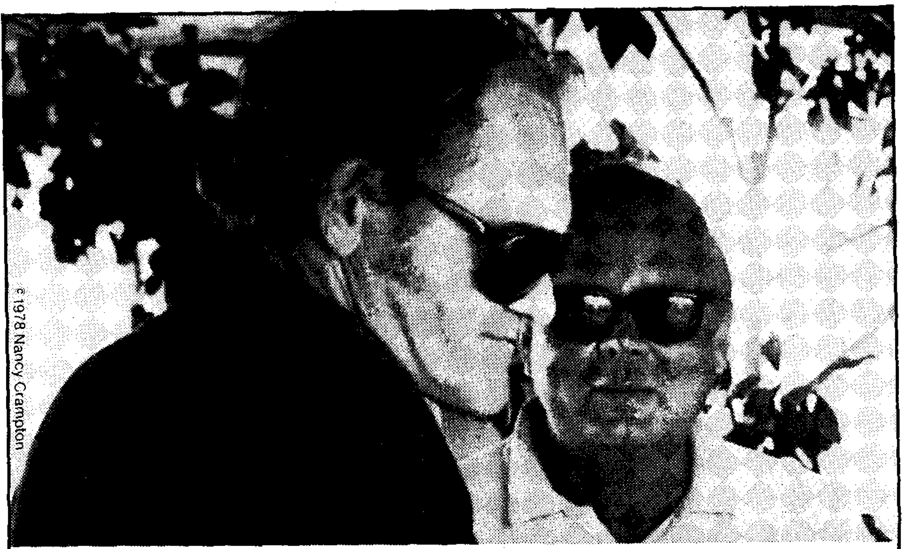
Weill. The fourth piece on the bill, the "Kleine Dreigroschenmusik," is music from a Weill-Brecht theatre collaboration recomposed for concert performance; Otto Klemperer conducted the première, in 1929. Lotte Lenya was the guest of honor at the New York concert. A week before, she had had her eightieth birthday; at the end of the program, artists and audience joined to sing to her in celebration.

The collaboration between Weill and Brecht, from the "Mahagonny-Songspiel" (1927) to "The Seven Deadly Sins" (1933), produced a group of masterworks that have tended to throw their shadow, backward and forward, over a career that extended from the First Symphony (1921) to "Lost in the Stars" (1949) and the unfinished "Huckleberry Finn." One line that runs right through all Weill's music is the influence of Mahler. Weill's First Symphony is a turbulent, wonderfully inventive piece. Beethoven, Liszt, Mahler, and Schoenberg bear on it; there seems to be an eventful program, part political, part religious—visions of violence, victory, and peace—just below its surface. Mahler appears "in person" in one of the variations at the center of "Der Neue Orpheus," conducting his Philharmonic. In this "concertino" for voice, violin, and orchestra, Weill—with characteristic ambiguity, humor, and humanity—considers the various roles that music is called on to play in the modern world. The "Quodlibet" is a suite for full orchestra drawn from the 1922 children's ballet "Die Zaubernacht." (It was done in New York, at the Garrick Theatre, in 1925.) The suite is subtitled "Eine Unterhaltungsmusik," and it *is* entertaining, but is also a substantial, elaborately composed four-movement work filled with rare musical inventions.

I was unable to attend this important concert but managed to hear the Greenwich Philharmonia's own tape recording of it. To judge by that, the Philharmonia's playing of the symphony was accomplished, if less polished in detail than that of the BBC Symphony or of the Leipzig Gewandhaus Orchestra (who have recorded Weill's First and Second Symphonies for, respectively, Argo and Philips, under Gary Bertini and Edo de Waart), and David Gilbert gave an exceptionally coherent and cogent reading of a piece not easy to hold together. In all four works, he showed himself an expert and persuasive Weillian. Barbara Martin was the singer and Richard Young the violinist in "The New Orpheus." (It was sung in an English translation by Lys



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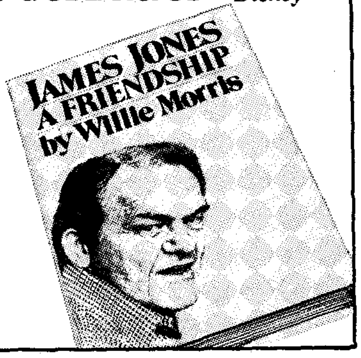

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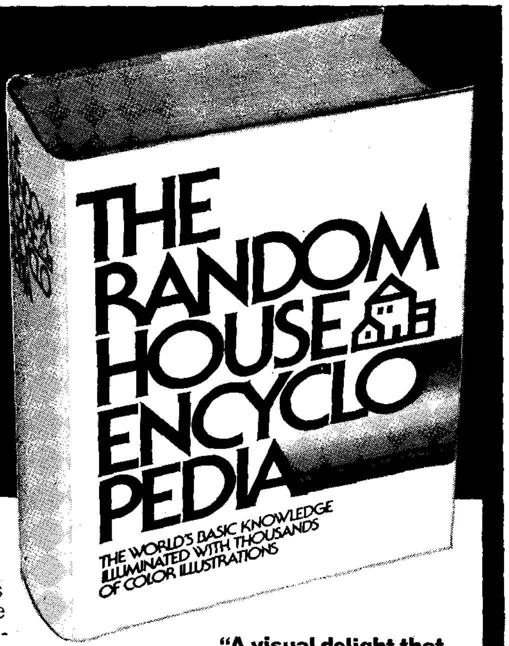

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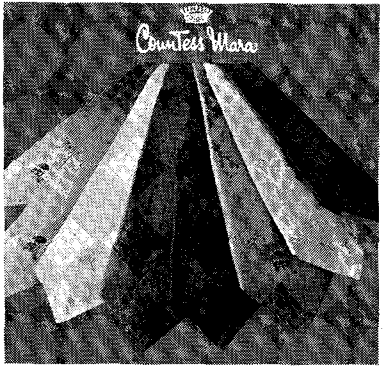

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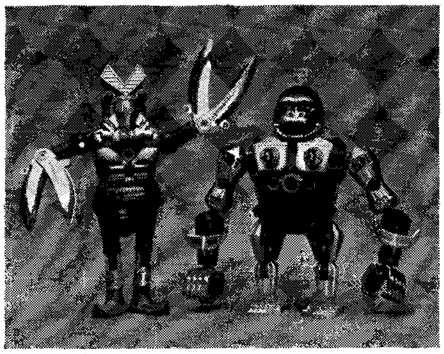

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Symonette.) To the orchestral "Quodlibet" was added, from "Die Zaubernacht," the Queen of the Toys' aria, orchestrated by Mr. Gilbert from the piano score. It was interesting to hear, although it does not really belong in what, like the "Kleine Dreigroschenmusik," is a self-sufficient concert work. I hope the admirable Greenwich pioneering venture bears fruit. It is high time that Weill's two symphonies entered the regular concert repertory.

THE Metropolitan Opera's new production of "The Bartered Bride," directed by John Dexter, designed by Josef Svoboda, and sung to a new English libretto, by Tony Harrison, is a disaster, to be shunned by anyone who knows and values Smetana's lovable opera and equally by anyone whose first acquaintance with it would be blighted by the horrid travesty. Although Smetana's "The Brandenburgers in Bohemia," "Dalibor," and, especially, "Libuše" deal with more patently patriotic matter, "The Bartered Bride," as the Met program note remarks, has become the Czechoslovak national opera and is done "whenever the embattled Czech identity is in need of celebration or defense." It is a repertory cornerstone of the National Theatre, to which Smetana devoted so much of his life, composing for it national operas in every genre, from light comedy to visionary epic. Its opening chorus celebrated the end of the Nazi Occupation, in 1945. After a summer when everyone who loves Czechoslovakia and its music turned in thought to that heroic and indomitable country, remembering that ten years ago its new-won freedoms were again brutally extinguished, it was doubly distressing to encounter this crass and unworthy representation of "The Bartered Bride." When the show is revived, it must be with a new cast, new scenery, and a new translation.

"The Bartered Bride" had its hundredth Prague performance in 1882, and on that occasion the composer described it as "only a plaything"—an opera he had "tossed off" to confound those who thought him a heavy Wagnerian, and one that at the time of its writing he had deemed more spirited than Offenbach. He was probably reacting against adulation too solemn. No one needs telling that "The Bartered Bride" is no mere operetta but an opera semiseria, or that, although its plot is resolved by a Gilbertian twist, it is concerned with real people in real plights. There is scarcely a modern director who does not begin by observ-

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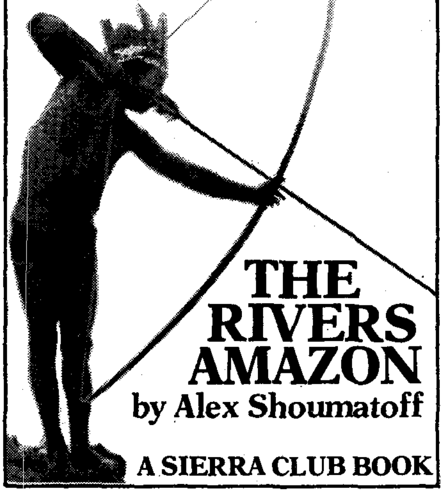

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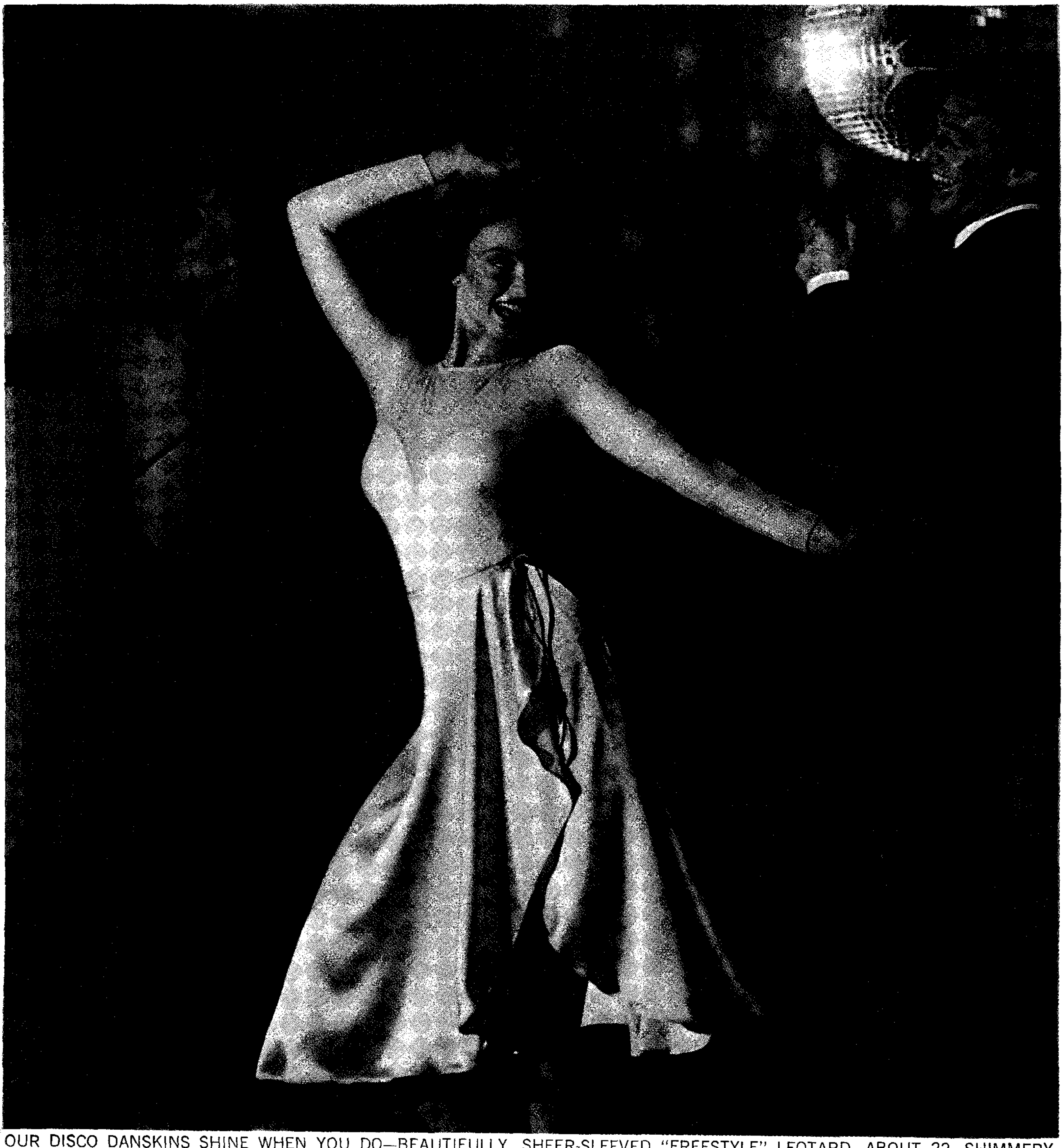

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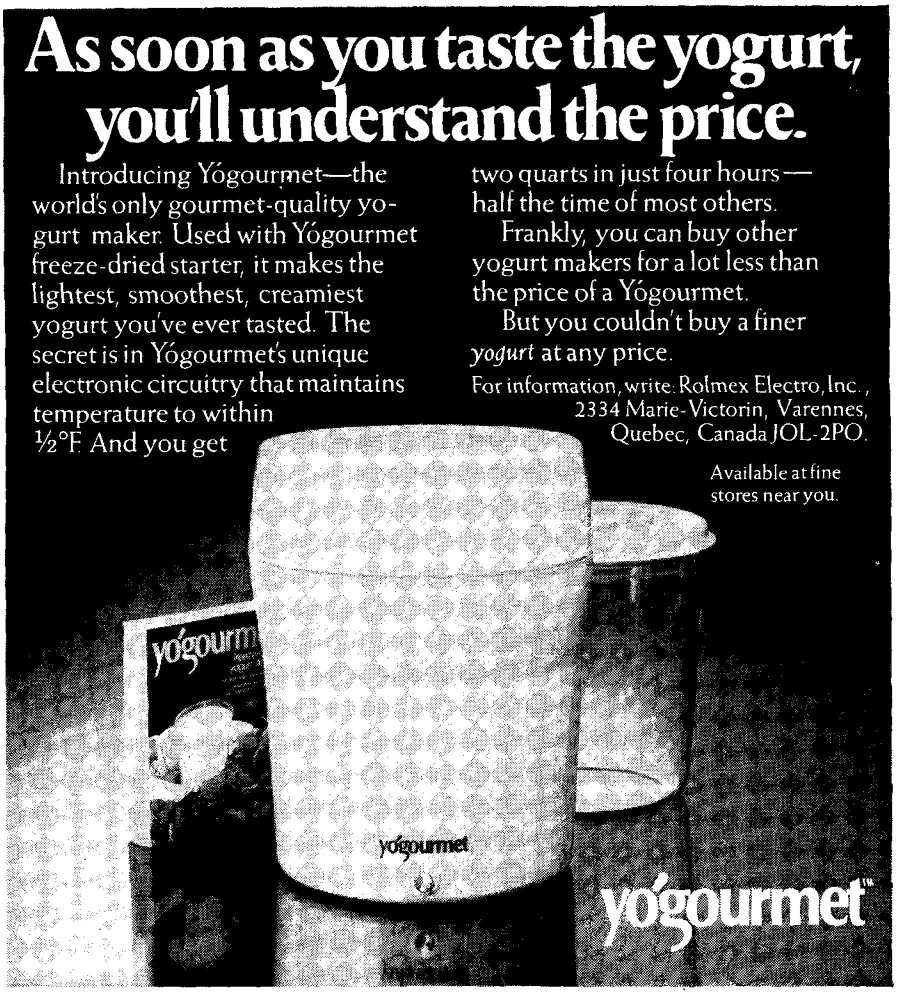
ing that Mařenka is the victim of a mercenary contract, Jeník a villager dispossessed of his rights, and Kecal a sinister, evil force. What is more likely to need stressing today is that "The Bartered Bride" is also a picturesque folk opera of abundant charm, tender, romantic emotion, high spirits, and humor. One would hardly guess it from the Met performance. The setting there is essentially a bare stage against a plain blue backcloth with slits in it to allow mass entrances. Some orange palings and white housefronts deck it from time to time, and in Act III there is a merry-go-round for Vašek to ride on. The casting is peculiar. Mařenka and Jeník call for singers of at least the weight of Agathe and Max in "Der Freischütz." (Destinn, Gadski, Maria Müller, and Rethberg were all Met Mařenkas.) Teresa Stratas and Nicolai Gedda do not fill their music. That she presents a hard, pinched, shrewish little heroine and he a gauche, Vašek-like booby of a hero may be a directorial decision. Jon Vickers, who does Vašek, might make a telling Jeník; he plays Vašek as a Holy Fool, a Parsifal circled by children in place of flowermaidens. In incomprehensible accents, Martti Talvela barks his way sternly through Kecal's patter and misses all the fun of the role as Smetana wrote it. James Levine's conducting is spirited, but on the first night he pushed the score too hard. He didn't give his players, especially his woodwind players, time to enjoy the marvellous music that Smetana wrote for them. But there were signs that he loves the piece—how could anyone not love it?—and so he will probably relax into giving a performance of it tender as well as brilliant.

There seem to be two John Dexters on Lincoln Plaza: the Dexter who directed "Lulu," "The Carmelites," "Billy Budd"—and, in London, Penderecki's "The Devils"—precisely, potently, astutely, and with a just sense for revealing the composers' intentions; and the Dexter who made such a hash of "Les Vêpres Siciliennes," "Aida," "Rigoletto," "La Gioconda," "La Forza del Destino," and "Le Prophète" that one wished the Met would send him to opera school to acquire some understanding of nineteenth-century opera and ways of staging it. The latter Dexter has directed "The Bartered Bride." His staging is an odd mixture of what look like beginners' mistakes (doing the first scene for Mařenka and Jeník with one or the other atop a teetering stepladder; setting Mařenka scurrying around to col-



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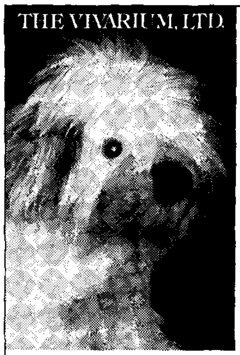

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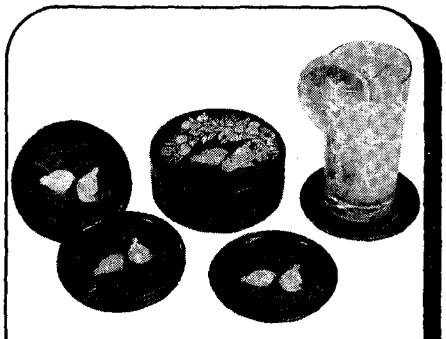

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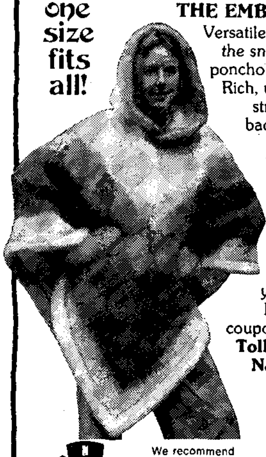

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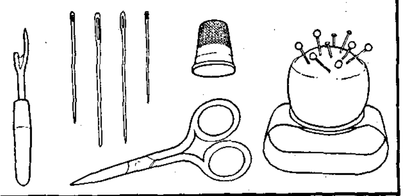

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lect eggs, scattered about the almost bare stage, during her scene with Vašek) and sheer perversity. The heady *furiant*—that joyful outburst in Act II when the girls pour into the inn and start dancing with the young men—is turned into a squabble between two flighty waiters. Jeník and Kecal strike their bargain *coram choro*. Directors whose concern is to "strip away" charms that they consider incidental—but that are often an essential and significant part of a work—tend to end up inventing new, irrelevant nonsense, lest they be left with a concert performance.

As a translator myself—even though one without any designs on Slavonic opera—I feel some diffidence about condemning the work of a colleague, but indignation at what has been done to Smetana's piece tempts me to speak out. Let me put it thus: Tony Harrison evidently does not share a belief that a translator should aim at an audibly intelligible syntax (if he did, he would hardly pen lines as hard to parse by ear alone as "Women workers, husbands boozers" or "Feast day's feast day, don't forget it") and should try to convey the sense of the original. The first Jeník-Mařenka duet begins "*Jako matka požehnáním,/takž kletbou macecha zlá*," rendered almost literally by Rosa Newmarch's "Though a mother is a blessing,/a cruel stepmother's nothing but a curse." Mr. Harrison makes this "Home's Moravia, farm and family,/but here I sleep in the straw." Mrs. Newmarch's words fit the music well and are audible in performance; I quote them from memory. Mr. Harrison's don't and aren't; I quote them from the printed libretto that G. Schirmer has published. In the English version by Joan Cross and Eric Crozier, Vašek enters, stammering, with "M-m-m-mother said/tha-tha-that I must wed," which proves effective and comprehensible. What Mr. Vickers sang at his entry was unintelligible; the printed libretto reveals "M-m-m-m-mama th-th-th-thinks it's time/Vašek h-h-h-heard ch-ch-ch-church bells chime." And "church bells chime" is a mouthful that not even Mr. Vickers can get out clearly to three short eighth notes. An essay on the translation, in the Met program book, claims that "all of Smetana's textual repetitions are . . . retained rather than add new words." Not so. The opera begins, "Proč bychom se netěšili [sung twice],/když nám pán bůh zdraví dá, zdraví dá [sung thrice]!" It means "Why shouldn't we be happy, when God gives us health!" Newmarch has

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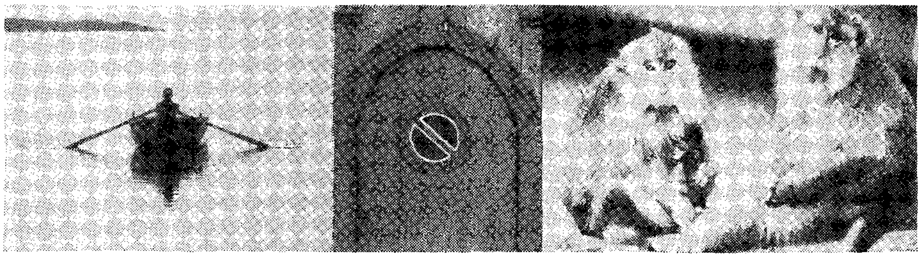

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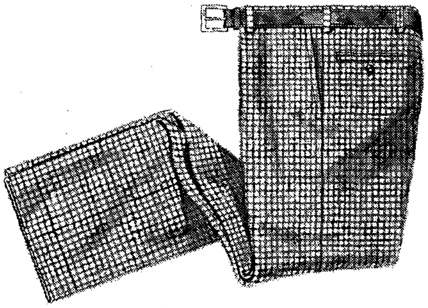

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"Come, then let us all be merry,/since God gives us health today!" Cross and Crozier, less literal but more singable, have "Now's the time for fun and laughter,/we have earned a holiday"—and their "holiday" fits the repeated "zdraví dá" well. Life is gloomier at the Met: the repeated first line is expanded into "Still got strength to face the worst with,/well-brewed beer to beat a thirst with," followed by "we've all earned this holiday!" To avoid "weevil earned the solid A," the chorus must adopt an exaggerated staccato.

A new English translation was needed. There are unacceptable passages of translatorese in the Newmarch and Cross-Crozier versions, and even more of them in the Marion Farquhar version (found in Schirmer's vocal score). I have not heard Graham Jones's old translation, used by the Met in 1936 and by the Juilliard in 1973, or David Pountney and Leonard Hancock's new translation, made for Scottish Opera earlier this year. Mr. Harrison's libretto, besides so often misrepresenting the sense, does not sing well. "He's taken leave of *all* his senses" is translatorese. Jeník yearns for "my *new* wife," with an inflection to suggest that he has or had an old one. Mařenka's lovely threefold "Chci věčně věrně žít" ("I want to live faithful forever"), marked to be sung *dolce*, then *con intimo sentimento*, then *lento*, *mezza voce e dolcissimo* with a pause on the penultimate note, is translated as "My life's all finished now." The tender sentiment is altered; the soprano is required to sustain three D's on the short "i" of "fi," then one on the short "i" of "nished," and to close a smooth cadence through the consonant cluster "shdn." I have never before caught so few words of an English "Bride." Even in the huge Los Angeles Shrine, holding sixty-five hundred people, I could hear, in 1964, what the San Francisco Opera singers were saying—in yet another translation, Craig Hankenson's.

—ANDREW PORTER

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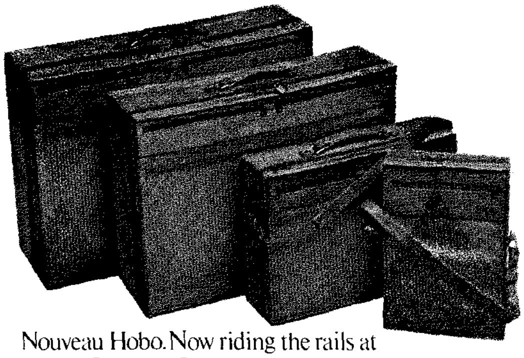

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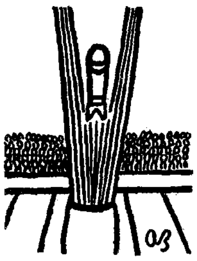

IT had seemed a reasonable guess that during the weekend just behind us a rejuvenated Navy would come home from Cleveland with its eighth triumph in a row, but Notre Dame would have none of the notion; it pulled steadily ahead, to a final count of 27–7. Another viable assumption was that Pennsylvania would add one more hard time to the collection Princeton has been assembling this fall; just for that, Princeton, giving its visitors not so much as the back of its hand, sent them away losers by the count of 21–0. And it was a plausible theory that the rejuvenated Holy Cross, which has been a Holy Terror this season, would come easily off its startling defeat by Brown two weekends ago by demolishing Boston University; not a bit of it—B.U., whose freshman tailback ran for a hundred and thirty-six yards and what turned out to be the winning touchdown, upended Holy Cross, at 15–7. Next on the list comes Cornell, which, sporting in Holland the leanest, slimmest, swiftest fullback in the Ivy League, was to have given a not wholly healthy Yale (Sullivan and Austin are still under repair) a vigorous workout; instead, Yale picked up six touchdowns before its second- and third-rankers allowed Cornell to pick up a pair of its own, and Cornell departed the Bowl far astern, at 42–14. Then there was Brown, now top of the Ivy League alongside Dartmouth. Harvard has been a celebrated inner-and-outer this year, and looked to be only a fair-to-middling contender against the likes of Brown last Saturday, but Brown had to come from behind—and not for the first time—late in the day to make the count 31–30 in its favor. Dartmouth, which, by the way, had to keep pace with Brown to stay on top in the league, had no problem: a suddenly docile Columbia went down before it, 37–7.

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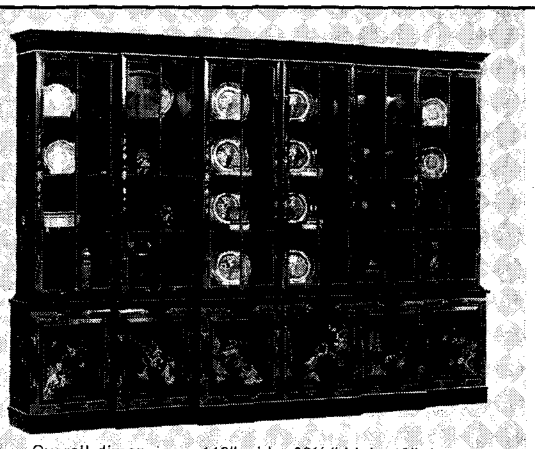

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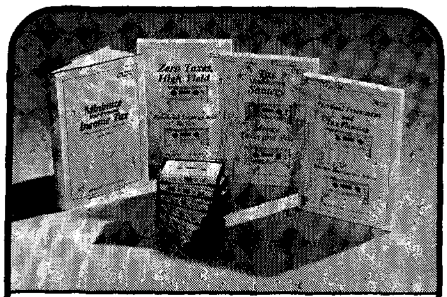

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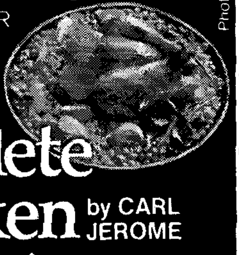

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neuvers—a suggestion of how much his team relies on him. The Yale running backs were not doing a great deal better, so the task of taking the ball in fell to O'Brien, leading man at quarter, and Dunn, his understudy. O'Brien racked up touchdowns on prances of eleven yards, twelve yards, and four yards; then Dunn came aboard and racked up touchdowns on prances of sixty-three yards and five yards. Scarcely a deterring finger was laid on either runner during his royal progress. And no deterrent bothered Hill, Yale's halfback, after he fielded the second-half kickoff at his goal and moved the ball a hundred yards for one more touchdown. Harbingers of the dazzling backstage ball-handling that Blackman, Cornell's newest instructor, imparts to his pupils were to be seen now and again, though not nearly enough. For Yale, a lighthearted romp; for Cornell, a distinctly off day.

Brown, at quarter for Harvard, and Whipple, his opposite number for Brown, had to do a major part of the work assignment, too. Harvard's running game, save for the magical Pollillio, is no more than average, and Brown's (the university's) outside option plays were contained by Harvard. On behalf of Harvard, Brown (the quarterback) threw the ball for a net of two hundred and sixty yards, and ran it for seventy-four; Whipple lofted it to Farnham and Blum with fanatic accuracy; and a match in which thirty-six points were run up in the final quarter was not settled until seventy-two seconds before time ran out. Or perhaps it was decided when, much earlier on, Harvard, which had played conservative ball inside the Brown thirty-yard line, decided to be gung-ho close to home: an errant pass was run in a short distance for a Brown touchdown that, as it happened, Harvard could not afford to give away.

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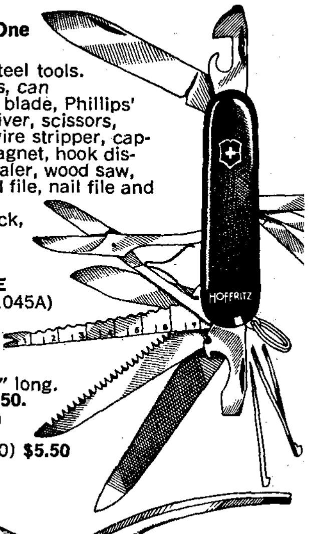

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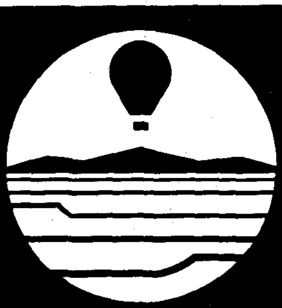

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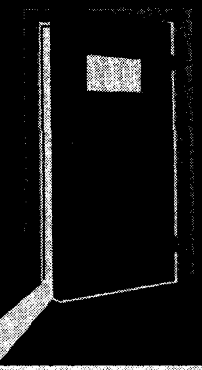

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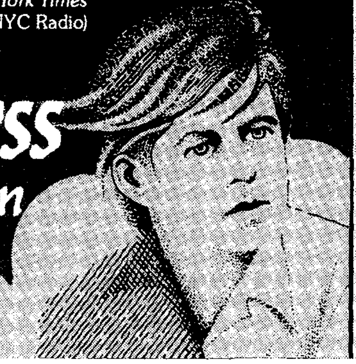

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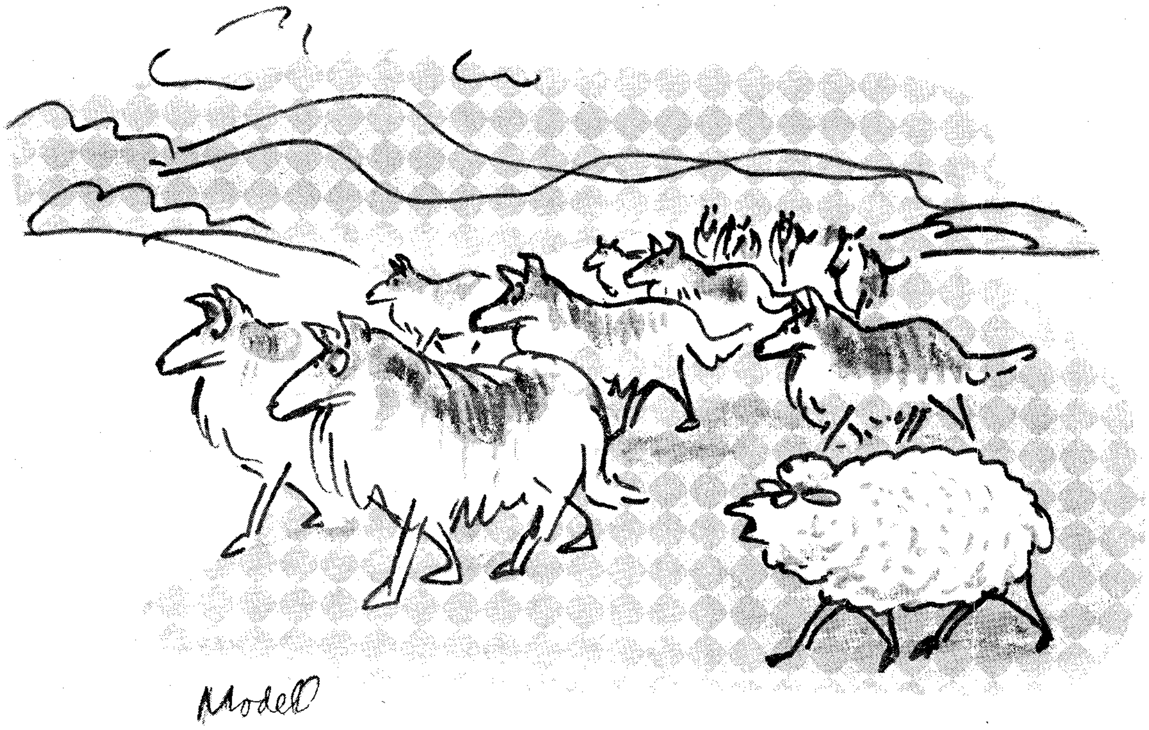
BOOKS

The Skin of Our Teeth

IN the foreword to her ambitious, absorbing historical panorama "A Distant Mirror: The Calamitous 14th Century" (Knopf; $15.95), Barbara Tuchman tells us that she undertook this book hoping to discover the social effects of "the most lethal disaster of recorded history": the Black Death, which in two years—1348-50—killed a third of the population between India and Iceland, and, returning sporadically, had by 1400 halved the population of Europe. Mrs. Tuchman found it difficult to isolate the effects of fifty years of pestilence from the effects of all the other afflictions of the period. While the plague raged, so did the Hundred Years' War (1337-1453), between England and France. The war was punctuated by truces during which bands of unemployed warriors ravaged western Europe. No government was strong enough to maintain order or intelligent enough to know what to do about falling revenues. Most rulers simply increased taxes upon their subjects who had survived visitations of sickness or soldiery. In response, in almost every country both peasants and city dwellers rebelled—though (one reason they usually lost) rarely at the same time. All the civil or class wars that Mrs. Tuchman describes were somewhat different, but every one was waged on both sides as a massacre—unlike conflicts between noble forces, in which losers were taken prisoner and held for ransom. During these years, divine institutions were in no better condition than secular ones. Christendom appeared to be crumbling. In the east, the Ottoman Turks were expanding out of Asia; in the fourteenth century, they opened a Moslem drive for the heart of Europe which never really ceased until the Christian victory at the siege of Vienna in 1683. While Islam overran the Greek Church, the Latin Church was in schism (1378-1417), with one pope at Rome and another at Avignon. Since two papal courts could not live as cheaply as one, both practiced simony, provoking ever more intense anticlericalism. The plague evoked hysterical movements that had some religious content (such as an outbreak of mass flagellation), but Church misgovernment evoked questions that led to heresy.

Mrs. Tuchman's diligence and flair have uncovered a protagonist who was involved in most of these events—the last Sire de Coucy (1340-97), a French noble grand enough to marry a daughter of the King of England. Though Mrs. Tuchman cannot find enough detail to endow him with a vivid personality, his career is an artistic support for her complex architecture of fact. He was important (he figured in battles and diplomatic missions) and typical (he was quick to exterminate a jacquerie and slow to free his serfs). He was a patron of the chronicler Froissart and comes down to us with a good press. Many of his peers wer more pugnacious, but, as a noble, Couc was primarily a fighter, and when h had nobody closer at hand to fight h joined a multinational crusade agains the Turks. At Nicopolis, a Bulgaria fortress on the Danube, the Christia knights charged into the formidabl disciplined army of Sultan Bajazet an were cut to pieces. Coucy survived th battle but died in captivity the followin year.

Mrs. Tuchman's Bajazet is the pitiable victim in Marlowe's "Tamburlaine the Great," and readers will fin many of her historical personages familiar as characters in literature—the turn up everywhere from Shakespeare' plays to Conan Doyle's historical nove "The White Company." We are perhaps more at ease when writers reinvent these men than when we ar confronted with the known facts o their lives, for their reality often appears loathsome or incomprehensible or both. Mrs. Tuchman, who know so much that she is not afraid to admi what she does not know, finds inexplicable the gap between her subjects high profession and their low practice especially in religion. Huizinga, i "The Waning of the Middle Ages," wrote that "in the harshness of thos times there is something ingenuou which almost forbids us to condem it." But much of "A Distant Mirror" reads like a report from criminal slums, not palaces. The rulers' impulsiveness, thriftlessness, and violence are characteristics that modern sociologists have taught us to associate with modern felons; the top of medieval society resembles the bottom of our own. These sovereigns' spectacular parties and gaudy clothes suggest gangster frolics. One feels that fourteenth-century nabobs would have fired all their great painters could they have hired a Las Vegas decorator.



Mrs. Tuchman comments upon the lack of interest in children in the Middle Ages, and suggests, "Possibly the relative emotional blankness of a medieval

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infancy may account for the casual attitude toward life and suffering of the medieval man." In "The Family, Sex, and Marriage in England 1500-1800," the historian Lawrence Stone describes the icy, brutal methods of child care a century or so after the period of "A Distant Mirror," and says, "It is hardly surprising that such an upbringing should tend to produce adults who were cold, suspicious, distrustful, and cruel, unable to form close emotional relationships with others, and liable to sudden outbursts of aggressive hostility towards each other." Mrs. Tuchman involves the reader in her search for human continuities, and perhaps the correlation abused child/cruel adult is one. Yet her collection of dressy roughnecks might look at me and see that correlation as spoiled child/namby-pamby adult. One lesson history teaches is how much that is human is alien to any one of us. European countesses of that era, like Amerindian princesses, watched human torture as entertainment, and it is possible that since the Creation more people have taken pleasure in the agony of others than have not. Still, in contemplating Mrs. Tuchman's dreary, vicious kings, princes, dukes, and despots I must admit that in one respect, at least, I *am* spoiled: I ordinarily forget that good government is a rare blessing, and that the human race has mostly got by without it.

Mrs. Tuchman has undoubtedly shown that for human beings pestilence is the ultimate disaster—so overpowering that it leaves us nearly mute. Endless writing about war survives from the fourteenth century, as from every other, but, save for an exceptionally gruesome iconography of death—the *danses macabres* that came into fashion late in the century—there is little direct response to the plague, and little discussion of it once it has passed. At the start of the "Decameron," Boccaccio gives us a few pages describing its horrors. But, come to think of it, in Western literature as a whole there are very few depictions of pestilence. Defoe's "Journal of the Plague Year" is fiction written by someone who did not suffer the events he describes, and Camus's plague is a metaphor for the German Occupation. The influenza epidemic after the First World War claimed more lives than the war itself, but, while that war remains a source of literary inspiration, there is comparatively little imaginative writing about the greater scourge. I think that pestilence terrifies human beings into atypical silence because it reveals to us prattling, singing, storytelling animals the helplessness of our species. We are more frightened by our weakness than by our wickedness.

Mrs. Tuchman's work taught her, and she now teaches us, to resist the intellectually sleazy periodizations by which pedagogues and ideologists simplify their work without improving their readers' sense of the past. She was drawn to the period of the Black Death precisely because it had been commonly dismissed as a decline—a trough between the High Middle Ages and the Renaissance—and yet wherever she looked she could not help finding enormous creativity. For example, Chaucer and Petrarch come into her story, because they both served as part-time diplomats. It is not easy to associate two of Europe's greatest poets with an epoch of decay. We meet St. Catherine of Siena, and John Wycliffe, and Paolo Uccello, and William of Occam, whose famous "razor," familiar to every logic student, I shall now borrow, to cut short what might be a dazzling list of names. Mrs. Tuchman's conclusion is unmistakable and persuasive: despair is ignorant. Men indeed die. Their highest visions are rarely realized; like the Middle Ages' unrealized ideal of chivalry, their aspirations may survive as subjects of comedy. Yet what we perceive as decay may be the start of something new, which we do not perceive, and, though individuals suffer, mankind and human civilizations renew themselves. So far, anyhow.

—Naomi Bliven

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

Lying Low, by Diane Johnson (Knopf; $8.95). An elderly photographer and his spinster sister rent out rooms in their northern-California house to two young women, each of whom is convinced that the law is hot on her trail: a harmless Brazilian without a passport, and a former antiwar activist who killed someone by accident and is on the run. When the photographer's sister gets fatally entangled in a prison break that was organized and botched by local radicals, it becomes clear that the two fearful young women have been safely hidden all along. Diane Johnson's account of the thoughts and deeds of her characters over the four days leading up to this discovery is sensitive and subtle, but her descriptions of young folk sneaking around with noxious homemade "jelly and

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jam" (obviously explosives) are not, and the violent turn of events seems an awkward attempt to endow a cerebral narrative with the action of a thriller.

GENERAL

THE GREEK ISLANDS, by Lawrence Durrell (Viking; $25). Mr. Durrell knows the many islands of the Ionian and the Aegean seas about as well as Patrick Leigh Fermor knows the mountains of mainland Greece—knows them and responds to them, and knows why he responds to them. "There are islands every bit as beautiful as Greek islands off the coast of Yugoslavia, off Scotland, in the Caribbean," he observes. "[But] there is a special kind of presence here in this land, in this light; it is not uncommon for visitors of sensibility to have the almost uncomfortable feeling that the ancient world is still there. . . . The roots of our own cultures are buried in this rocky soil. There is no help for it, we are all Greeks, as Shelley once said." In this handsome book, richly illustrated with photographs (many in color) by Bob Davies, Klaus D. Francke, and others, he shares with us his favorite places (buildings, landscapes, *tavernas*, sites of historical and mythological moment) and the reflections, the remembrances, the emotions, the tantalizing questions they excite. He adds, for good measure, a useful appendix that describes the flora and fauna of the islands and tells when and where they may best be seen. There is also an invaluable map.

MANK: THE WIT, WORLD, AND LIFE OF HERMAN MANKIEWICZ, by Richard Meryman (Morrow; $12.95). The appendix lists seventy-five motion pictures written, in whole or in part, by Mankiewicz (1897-1953), the most famous being "Citizen Kane." The purpose of this work is to explain why an exceptionally successful man felt himself a failure. Mankiewicz's achievements may not have matched his formidable intellectual gifts; they certainly did not fulfill his ambitions. Mr. Meryman convincingly traces the origins of Mankiewicz's abnormal self-depreciation to the abnormal demands of his Teutonic professor father. Herman Mankiewicz became a legend because all his doings—loving and drinking, gambling and writing, helping friends and defying employers—were laced with his own nonpareil comedy. A life of Man-

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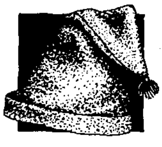

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kiewicz inescapably becomes a remarkably varied procession of jokes.

LIFE IN THE ENGLISH COUNTRY HOUSE: A SOCIAL AND ARCHITECTURAL HISTORY, by Mark Girouard (Yale; $19.95). Informative, balanced, knowledgeable, and witty. Mr. Girouard starts us off with the blunt reminder that every great house was built as a center of power—a Kentish Alamo or a Northumberland Tammany Hall—and he explains why it was not until the eighteenth century that "the predominantly male make-up of earlier upper-class entertaining began to disappear." Yet he is never so carried away by the social aspects of his subject that he neglects the aesthetic ones, and, since architecture is the crossroads of art and politics, his book demonstrates how a style—Elizabethan bravado, Augustan decorum—pervades an era, whether in planning a garden or a government. There is adequate information about what are called "mod. cons.," and it is surprising to learn, by the way, how belatedly any sort of convenience appeared—nary a bookshelf, for example, before 1610. Excellent illustrations.

NOTE: "Music of Three Seasons: 1974-1977," a collection of Andrew Porter's reviews for this magazine, has been published by Farrar, Straus & Giroux ($20). . . . "Stop Trying to Cheer Me Up!," a collection of cartoons by Frank Modell, nearly all of which first appeared in these pages, has been published by Dodd, Mead ($8.95).

•

The Rev. Roy Harthern of Winter Park, Fla., said he had tried every gimmick there is to attract people to church, including special rally days and giving away balloons and lollipops to the kids.

He even had a contest—which he thought was biblical at the time—called "Fishers of Men." He had advertised that after the morning service 1,000 gold fish would be given away, but at the end of the service, to his dismay, every one had died.—*Kansas City Star.*

Was it a long sermon?

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[*From the Peterborough* (*N.H.*) *Monadnock Ledger*]

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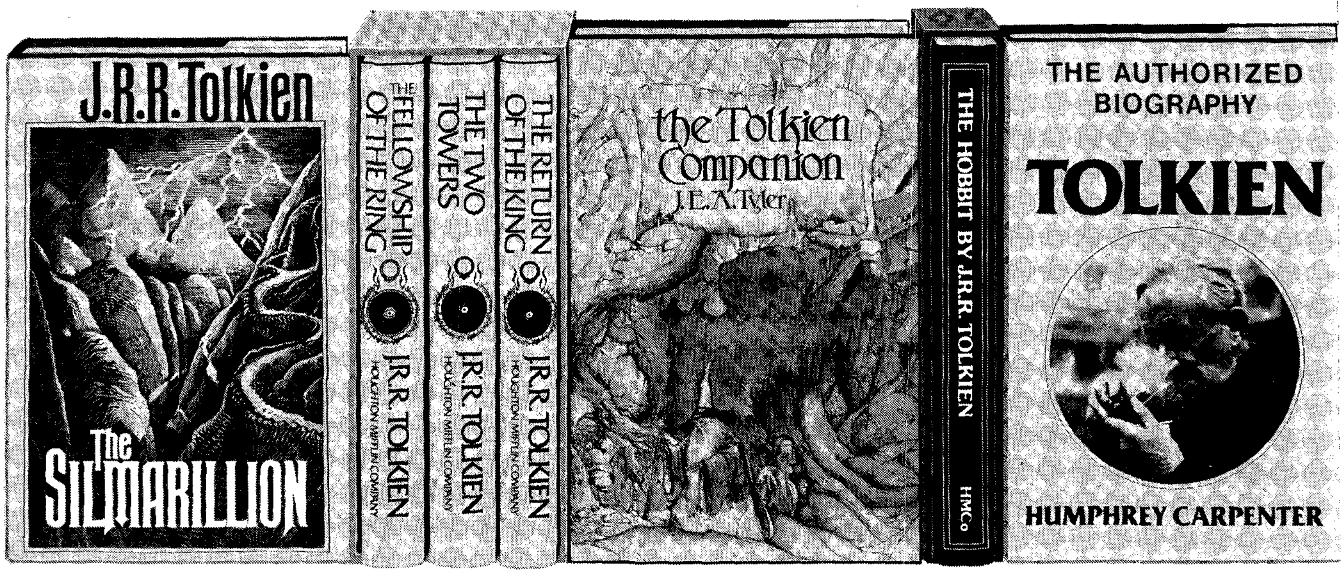

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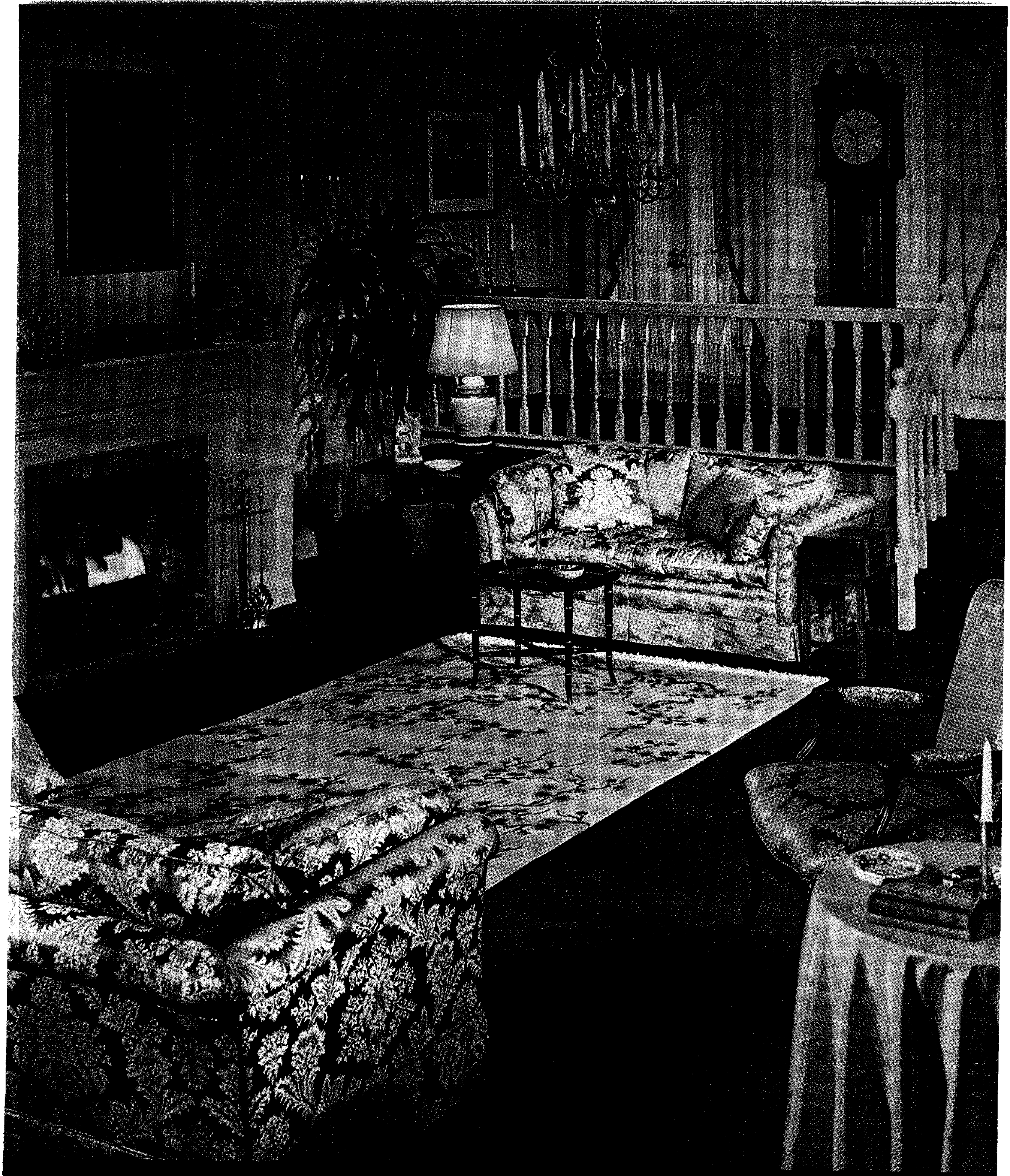

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